INDICATIONS.

CLOUDY TONIGHT AND SUNDAY; WARMER.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A SUGGESTION.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
—Cennick.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, FORT WAYNE'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER DECEMBER 17, 1910. 32 PAGES—5 CENTS

NEW HOST ENLISTED IN KING'S BUSINESS

More Than Three Hundred Converts in Impressive Consecratiom Service at Princess Rink.

KNEELING CHILDREN FILL MAIN AISLE

More than three hundred men, women and children who have definitely declared their acceptance of Jesus Christ as a personal saviour during the Chapman-Alexander evangelistic campaign in Fort Wayne, participated in an impressive consecration service at Princess rink Friday evening, following the sermon, of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman on "Concersion."

It was the most striking incident of the entire three weeks' campaign—this marshalling of the new host that has enlisted under the banner of the lowly Nazarene for service in the King's Business. The children came first—those under sixteen years of age—and the kneeling line, two abreast, extended completely down the main aisle the full length of the big auditorium. When those of more mature age were later invited to come forward and take the hands of the evangelists, the number who thus bore witness to the stand for the better life was still larger than that of the children who had taken their seats.

Hush as Children Kneel.

Dr. Chapman asked the children to form in the central aisle and when the long line was complete, a hush fell upon the audience as they knelt upon the floor, the line extending from the stage completely back to the Main street entrance to the building. Stepping down to the head of the line, the evangelist knelt and, placing his hand upon the shoulder of a little girl of about ten years, who was nearest him, he offered a prayer of consecration for the little ones. Led by Mr. Alexander the choir was softly singing, "Angels Are Hovering Near." Then as the line of boys and girls moved up to the platform, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Alexander grasped the hand of each of them and whispered a word of encouragement. Other workers presented to each a little booklet, "Helps for Those Beginning a Christian Life." It contained in addition to the printed matter portraits of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.

Elder Still More Numerous.

When the call was given for the older persons who had accepted Christ to come forward that Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander might greet them, the number was still larger than when the children came. There were young men and young women, men and women of middle age and occasionally one who is in the afternoon of life. It was a sight never before seen in this city. There was deep solemnity in it, but nothing that smacked of sensation. As the lines passed before them the evangelist and the singer grasped the hands of those passing and spoke a word of congratulation to each, while the booklets were also given. Then those who, seated in the choir space upon the stage, had been converted during the service, came down and were similarly greeted by Mr. Naftzger and Mr. Harkness. Then followed an appeal to the unsaved and Mr. Monroe greeted a considerable number of men and women who came forward.

His Advice to Converts.

"I do not attach very much importance to what you have done up to this time," said Dr. Chapman, addressing the converts, "unless you now take your place in the church of your choice. I do not believe you can be a consistent Christian and remain out of the church. Join some church, and do it now. Then make much of bible study. Make it a rule of your life to read the bible daily and to commit at least one verse to memory each day. Then make much of prayer and seek at once to begin leading others to Christ."

This evening the Princess rink service will be especially for young people. Tomorrow is the closing day of the campaign in Fort Wayne, the program for which will be found elsewhere in The Sentinel today.

Songs Have Taken Hold.

That the inspiring choruses brought to Fort Wayne by Mr. Alexander and his corps of gospel singers have taken firm hold here was again illustrated last night when in announcing the most popular favorite, "I Am Included," Mr. Alexander said: "Since I came upon the platform tonight a man told me that at 10:30 o'clock last night he passed one house on West Main street where somebody at the piano was playing 'I Am Included,' and that today two men who were engaged in unloading coal from a wagon were heard to be enthusiastically whistling the chorus. Use these songs; they'll mean more and more to you as you sing them and think of them. When you have trouble, or are a little out of humor try 'The Old Time Religion' and pay particular attention to that line, 'makes me love everybody.' I tell you, quarrels can't hold out where that song is sung from the heart."

There had been a request that Harry Monroe, the Chicago mission worker, who was recognized upon the platform, sing "I Am Included." He had sung it the night before, and he did it again. When he had finished, Mr. Alexander, standing close at his back, said: "We'd better have that once more, Mr. Monroe," and Mr. Monroe repeated it. Then the big audience took it up.

Fort Wayne Song Used.

"Looking Unto Jesus," the new song that has been written in Fort Wayne by Mr. Harkness and Mr. Rock, was sung for the first time in public at the service last night, and it met with high favor. Earlier selections were "Our Great Savior," the words of which were written by Dr. Chapman, and "Traveling Home." Carl Hatch, 10 years old, living at 518 Fulton street, faced the big audience and sang the chorus of the new song, "Looking Unto Jesus." The audience manifested its delight in rapturous applause, vigorously leading which were Mr. Monroe and John Callahan, of the Hadley mission, New York, who had remained over for the service last night. Before the conclusion of the service Mr. Callahan was obliged to leave for New York. Mr. Monroe returned to Chicago today, carrying with him an urgent invitation to come to Fort Wayne in February to conduct a union prayer service. Mr. Monroe will come if it is possible for him to do so.

"'I Am Coming, Lord'—that's the song I sing when I am all alone," said Mr. Alexander, "and I want you to sing it tonight." After the audience had done so there was a turning to old times with "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Offering for Evangelists.

Rev. Mr. Vichert then addressed the audience regarding the offering for the evangelists. He explained that many wild rumors were afloat regarding the remuneration which Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander were to receive for the Fort Wayne work, but the fact of the matter is they asked no contract specifying a definite sum and expected none. The contributions which had been made up to this time were for the actual expenses of the meetings—heat, light, rent, printing, postage and the salaries of the singers. What is given in the way of free-will offering from this time forward will be the compensation to the evangelists in their respective districts. In the central district this party includes Dr. Chapman, Mr. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Asher, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Goodson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Davis and E. G. Chapman. "They expect no more than you are willing to give freely," said Mr. Vichert, "and I

[Continued on Page Two.]

The King's Business

Evangelistic Services for Saturday

7:45 O'CLOCK P. M.

Princess Rink—Service especially for young people; others welcome until building is filled—Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.

Evangelistic Services for Sunday.

Special morning service in every church in the city.

3:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

Princess Rink—For men only—Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.
First Baptist Church—For women only—Miss Millar and Mrs. Alexander.
Third Presbyterian Church—Mass meeting—Rev. D. S. Toy.

4:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

West Jefferson St. Church of Christ—Illustrated service for young people—Rev. J. J. Lowe.

7:45 O'CLOCK P. M.

Princess Rink—Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.
First M. E. Church—Rev. C. P. Goodson.
Trinity M. E. Church—Rev. J. J. Lowe.
St. Paul M. E. Church—Miss E. Stafford Millar.
Third Presbyterian Church—Rev. D. S. Toy, Mr. Frank Dickson.
Crescent Avenue Evangelical Church—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Asher.

SEASON'S STAR SKETCH TEAM.

Andy and Nick.

"Forgetting God"

By Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman.

We ought to live for the Glory of God. That should be our supreme ambition, and chief desire, and yet, as a matter of fact, many men have put God out of their thoughts and divorced Him from their plan of living. They take His Name in vain and treat him as though he were on a par with themselves.

In December, 1906, in a certain part of Russia, the action of the people recalled the French Revolution. There is a little village on the Baltic where they have issued a manifesto abolishing the rule, not only of the emperor, but of the Diety. This manifesto has been read in the churches and the popular assembly halls.

You would be afraid to write such a manifesto as this, but there are many people in the world who act it out, if they have not written it in so many words.

There are those who have put God out of their business, and yet no man has a right to a business in which he cannot take God as a silent partner; whose transactions will not bear the searching gaze of the infinite Judge upon his throne. Because this is true, there ought to be the deepest concern on the part of the Church.

Some have ruled God out of their pleasures, and there is no such thing as life if it is divorced from Him. Without Him all music has lost its sweetness, all flowers their fragrance, all art its joy, and all living its power. Because people have thus acted there should be concern.

Many have ruled God out of their souls, and because they have they are restless, and striving for what the world cannot give. The little needle in the compass trembles till it points due North, and the soul will be overwhelmed with restlessness until it rests in God.

Other men have put God out of their homes. They have not said so in so many words, but they have no family altar. There is no blessing at the table. There is no religious instruction given to the children, there is no Christian influence for the servants. Every home should be a type of Heaven, but alas many are not, and because they are not there ought to be a sign and a crying on the part of God's people.

There is great hope in a home. There is great pathos in a home. It is unlike anything else in the world.

SONORA IS PEACEFUL.

Chihuahua, Mexico, Dec. 17.—According to J. T. Taylor, manager of a cyanide mill at Hermosilla, Sonora, who has just arrived in Chihuahua, conditions in the state of Sonora are peaceful. The few Yaqui Indians remaining in the state, he declares, are quietly working their patches of ground in the Yaqui valley and have not joined in a revolutionary outbreak as reported.

BIG ROBBERY IN MOROCCO.

Paris, Dec. 17.—A dispatch from Tangier, Morocco, says a courier arriving from Fez reports that the German postal station at Fez was pillaged on Dec. 5 and $10,000 stolen.

A CLEAN BILL FOR LORIMER

Sub-Committee of Senate Makes Report to Full Committee.

LORIMER WON IN CLEAN FASHION

Did Not Need Votes of Confessed Bribers to Get Majority.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, was given a clean bill of health today by the sub-committee of the senate committee on privileges and elections, which investigated charges of a bribery made in connection with his election to succeed Senator Hopkins. The report of the investigation was made to the full committee on privileges and elections, which then adjourned until Tuesday to give the members opportunity to study the evidence and the sub-committee report.

Evidence that there was money passed between certain members of the Illinois legislature was not ignored by the sub-committee, but it was declared that if the votes of members charged either with receiving or paying money had been eliminated Mr. Lorimer still could have had a majority of three votes.

The sub-committee was a unit in asserting that the evidence did not show that Mr. Lorimer had been connected with the alleged distribution of a "jack pot" or any money to influence the legislature in the preferment of himself for the senatorship.

The sub-committee was composed of Senators Burrows, Bulkeley, Gamble, Heyburn, Frazier, Paynter and Johnston. Of these senators Messrs. Bulkeley, Frazier and Johnston did not meet with the full committee today, but their names were attached to the report.

Anxious for Secrecy.

It had been expected that the report would be printed and copies furnished to the entire membership. The investigators, however, were so desirous of maintaining the secrecy of their findings that the report was prepared in typewritten form and read to the full committee by Chairman Burrows. It was ordered to be printed and copies will be in the hands of the committee within a few days. Volumes of the testimony taken in Chicago and in Washington were distributed.

In discussing the question of bribery it is understood that the sub-committee was content with incorporating in the report all of the testimony affecting individual members of the Illinois legislature. No effort was made to determine the truth or falsity of this testimony, but it is asserted that evidence was not found that Mr. Lorimer had initiated or in any manner been a party to such transactions as were described by witnesses who told of the alleged distribution of a "jack-pot" at St. Louis or elsewhere. Nevertheless, the sub-committee sifted all of the testimony on the subject of bribery and the conclusion was reached that Mr. Lorimer would have been elected without regard to the members said to have been influenced by any financial consideration disclosed or charged, whatever the source.

SUGAR WEIGHERS SENTENCED.

New York, Dec. 17.—Charles D. Drew and Charles H. Wardell, former "Boss" government weighers, who were convicted last September in the United States circuit court of taking bribe money from Thomas S. Doyle, employed on the Arbuckle docks in Brooklyn, for the false weighting of sugar, were sentenced today by Judge Martin to ten months each in the New York prison on Blackwell island. After imposing sentence Judge Martin granted a stay for sixty days so that the convicted men may appeal.

SOME MORE RESTRAINT.

Blacksmiths and Woodworkers of Many Towns in Combine.

Waveland, Ind., Dec. 17.—The blacksmiths and woodworkers of Waveland, Russellville, Parkville, Marshall, New Market, Ladoga and Roachdale have formed a combination and have issued a schedule of prices which took effect Friday. Prices are raised on an average of twenty per cent, and strict rules are in force against doing credit business. Many firms have signed the agreement.

OVERCOME BY GAS.

Negro Woman is in a Serious Condition at Hospital.

Lizzie Mourning, a negro cook employed in a house at Calhoun and Eureka streets, was overcome by gas today and is in a serious condition at St. Joseph's hospital, where she was removed by the police. A plumber had been at work on the pipes and the gas escaped into the bath room and she was overcome while cleaning the room.

PUGILIST STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17.—Edward "Kid" Gardner, a local lightweight pugilist, who was injured in a boxing bout with John Kain at the Nonpareil athletic club here last night, is still in a critical condition. His skull is fractured and physicians are doubtful of his recovery. Kain was today committed to the county prison without bail to await the result of Gardner's injuries. Others connected with the bout were held in bail as witnesses.

SEAMEN END CONVENTION.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 17.—The delegates to the fifteenth annual convention of the International Seamen's union are leaving the city today, having concluded their session. San Francisco was chosen as the next meeting place. The proposition to establish an international headquarters was defeated.

ARM BADLY MANGLED.

Frank Ross, of Eliza street, who is employed at the Perrine-Armstrong plant, had his right arm badly mangled by getting it caught in a huge saw yesterday afternoon. He was taken to Hope hospital, and attended by Dr. George L. Greenwalt. Though the arm was badly lacerated it is thought that it can be saved.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Indiana—Cloudy tonight and Sunday; warmer in east and south portions tonight; moderate south winds becoming variable.

Ohio—Generally fair tonight and Sunday; rising temperature, moderate south to southwest winds.

Lower Michigan—Cloudy tonight and Sunday; warmer in south and central portions tonight; moderate south winds.

Illinois—Increasing cloudiness and warmer tonight; probably rain Sunday or Sunday night.

NEWARK LYNCHER GETS SENTENCE

Negro Who Helped to Hang Anti-Saloon Agent is Found Guilty.

MANSLAUGHTER IT IS

Newark, O., Dec. 17.—The jury in the case of Montella Watha, the Haytien negro charged with first degree murder in connection with the lynching of Carl Etherington, Anti-Saloon League detective, returned a verdict of manslaughter today. The jury had been out since Friday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock and stayed up practically all night in considering the case. The lynching of Etherington occurred last July and was due to the bitter liquor fight, the saloons remaining open for a year in Newark after the county had voted "dry." The Anti-Saloon League sent Etherington into town to get evidence against the saloonists and the riot followed. This is the first conviction of rioters in the case, others having been convicted on minor offenses. Over twenty more of the alleged rioters are to be tried.

SAM KERCHEVAL DEAD.

Mayor of Rockport and Well Known Indiana Politician.

Rockport, Ind., Dec. 17.—Samuel E. Kercheval, mayor of this city and one of the best known republican politicians in Indiana, died today at his home here of heart disease. Mr. Kercheval was a former United States examiner in the department of justice at Washington and former United States marshall for the department of Indiana. He also had served in the state assembly.

ANSWER FRAUD CHARGE.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 17.—Republicans elected to state offices at the last election filed replies in the supreme court today to the contest proceedings of the defeated democratic candidates. They deny the allegations of fraud in St. Louis and St. Louis county and charge that the democrats obtained illegal votes in 41 cases, all democratic except 1. The replies contend that the contest violates the voters' constitutional rights.

TESTIMONY IN WILL CASE IS IN.

Noblesville, Ind., Dec. 17.—Testimony in the Oliver Lindley will case ended today, the defense having closed with the testimony of Frank M. Foulke and Oliver Mann, who are charged in the complaint with having influenced the Oliver Lindley to bequeath the most of his estate to the Wesleyan Methodist denomination. Heirs in this county are contesting the will. The case is in the hands of the jury.

ESCAPES FROM THE ICE.

Sandusky, Ohio, Dec. 17.—After being fast in the ice twelve hours off Cedar Point and nearly all of its seventy-five passengers had walked miles across the ice to Sandusky, the steamer Lakeside freed herself shortly after midnight and reached here at 1 o'clock this morning. The boat will make a return trip today, with its passengers, many of whom were on their way to do Christmas shopping. The boat was not damaged.

"Walking With God" will be the morning sermon topic at 10:30 of Rev. H. H. Spiher, the pastor, at the Church of God. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

SAYS HE DOES NOT SPECULATE

Dr. Chapman Talks of the Case of Young Davie in Boston.

GIVES INSIDE OF WHOLE SITUATION

Financial Dealings, With One Exception, Were Not Personal.

In an interview with The Sentinel today, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, referring to newspaper dispatches from Boston conveying the intimation that the evangelist had had speculative dealings with Robert Davie, a defaulting broker in that city, gave positive and absolute denial to the charge that he had been in any way involved in speculation.

More than this, he gave the inside history of his acquaintance and association with young Davie, making it clear that he had forbidden the use of his funds for the purchase of stocks on margin. He explained that with one exception Davie's financial dealings with him had not been personal, but in the relation of a contributor to the evangelist's work. This one instance was an order for the legitimate purchase of some railroad stock—not a speculative margin operation. Others were those in which the young man was in the relation of a contributor to the evangelist's work—not to Dr. Chapman personally, he said, and declared that his entire attention to the young man had been that of a minister of the gospel who was seeking to help a young man who needed help badly.

Knew Davie as Boy.

"I became acquainted with Mr. Robert E. Davie sixteen or eighteen years ago while conducting a series of meetings in Lafayette, Indiana," said Dr. Chapman. "I did not see him again until the meetings were conducted in Boston in January, 1909. I then met him in company with his mother and brother, Mrs. Davie, being the daughter of L. O. Emerson, the eminent hymn writer. She and her younger son, Harold, were delightful Christian people as would naturally be inferred from the standing of her father in the church.

"Mr. Robert Davie presented himself to me in the meetings and recalled the fact that he had attended our services when he was a little boy. While we were in Boston Mr. Davie's standing in the estimation of many men, who spoke to me regarding him, was unquestioned. His friends were many and they represented the best business, social and religious life of the city. My acquaintance with him has continued through the months; but I have seen him in all the time since we were in Boston not to exceed six times. His financial dealings with me, except in one instance, were not personal. He contributed to our foreign work when we were starting around the world, and especially suggested that his contribution should be used for the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Asher, in whose work he was intensely interested. My relations with him were those of a minister of the gospel to a young man who evidently needed what I could do for him."

One Purchase of Stock.

"Did Davie ever make an investment for you?" was asked.

"He made at one time a small investment for me in what he said was a legitimate purchase of railroad stock," replied Dr. Chapman. "This investment I made on the advice of a Christian business man in New York. I positively forbade him to use this money in buying on a margin. He fulfilled all of his obligations to me with the exception of some personal indebtedness. I do not believe that he meant to be untrue. I have had letters from his mother and brother which are really heartbroken letters, but they with me expect that some day he will right himself before the world.

"I do not speculate in any way, in the first place because I do not believe in that sort of thing, and in the second place because I have no money with which to carry on such dealings. All of the money I have made for the past ten years, except just enough to support my family, has been given away.

Regarding the Letters.

"And about the letters, Dr. Chapman?"

"Those were personal letters written by me to Mr. Davie. When I said he was 'a great joy to me' I said it because he had promised me on his honor that he would live a right life and that he would not do things in my absence that worldly men were supposed to do. On my way west I had repeated telegrams from him stating that he was getting along finely and that he was keeping his pledge to me. The following letter:

"Check received. Just leaving; Wire me at Winona Lake, Indiana, Tuesday. How are you? Am grateful; you are a great joy to me.'—

speaks of a check. This check was sent not to me personally but was a contribution to the general expenses of our work. My expression 'you are a great joy to me' was called forth by the fact that he had telegraphed me that he was keeping his pledge to me and would continue to do so. I am told that the letters written to him by myself and others were made public at an auction of his private effects.

Denies Any Margin Deals.

"I absolutely deny that there were any dealings between us in which he bought for me on a margin. The following letter—

" 'Dear Robert: Here is the

[Continued on Page Two.]

NOTHING HARMFUL in Baby Cough Syrup

You must be particular—exacting, when choosing a remedy for Baby's cough.

There are so many remedies containing habit-forming drugs that baby's health will be greatly impaired unles you know absolutely just what the remedy contains and the action of each ingredient, so you can be sure it is harmless.

NYAL'S Baby Cough Syrup

is sold by us on a positive guarantee

—we know the contents and the action and know that it will do as represented. It breaks up a cough in short order, protects the membranes of the throat against irritation and infection, rids the throat of all injurious deposits, and prevents further accumulations.

Contains no habit-forming drugs and can be given with perfect safety—baby will like it, too.
Twenty-five cents the bottle.

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

Hutzell's Drug Store, 1402 West Main St.
Zimmerman's Drug Store, 1312 Broadway.
Jacob Bill's Drug Store, 1401 E. Creighton Ave.
Loesch Drug Store, Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.
Hoham's Drug Store, 1706 Calhoun St.
D. & N. Pharmacy, 624 Calhoun St.
Meinzen Drug Store, 1129 Maumee Ave.
Tapesattle Drug Store, 2514 Broadway.

NEW HOST ENLISTED IN KING'S BUSINESS

(Continued From Page One.)

know that you will consider it a privilege to give in return for the blessings you have received from these services."

"I do not want to let this moment pass," said Dr. Chapman as he stepped forward, "without an acknowledgment to Rev. Mr. Vichert for his gracious presentation of this matter of finance, and I want to say for Mr. Alexander and myself that we do not desire that you make your contribution burdensome. We felt, however, that for the sake of others with us whose work has been devoted and faithful, you ought to know the number who were engaged in it.

The Fort Wayne Work.

"We shall go after the holiday season to Toronto, then to Brooklyn and next enter upon a campaign in Wales. But wherever our work may lead us, I want to say to you that we shall always be grateful to God for the privilege of being in Fort Wayne—for the privilege of enlarging our prayer circle.

"I want to speak to you tonight," continued Dr. Chapman, "upon the subject of 'Conversion,' and I should like to divide the consideration of the subject into four questions. (1) What is it? (2) How is it brought about? (3) May I know if I have been converted? (4) May I know when and where I was converted? My text, as every bible reader is likely to presume, is Matthew 18:3—'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"Jesus was the world's greatest teacher and preacher," continued the evangelist. "He came down to this earth as the Son of God, and made the way of life so clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. He used as illustrations the things that everybody could comprehend—the story of the sower, the story of the leaven, the lily, the sparrow and the story of the prodigal son. It was with the disciples about Him that Jesus turned to them and spake the words of my text tonight.

The Real Question.

"He made it clear in that declaration that it is not at all a question of being great or small in the kingdom—but of getting in. I can fancy Jesus turning and taking in His arms a little child and declaring that unless a man became as a little child he could not enter the kingdom. At every step Jesus emphasizes the need of conversion. He told men that if a hand or an eye offended them to cut it off—to cast it out. It is better to be lame and halt and blind than to be lost!

"What hope is there for the man who says, 'Oh, do the best you can—be kind—be honest—do right and you'll be all right,' when Jesus declares that 'verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven?' I know some ministers hold that there is a difference between conversion and regeneration—that conversion is your part of the duty and that regeneration is God's. They say we will never be saved until we are willing to be saved. I do not object to that.

Must First Be Willing.

"No man has ever known Christ until he has first said 'I will.' I like to see people sob their way into the kingdom — I like to see them come to the old-fashioned altar; I suppose I inherited that inclination from my sainted Methodist mother. You cannot be too enthusiastic about it to suit me—if you're wholly sincere about it.

"Then I like to have people come to Christ quietly as in the conference room of a Presbyterian church—if it is not too quiet. As between over-enthusiasm and over-dignity, I'll take the over-enthusiasm. I like to see a man think the question out and come to Christ quietly as the day dawns; I like the signing of the decision cards. But whether it is at the Methodist altar or in the Presbyterian conference room, or signing the decision card, you are never saved until you first say, 'I will.'

Crowd Responds in Unison.

"I believe if every person in this audience tonight would say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner'—say it please!"

"God be merciful to me, a sinner," was the response in unison from the audience.

"Say it again!" exclaimed Dr. Chapman.

When the words had been spoken once more Dr. Chapman continued: "I believe with all my heart that if you were in earnest in that petition; if it came from your heart and not merely from your lips, God heard it and He will save you if you start out upon His promises.

"What is it to be converted? Well, if I were traveling between Winona Lake and Fort Wayne, seeking to reach this city, and somebody told me to travel westward, and then you came and told me that in order to reach Fort Wayne by going in that direction I should have to travel around the world, and you should turn me squarely about and start me eastward by the nearest route to Fort Wayne, I should be a converted traveler. As an unconverted man I was headed away from God. Perhaps I came to these Princess rink meetings; the sprit here stirred me; I began to remember my mother's prayer—the old minister's preaching back home yonder; then Mr. Nattinger's singing moved me. I turned right about face and am now marching God's way. That's conversion!

As to the Moral Man.

"But some people say to me, 'where are you going to put the moral man, the kindly man, the man who is sincere but not a Christian—where are you going to put him? I'm not going to put him at all; he's put himself." Dr. Chapman used the illustration of a little old blind man in the town of Liberty, this state, where he began preaching. With marvelous facility the old man had learned the way about the little town, tapping with his cane as he went, but one day Dr. Chapman found him seeking to walk to his home, but going in exactly the opposite direction. He was confident he was going in the right direction, and there was some argument before Dr. Chapman was able to convince him to the contrary and turn him about, with his face toward his home. "It's not a question of walking," exclaimed the evangelist, "but of walking in the right direction. The merely 'sincere' man may be sincerely mistaken. And hear me, you men who boast of your morality—if you stood in the white light of the judgment tonight I do not think you would boast to God of your morality!

Case of the Man in Boston.

"A friend said to me a few days ago, 'I think you preach too much of God's love; I think you ought to be more severe—you ought to skin them once in a while.' Well, I have never felt that God had called me to 'skin' anybody—yet.

"There was a man in Boston—he deceived me as few men have been deceived. He was supposedly my friend, yet he deceived me as he deceived others; he used my name in the most false way imaginable; he wringed other men, also, under the guise of my friendship. And yet tonight if I met that man upon the street, what would I do? I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd put my arms about him and forgive him and love him! I am not judging your case. If you came to me with your iniquities, I might forgive you—but it is to God and not man you must answer! I ask you this—are you headed for heaven tonight, or away from it?

Sacrifice is Foundation.

"I am glad I have never lost sight of the precious blood of Jesus. What kind of a mission would you have in Chicago, Harry Monroe," he asked, turning to the mission workers, "if you told men the blood of Jesus didn't count any more?"

"None at all," cried Mr. Monroe.

"When I get to the place," continued Dr. Chapman, "where I put man's morality in place of what the blood of Christ can do, I hope either God or man will silence me. The foundation of salvation is the sacrifice of Jesus.

"Do you know when you were converted?" Here Mr. Monroe promptly cried "Yes, sir," and standing beside Dr. Chapman he gave the exact date, down to the hour.

"Harry Monroe knows when he was converted," continued Dr. Chapman, "but as God is my judge, I do not know when I was converted. I know when my mother put her lips to my cheek and told me to be a Christian—but I was a Christian before that time. I know when my father put his arms about me and told me I ought to have the protecting influence of membership in the church, but I was a Christian before that. It is not so much of a question as to when I was converted, but, am I a Christian now?

How One May Know It.

"How may I know I am a Christian? One man said to me, 'I know it by my feelings.' I am glad to say that I do not have to judge by my feelings. Today, coming from Chicago, after nine weeks of work without a day of rest I felt a bit down physically, and if I were resting on my feelings I would not have been a Christian when I left Chicago this morning. Another man tells me 'it is because of the change in my life.' Well, I do not regard that as a real test. Listen: I know that I am saved not so much by what I feel or what I am as by this: Jesus said it! He said it! He said it! Hallelujah! What a Savior! I bid you come to Him tonight.

Mr. Monroe offered the prayer, and then followed the consecration service of the new converts.

HELD A PRAISE SERVICE.

Fine Feature of Meeting at Third Presbyterian Church.

A praise service was one of the conspicuous features of last night's service at the Third Presbyterian church. It was led by Mr. Dickson and many confessed Christ by word or song.

Dr. Toy's theme was "How to Reach Heaven." He declared there are three steps necessary to salvation. The first is belief. The second step is receiving, and the third is confessing.

Glasses for Christmas

Of all gifts the most appreciated and useful. You select the frame and receive a GIFT CERTIFICATE entitling the bearer to an examination and suitable lenses WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

A handsome shell or silver case furnished with Christmas Glasses without additional charge.

ROGERS EYESIGHT SPECIALIST ANTHONY HOTEL

"77"

Humphreys' Seventy-Seven breaks up Grip and

COLDS

Goes direct to the spot.

"Seventy-seven" goes direct to the spot, without disturbing the rest of the system.

"Seventy-seven" is worthy of trying—because it does not disappoint.

"Seventy-seven" is a good remedy for Influenza, Grip, Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat.

"Seventy-seven" is a small vial of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket, ready to take. At Drug Stores, 25c, or mailed.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and Ann Streets, New York.

GREETED YOUNG PEOPLE.

Robinson, Callahan and Monroe With Evangelists.

In the young people's services at the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ yesterday afternoon more than one hundred young people who have accepted Christ during the present series of services came forward to greet Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Robinson, Mr. Callahan and Mr. Monroe, who were with them. Dr. Chapman prayed with the young people, and after some words of counsel placed in the hands of each a little souvenir of the meetings.

The last service for the young people will be held in the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

TWO OTHER SERVICES.

Fine Results at Both Trinity and St. Paul Churches.

Fine results attended both the services at Trinity M. E. church, conducted by Mr. Lowe, and those at St. Paul M. E. church, conducted by Miss Millar and Miss Taylor, last night. Mr. Lowe's theme was "Repentance," and a number came to the altar in confession of Christ.

Miss Millar's address was upon "Perseverance," and it was directed chiefly to the young people, whom she counselled to remain steadfast in the new life in which they have started.

Al Hazzard's make of Cigars packed in boxes from $1.00 to $4.00 per box for Xmas.

MINISTER HAS A RUN OF ILL LUCK

Breaks Wrist While Cranking Automobile Stolen from Him.

MACHINE RECOVERED

Rev. Howard S. Morrison, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian congregation, had a run of tough luck which culminated this morning in the fracture of his right arm between the elbow and the wrist as he was cranking an automobile that had been stolen from him Friday night.

He had attended the Chapman meeting at Princess rink and when he came out of the building his machine was gone. He looked around for a time and then notified the police.

This morning the machine was located in front of the residence at 2829 Broadway and the owner was notified and went out to get it. The crank slipped as he was trying to turn it and recoiled with sufficient force to cause a fracture.

There was evidently a desire to steal the machine, which was thwarted by a dirty spark plug. This caused the engine to miss and the thieves evidently could not find the cause of the trouble and decided to abandon the auto.

DOZEN HURT IN WRECK.

Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 17.—A dozen passengers were injured on the Hudson Valley railroad north of Schuylerville today when a passenger trolley car crashed into two freight cars which had broken from an electric engine. None of the passengers escaped injury.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on box. 25c

FOR SALE

Ten Car Loads of

HOCKING VALLEY COAL

to be sold at

$4.25 Per Ton

Also ten car loads of Jackson coal at $5.25 per ton. Best grades, city weight. Take the chance while it's cheap. Phone 2553. Terms cash.

STATE GETS OUT A NEW SUBPOENA

Arthur Heyman Named as Secretary of Alleged Grain Trust.

WANTS THE RECORDS

Under the direction of Attorney General James A. Bingham a new subpoena was issued today in the prosecution of the Hay and Grain Producers' and Shippers' association of Northeastern Indiana and directed to Arthur Heyman, who is named as secretary and treasurer of the concern and who is instructed to produce its records in the circuit court here on Dec. 27.

A subpoena of the same kind was issued yesterday against Thomas P. Riddle but was not served and word has evidently reached the head of the state's legal department that a reorganization has taken place. The subpoena was placed in the hands of the sheriff this morning and he intended to serve it during the day.

Got Judgment for $1,000.

A circuit court jury which spent the night considering a verdict in the suit instituted by Gerald L. Siegel against John C. Peters, of the Wayne hotel, returned a finding this morning at 6:30 o'clock giving Siegel $1,000 damages.

He fell down an elevator shaft at the Wayne hotel and on the allegation that his earning capacity of $6,000 a year had been greatly impaired he brought suit for $25,000. One hundred and nine interrogatories were submitted to the jury.

Erwin Named as Bailiff.

Dick Erwin, who was a deputy sheriff in the circuit court during the term of George W. Stout as sheriff, has been named court bailiff by Judge Carl Yaple, of the circuit court. He will assume his duties the first of the year. There were a great number of applicants for the place.

Gerding Takes the Oath.

William E. Gerding, county clerk-elect, qualified for office late yesterday by taking the oath of office. He will take his place the first of the year and in the meantime will familiarize himself with the duties of his office. Will Clutter, who was deputy in the superior court during the term of W. A. Johnson as clerk, will fill the same position under Mr. Gerding.

Court Notes.

Judgment was entered in the circuit court in favor of the estate of Edward Webber for $450 against the Pennsylvania company. The case was settled out of the courts.

A dismissal was entered in the suit of John Mathie, who sued the Archer Printing company for damages on account of personal injuries. A settlement was effected out of court.

A case in which William F. Zahrt is accused of having conducted a blind tiger is set down for trial in the circuit court on Monday.

Brother! That $1.00 box of Gold Seal Cigars just it for my Christmas present.

THE DEATHS.

GOEGELIN.

Mrs. J. H. Goegelin, aged 46, wife of J. H. Goegelin, a bookkeeper in the office of the county treasurer, died at 8 o'clock Friday night at the family residence, 1426 St. Joe boulevard, after a six months illness from paralysis. The deceased was born in Milan township and was a daughter of Herman Bischoff. She was married to Mr. Goegelin twenty-seven years ago.

Surviving relatives include the husband and three children: Edwin and Irene Goegelin, living at home; Emil Goegelin, of San Antonio, Texas, and two brothers, Diedrich and Herman Bischoff, of Milan township.

Funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the family residence, thence to St. Paul's Lutheran church at 2 o'clock. Interment at Concordia cemetery, Revs. Jacob and Paul Miller officiating.

FUNERAL NOTICES.

Swann.—Funeral services for Captain Scott Swann will be held from the residence, 2521 South Harrison street, at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon; thence to Lindenwood cemetery.

Krah.—Funeral services for Christian Krah will be held at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon from the family residence, 318 Centlivre avenue, thence to the Emanuel Lutheran church at 2 o'clock. Interment at the Concordia cemetery.

Mannix.—The remains of Mrs. John Mannix, who was formerly Miss Catherin Linkle, of this city, and who died at her home in Chicago a few days ago, are expected to arrive here today. The remains will be taken to the home of Mrs. John Agenbroad, 331 Montgomery street, from where the funeral will be held. Announcement of the funeral will be made later.

GETZ AND CAHILL

UNDERTAKERS, DENY CURRENT RUMOR.

To the Public:

For some reason, and from some source, unknown to us, there has recently gained circulation in this city, a rumor to the effect that the firm of Getz & Cahill were about to dissolve partnership. This rumor secured recognition and publication in one of the daily papers of the city.

In justice to ourselves and our friends, we desire to state that such rumor is wholly unfounded, and that no reason now exists, or ever has existed, upon which such a statement could justly be founded; and we will continue to conduct our general undertaking business at No. 1031 Calhoun street in the future as in the past.

JOSEPH F. GETZ,
JAMES B. CAHILL.

SAYS HE DOES NOT SPECULATE

[Continued from Page One.]

$500.00; make it work this week; I may need it. I will be in Thursday. You are the dearest of friends.'—

has reference to the money which on the advice of a New York business man I gave him under protest for the legitimate purchase of railroad stock. He said to me 'Let this work for one, two or three months, and I am sure I can help you in your work,' and when I used the expression 'make it work this week' I was only quoting the words which he used in his conversation. All of my dealings with Mr. Davie have been in the presence and under the cognizance of my secretary.

"I do not believe that Robert Davie ever meant to be a hypocrite. Up to a few months ago he was a respected man, was the soul of generosity and seemed in every way to be true to his friends. His gifts of money were not personal to me but were in aid of those whom I would frequently send to him at his request and from whom with one exception I think, he never turned away."

Mr. Asher Adds a Word.

"I am thoroughly acquainted with the relationship which existed between Mr. Davie and Dr. Chapman," said William Asher, one of the members of the evangelistic party in whose work Mr. Davie seemed to be much interested. "I know the facts as stated by Dr. Chapman are absolutely correct," continued Mr. Asher. "I was present when Mr. Davie made some of his pledges to the expenses of our party. I also know that Dr. Chapman forbade him to make use of his name in any way for his business, and that he distinctly told him that he would not under any circumstances invest money except in a legitimate way. Dr. Chapman was Mr. Robert E. Davie's friend, and until very recently hundreds of people believed Mr. Davie to be a sincere, true man.

"I heard Mr. Robert Davie's mother say that she could never appreciate highly enough the influence for good which Dr. Chapman had been in the life of her son, that Dr. Chapman's every influence had been to steady him and to help him, and that Robert Davie loved Dr. Chapman dearly; and I know that it was at Mrs. Davie's earnest request that Dr. Chapman stopped in his busy life to give attention and help to her son, and that many letters had passed between Robert Davie and Dr. Chapman at the request of Mrs. Davie herself."

Sister! If it's goin' to be Cigars for my Xmas, buy Al Hazzard's make.

MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

First Society to Hold Regular Services Sunday.

The First Spiritualist society of the Spiritual church will hold regular Sunday services tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock in the K. of P. home, 122 Washington boulevard west. Following is the program:

Hymn—"Rejoice;" No. 20.....Audience
Invocation.....Rev. Mrs. Brindle
Bible Reading—"Spirit Guides".President
Hymn—"Over There;" No. 29...Audience
Sermon—"Why Spirits Can Return"..
.....Mrs. Arnold
Hymn—"Nearer My God to Thee;" No. 21..... Audience
Spirit Messages.....
.....Rev. Mrs. Brindle and Others
Hymn—"Exhortation;" No. 35..Audience
Announcements..... President
Offering and Interlude.....
Hymn—"Angels Guard You;" No. 59...
.....Audience
Benediction.....Rev. Mrs. Myers

You are invited to hear this gifted lady on the reasons "Why Our Spirit Friends Can Return." Come.

"STRICK" GILLILAN HERE.

Famous Newspaper Humorist Guest at the Anthony.

Strickland W. Gillilan of Baltimore, arrived in the city last night from the east and registered at the Anthony hotel. Mr. Gillilan left today for a visit at his old home in Richmond, Ind., where he resided before he was known to fame. He is best known as the author of that humorous classic, "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnegan," and has for several years been connected with one of the Baltimore newspapers.

BREAKS ARM IN A FALL.

E. T. Jackson, jr., familiarly known as "Ned" Jackson, and a member of the Boy Scouts, fractured his arm in a fall Friday evening. During a frolic which followed the regular Friday evening scout drill, the Jackson lad stumbled over the foot of another boy when it was thrust in front of him as he was passing the ball. He is thirteen years of age. The injured boy was removed to the Lutheran hospital and later to his home on West DeWald street. He is a son of the scout master.

STATE SECRETARY HERE.

E. E. Stacey, of Indianapolis, state secretary of the Indiana Young Men's Christian association, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Stacey was in conference with a number of local gentlemen regarding the starting of a movement for a city association in Fort Wayne.

POULTRY SHOW

Open all day Sunday and Monday.

CROWDS ATTEND POULTRY SHOW

Many Farmers Attracted to Exposition of the Well Bred Birds.

JUDGING COMPLETED

That the Allen County Poultry Fanciers association's annual poultry show, which has been in full swing for the past three days, is an unqualified success is shown by the many visitors that are passing through the doors to view the feathered inhabitants of the building. The show is not only receiving heavy local patronage, but is getting as well a heavy patronage from farmers, who have come to the city in a good many cases for no other reason than to take in the poultry show.

Not a person has passed through the doors but has considered his twenty-five cents well spent long before all of the entries had been seen. Poultry fanciers who are experts enough to note the different points of the birds on exhibition and take interest in noting them can easily pass from two to three hours in the building before they have taken in everything. Even those who are not concerned with the raising of chickens, and who are merely drawn to the show through a desire to see the different entries, do not find time hanging heavily on their hands when they spend from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in the building.

Judging progressed rapidly all day yesterday and this morning and by 3 o'clock this afternoon all awards had been made. Judge Krummer, of Butler, Penn., judged up until last night, when he was compelled to leave to fill an engagement to judge at a show at Pittsburg, Pa. His place was taken by G. Earl Hoover, of Mathews, Ind., a well known judge of poultry, who completed the judging.

The state clubs awarded special cups in the Barred Rock, Single Comb Black Minorca and Buff Orpington class this afternoon, but up to the time of going to press the only one of these special awards available was that of the American Rock club, which awarded a special cup on shapes to P. H. Weikal, of Marion, Ind.

The Barred Rock club held a meeting this afternoon at the Commercial club and elected officers for the ensuing year. The project of getting the national headquarters in Indiana the coming year yas also discussed. The Buff Orpington club will meet tonight and elect officers and transact general business.

POULTRY SHOW

Open all day Sunday and Monday.

CITY BREVITIES.

W. F. Peters and Charles H. Pidgeon have returned from a business trip to New York city.

The Home Telephone and Telegraph company has just completed the installation of a model private switchboard for us in their offices. The board is of the latest type and is manufactured by the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing company, of Rochester, N. Y. It is similar to the regular local switchboards used in the office and only of a miniature type, connects about twenty phones in different parts of the building. It is also connected so that outside service can be had from every phone.

William Hackius, of 812 Washington boulevard west, a student at the high school, has on display, in the children's room at the public library, a model of an aeroplane which he built himself.

Schone & Ankenbruck

REST

COR. BERRY & BARR
BOTH PHONES
HOME 377 BELL 327

DON'T RUB 'EM

If Your Eyes Burn and Smart

YOU FEEL LIKE

Digging Them Out With

YOUR FISTS

It's a Warning You Have

EYE TROUBLE

Costs Nothing to Find Out

GRAFFE 916 CALHOUN

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by *Bad Bowels*—No difference. Constipation and *dead* liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—*CASCARETS* regulate—cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use *CASCARETS*, Life Saver!

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

NEGROES ORDERED OUT.

Prosecuting Witness Failed to Appear in Court.

For the reason that the prosecuting witness failed to appear Daisy Casey, a negress charged with stealing over $200 from a traveling salesman who gave the name of Perkins, was released in the city court today and with Alex and Minnie Clayton, also negroes, was ordered out of the city. Their records are bad and the judge was emphatic in his orders to leave.

Charles Snyder and Thomas Schaefer were fined $1 and costs each for drunkenness and Joseph O'Brien was let go. Martin Haley, who was begging on the streets and getting drunk with the money got $5 and costs for vagrancy.

There's nothing they'll use so long or remember so well as **Glasses from Meigs.**

We issue **Gift Certificates** and after Xmas exchange the frames and lenses.

Glasses with gift cases $2.00 and up.

MEIGS EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

LYRIC THEATER BLDG. 1012 Calhoun Street.

XMAS

TIME IS MONEY TIME

and everyone should feel their best on Christmas, and remember their loved ones in some little way, no matter how.

HAVE YOU

thought of this? Are you prepared with the ready cash to make this day a happy one? If not

WE OFFER

you this opportunity to get what you need, easily and quickly and in a most private and confidential manner.

$5 to $100

advanced on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, etc., without removal, on short notice.

LET US KNOW JUST WHAT YOU WANT, AND WE WILL DO THE REST.

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Albert H. Scheumann, Assistant.
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Office 'Phone No. 900; residence, 6186 and 1210.

Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

This Evening—Thurston, the Magician.
Monday Evening—"It Is Never Too Late to Mend."
Tuesday Evening—"My Jim."
Wednesday Evening—"The Matchmaker."
Thursday Evening—"An Actor's Romance."
Friday Evening—"The War of Wealth."
Saturday Matinee and Night—"The Old Clothes Man."

HOWARD THURSTON.

The Great Magician Delights Majestic Audience.

Mr. Howard Thurston, who opened a two days' engagement at the Majestic yesterday and who will be seen again for the last time tonight, presents magic in such a form that one not only seeks this form of entertainment as a mere pleasure, but really finds it a most wholesome food for a better mind. Always untiring in his efforts to keep his enterlainment up to a high standard, Mr. Thurston has invented the most marvelous illusion ever attempted, the great automobile mystery. This wonderful feat alone gives the auditor an excellent chance for deep study and thought. It required five years of much patience to perfect this wonderful illusion, and the theater-goer sees much that not only entertains, but which proves valuable to him; especially so, if he should happen to be fond of automobiling.

Mr. Thurston is a man of untiring efforts, his personality is one that always attracts, and his manner of displaying his many wonderful feats is so that even the most blase cannot restrain himself from applauding so great an artist.

In keeping with Mr. Thurston's high standard, he has surrounded himself with a corps of capable assistants who have been trained under his own master hand. The stage settings are on a large scale, and the whole performance is that of excellence.

To have the program proceed in all excellence, special, appropriate and incidental music has been provided, while the stage settings are on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. No pains or expense has been spared to make the entire program this season by far the best ever.

The organization numbers twenty people, all thorough and capable assistants, who have been associated with Mr. Thurston on his many tours around the world, each one having had the exceptional benefit of his master hand, which in itself guarantees a performance of excellence.

THE KEITH STOCK COMPANY.

Will Be Seen All Next Week in Choice Repertoire.

A feature of the Keith Stock company, which plays an engagement at the Maestic all next week, is the vaudeville acts carried by this popular organization. Many new and up-to-the-minute specialties are presented between each act, thereby making a continuous performance.

The Opening Bill.

Romance, that makes the world appear as a sweet paradise, thrills that send the blood tingling through one's veins, dialogue that finds its way to the heart and pretty stage pictures that make one see through colored glasses is adroitly combined in the dramatic form of "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," which is the opening bill for Monday night. It is a good, old-fashioned drama at its best. From the rise to the fall of the curtain there are moments of dramatic tension, tears and laughter. It is a play for the masses as well as the classes. Mr. Keith has given careful attention to the selection of his company, and the plays he offers will be worthy of praise and patronage.

Monday evening ladies will be admitted free under usual conditions.

The following are the plays for the balance of the week: Tuesday, "My Jim;" Wednesday, Dan Sully's last starring vehicle, "The Matchmaker," a play better than his "Parish Priest;" Thursday, "An Actor's Romance;" Friday, "The War of Wealth," and Saturday matinee and night, "The Old Clothes Man."

Casto S. Keith of the Keith Stock Company as Father O'Neil, in Dan Sully's Latest Play at the Majestic Next Week.

JEANNE FOWLER.

Gorgeous Gowns.

SOME GORGEOUS GOWNS.

Worn By Jeanne Towler in the Production of "Three Weeks."

The production of Elinor Glyn's dramatization of her wonderful book, "Three Weeks," which will be presented for the first time in this city at the Majestic on December 27 and 28, will have the atmosphere of refined elegance throughout. Not only will the stage pictures be striking in their color scheme and beauty, but every detail of furniture and ornament will be in perfect keeping. And as for costumes, the beautiful Jeanne Towler, who plays "the lady" and touches every chord of emotion with her perfect art, will display some gowns that will open the eyes of the fair sex and give them something to discuss for many a day. Each and every one is a Paris creation and their values run into big money. The first dress is a beautiful gray chiffon, embroidered with cut steel and fringed half a yard deep all around the train. The second is a Paquin gown of black velvet in the empire style, and also made over chiffon and trimmed with steel. The third is a Hellett, creation of Nile green chiffon, covered with Irish crochet and heavily embroidered with opals, emeralds and pearls—truly a gown worthy of a queen. The last is a soft, shimmery, moonlight chiffon, semi-evening gown, decorated with pale pink and green satin roses.

It is one thing to have expensive gowns and another to wear them, but in this respect there are few who can approach Miss Towler.

A THESPIAN WHO KNOWS.

Biography of a Veteran Actor, Seventy Years on the Stage.

Eugene A. Eberle was born April 7, 1840. He is an actor by inheritance, as his grandfather, Adam Eberle, was an actor, and his father, Charles Eberle, and Edwin Forrest made their professional debuts together in a circus, Eberle playing cornet and Forrest doing flip-flaps. Eugene was carried on the stage when he was four months old, at Bangor, Me. Twenty years afterward he made his debut in the same city, playing Paris in 'Romeo and Juliet.' After a season in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, which was transformed into a minstrel show, Mr. Eberle supported Charlotte Cushman, playing the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," and the surveyor in "Henry VIII." He then went to New York to play in the Winter Garden under W. H. Fleming, at a salary of $6 a week, which he never got. Maggie Mitchell followed Fleming, and Mr. Eberle became second low comedian at the Winter Garden under Stuart, Booth and Clark. He remained there four years, eventually becoming first comedian. He played in the hundred nights' run of "Hamlet," in which Edwin Booth was the Dane and Charles Kemble Mason the ghost. Eberle first played second gravedigger, and about the middle of the run succeeded Thomas Placide as first gravedigger. He played with the Booth brothers in "Julius Caesar" the night in 1863 when southern sympathizers tried to burn New York. Edwin Booth was the Brutus, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., the Cassius, and John Wilkes the Marc Anthony. Just as John Wilkes began the funeral oration the fire department broke in in time to prevent the firing of the theater. After many engagements in support of stars and in stock companies, including those of the Leland opera house, Albany, and the Boston theater, Mr. Eberle joined the Jefferson company, playing Tackleton in "The Cricket on the Hearth," and Cockles in "Rip Van Winkle," in the season of 1885-1886. The next year he supported Mme. Janauschek, playing Dominie Sampson in "Meg Merrilies," which he had previously played with Charlotte Cushman. Then came three seasons with "The Still Alarm." In 1900-01 he was with A. M. Palmer's "Aunt Jack" company. Since then he has played in "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," "Across the Potomac," "Shiloh," etc., and he has supported Robert Mantell and Margaret Mather. He played four seasons with Otis Skinner and two with Annie Russell, playing Pete in "Mice and Men" and Old Darling in "The Younger Miss Darling." He then played another season with Skinner and the seasons of 1906-7-8-9 was seen as Senator Roberts in the original "The Lion and the Mouse" company. This season he is conspicuous as Dr. Bernstein in Charles Klein's latest play, "The Third Degree," which comes to the Majestic on December 26. This, his latest character, he says, is the most fascinating he has ever played.

Who Have the Only Troupe of Trained Roosters in the World at the Temple the Coming Week.

The Only Rooster Comedian in the World With Torcat and Flor D'Aliza at the Temple the Coming Week.

Howard Thurston, the World's Greatest Magician, at the Majestic This Evening.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

DOLLS AND DOLL WIGS.

Do you wish to make the little one happy? Get her a Doll or one of our Doll Wigs, made of natural curly hair; the kind they can comb.

RODENBECK'S.
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WANTED — Girls — Incandescent Lamp Works; Holman St. 12-3-50t

Largest assortment of Christmas and New Year Cards, Booklets, Post Card Albums in the state at Jocquel's, 1116 Calhoun St., opposite Cathedral. 16-3t

THE TEMPLE THEATRE

Zaleska and Moore in "The Operator," the Most Sensational Offering in Vaudeville, Heads Next Week's Bill—Some Big Ones.

As the holiday season approaches there is much activity among the managers of vaudeville theaters to present the strongest attractions obtainable in order to accommodate the throngs of merry makers which seek amusement at this time of year. The Temple management thinks that the ideal vaudeville bill should have a strong playlet. Acrobatic and novelty acts always appeal to certain class, while song and dance and comedy numbers are always more or less entertaining. It is not easy, however, to secure a sketch or playlet strong enough to fill the headline position on the ideal vaudeville bill. When it comes to the very best playlets of vaudeville, there are less than a dozen that will qualify. The ideal sketch must contain a consistent story, briefly told; the players must be more capable than those appearing in the legitimate drama, for they must "get their audience" with their first lines, and, furthermore, the playlet must have scenic equipment and effects and at the same time follow a line of thought consistently that it will give the audience something to think about when they reach home. The Temple management feels assured that in "The Operator," a dramatic sketch by Charles Kenyon, which will head the coming week's bill at the Temple, he has secured a sketch or playlet answering all of the above requirements. The story is of an operator at a small tank station in the Nevada desert, on the S. P. R. R., who has been on duty seventy hours without relief. Finally overcome with loss of sleep, he allows two trains to approach each other on the same track. The intensity of the playlet grips the audience from beginning to end. Madame Zaleska, who appears as the operator's wife, is a niece of the late Madame Modjeska, and has inherited from that great tragedienne her strong emotional power and histrionic ability. She is ably supported by Mr. Floyd Moore, a well known and capable leading man, in the title role. A striking feature of "The Operator" is the realistic stage train. Through the aid of compressed air and other forces, the audience is made to think that there is a real locomotive on the stage, rumbling along under the force of hissing steam. The act is the feature of the big twenty-two act vaudeville show at the American Music hall, Chicago, this week.

As a second headline attraction the management secured Torcat and Flor D'Aliza and their wonderful troupe of educated roosters. The task of converting forty aggressive roosters into non-combatants and, in addition to this fact making the same roosters look up and take notice and perform tricks is what has been accomplished by Monsieur Torcat and his charming wife, Flor D'Aliza, who will exhibit their bachelor barnyard champions next week. The amount of hard work involved in rounding out the education of a trained rooster cannot quite be conceived by the ordinary mind. Monsieur Torcat and his wife spent many days in training their pets and they have accomplished wonders. If they did nothing more than to keep the fowls from battling among themselves they would have achieved a great feat. The rooster act is one of real interest and the little Frenchman and his wife are entitled to a great deal of credit for their perseverance in developing the talent of the chanticlers who compose the company. They have roosters from all over the world and chicken fanciers will be especially interested in this act, which is the biggest novelty act on the vaudeville stage. The offering of Kelley and Wentworth is considered particularly strong, owing to its straight forward story and its sentiment. "The village lockup," a classic of vaudeville, deals with country folks and one type which is ever dear to theatergoers, the philosophical old countrymen whose heart is bigger than is his sense of duty. Hal Kelley is a Santa Claus of vaudeville for he brings joy to an aged mother by releasing her imprisoned boy, and the story woven around the episode is interesting and the players present their roles in a very praiseworthy manner.

Ross and Oaks, eccentric singers and talking comedians, will offer fifteen minutes of laughter with their stock of new dialect stories and good song parodies.

One of the most artistic and refined singing and dancing numbers on the vaudeville stage will be offered by Reiff, Clayton and Reiff.

Edith Haney, singing comedienne, will add much luster to the program. The motion pictures, showing two good comedy subjects, complete the excellent bill.

With Torcat, the Great French Comedian, Presenting the Only Troupe of Trained Roosters in the World at the Temple the Coming Week.

ART NOTE.

"Dauber, the artist, dropped insensible yesterday."
"Heart failure?"
"I guess so. He got a cheque!"

There is not only style and beauty to our Toilet Cases, but we absolutely guarantee each and every one of them.
GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.,
15-17 Corner Barr and Wayne.

ORPHANS SEE MAGICIAN.

Thurston the Magician, who is appearing at the Maestic theater, furnished unbound entertainment yesterday afternoon for 50 of the inmates of the Allen County Orphans' home, who were the guests of Manager Rice at the matinee performance. Such feats as producing rabbits, pigeons and ducks, at what was seemingly at will, especially delighted the children. One small boy was invited to the stage to assist in a trick with a guinea pig, which he was told would be his for his trouble. When the trick was finished the magician carefully wrapped the pig in a large piece of paper and handed it to the youngster, who returned to his seat. When he opened the parcel to show it to envious companions instead of a live pet a nice box of candy met his gaze. A special car to carry the children to and from the show was furnished by the Wabash Valley Traction company.

TRACK ELEVATION

And lowering store room has caused a short suspending of business at F. J. Voirol's but he is prepared now to give you best prices on holiday goods. Call and see him. 15-3t

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

That will last every week or every day in the year. The weekly or Daily Sentinel. Just the thing for your friends out of town.
12-2-d&w-tf

Louis LeBey and Sarah Padden—Act I, The Third Degree, Majestic Monday, Dec. 26, Matinee and Night.

Women!

—A Suggestion—

Buy One of These

SEWING MACHINES

For Your

Husband

Yes, it is a standard and will last a life-time.

Do you know you could not buy a Christmas present that would be more useful, profitable and ornamental than one of these new style Standard Sewing Machines?

It would be a source of pleasure, a satisfaction the rest of your days to have one of these machines with all the attachments, in your home.

We feel sure hubby wouldn't care if you used the machine whenever you felt like it, and we know you would say that you never used a machine that operated so perfectly in every particular.

COME AND SEE US ABOUT IT.

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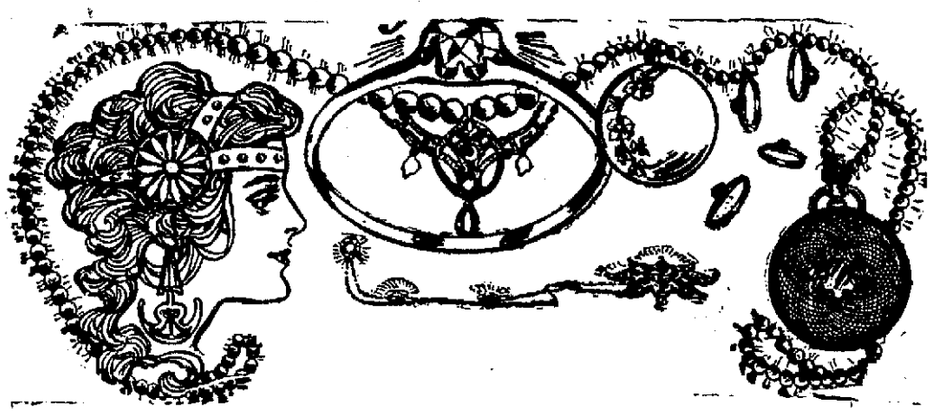

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One of the largest and best selected stocks in the state. We show almost everything made in high-class Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Cut Glass, Sterling Silver, Toilet Sets, Art Brass and many other articles too numerous to mention. A look through the "Big Store" and no doubt you will find just what you want.

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per ear, $1

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

VOL. LXXII.....NO. 114

OUR TELEPHONES

Editorial Rooms..... 620
Counting Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1910.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—Thurston, the Magician at the Majestic; vaudeville at the Temple; motion pictures at Lyric, Colonial, Fairy, Gaiety, Star, Casino and Hippodrome.

Unions—Brewery Workmen; Iron, Tin and steel Workers, No. 17.

Fraternities—Pythian Sisters; Queen Esther, D. of R.; National Union; Old Fort Carmen.

A WORTHY REFORM.

President Taft has inaugurated one governmental reform for which he deserves public gratitude. He has insisted to the department heads that as a part of the general scheme of economy the government employes shall do something near a day's work. This is not merely good business, but is a square deal for the public. It will go hard with departmental employes for awhile, but they will become in time used to it. It has been directed that clerks report for duty at 8:30 instead of 9 in the morning. This doubtless contemplates ample latitude for continued observance of the immemorial tradition in Washington that a department clerk shall take half an hour after he gets at his desk before he really begins work. Likewise the government takes another half hour in the afternoon, for by the same tradition it devolves upon all clerks to consume thirty minutes in preparing to go home. The government, therefore, really gets under the new regulations the service that all along it has been paying for but not receiving. The hour a day that thousands of men and women spend each day "buttoning and unbuttoning" is not hereafter to be paid for out of government funds. Any business concern that would tolerate the wasted times, the inefficiency, the general don't-care spirit that pervades the Washington departments would run to bankruptcy in a year. That it is purposed to cut out a lot of the red tape and require employes to give some degree of that quality of service they would be obliged to render in any other employment is one of the most rational administrative reforms yet proposed. The president's order will save a vast amount of money and cause the public business to be transacted more like business.

MAKING GOOD IN ADVANCE.

Champ Clark will be the next speaker of the national house of representatives if there be no miscarriage of good intent. The democrats of the next house are practically unanimous upon the proposal that the floor leader shall be made successor to Cannon. He brings himself fully in agreement with the major sentiment of democrats in the house and others elected to the next house, as well as a large part of the people of the country, that the czarism which for many years has characterized the speakership shall cease and that the house shall be ruled by a majority of its membership. To this end it will be the adopted policy of the democrats to take from the speaker the power to name the committees and substitute it with the rule that the body of the house shall choose the committees. To this proposal Mr. Clark very heartily subscribes, and the next house will actually be governed by its members and not by its servant and a few specially chosen spirits. It will be a return to real democracy so long gone that a newer generation will have the novelty of innovation. The democrats are getting a good start for usefulness in the next congress. It would be a fine thing if along with restoration of democracy to the house might be presented a tariff bill to which progressive republicans could give support for relieving the country of some of the worst of the Aldrich law iniquities.

Mr. Carnegie has given a dozen millions to make war on war and Mr. Rockefeller has given about as much to carry on the crusade against that tired feeling and other human ills. If some philanthropist will put up a nice little pot of money for the purpose of educating a too confiding public that in a get-rich-quick scheme the only fellow who gets it quick is the fellow who is chief engineer of the game. The school of experience has taught many, but the man with that kind of an education is generally keeping his acquirement to himself.

Mexico seems to be trying to feed herself and us on the kind of provender Spain fats up on at home when she tackles an unhealthy proposal of the war game sort. The Dons of Arragon and Castile were led to believe they had Uncle Samuel ready to haul down his flags back in '98 and in the more recent brush with Moroccan tribesmen the disasters were not known until survivors had walked home. It looks as though Diaz had a right nice little war stewing.

Hon. Lafe Young's maiden speech is of the sort that is likely to answer also for his swan song. After Dolliver the standpattism of the Des Moines editor sounds like the ranting of a later Rip Van Winkle. The people of Iowa will doubtless soon get enough of their favorite editor in the role of a statesman.

No time to urge that public contracts now in progress be completed this year, but maybe it will not be unreasonable to press just a little for getting them done next year.

PERFUMES AND TOILET WATERS.

Dainty Holiday Packages Perfumes and Toilet Waters. The world's best makers' new odors; done up in very attractive packages.

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15-17-19-21

WANTED

Party with $3,000 to $5,000 cash to invest in a gilt edge business. If party prefers, can have permanent position with same. For particulars address "Business," care Sentinel. 17-4t

WANTED—Partner with $3,000 to $5,000 to take half interest in local business. Party can have permanent position. For particulars address, Business, care of Sentinel. 17-2t

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

The Adventures of Mr. Peter Ruff

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"Ill Blows the Wind that Profits Nobody"

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE PEARSON PUBLISHING CO.

(Continued from yesterday)

"Seems easy enough to write a book, too," Mrs. Barnes said. "Why, I declare that some of those we get from the library—we subscribe to a library, Mr. Fitzgerald—are just as simple and straightforward that a child might have written them. No plot whatsoever, no murders or mysteries or anything of that sort—just stories about people like ourselves. I don't see how they can pay people for writing stories about people just like those one meets every day!"

"I always say," Maud intervened, "that Spencer means to write a book some day. He has quite the literary air, hasn't he, mother?"

"Indeed he has!" Mrs. Barnes declared, with an appreciative glance at the gold-rimmed spectacles.

Mr. Fitzgerald modestly declaimed any literary aspirations.

"The thing is a gift, after all," he declared generously. "I can keep accounts, and earn a fair salary at it, but if I attempted fiction I should soon be up a tree."

Mr. Barnes nodded his approval of such sentiments.

"Every one to his trade, I say," he remarked. "What sort of salaries do they pay now in the book trade?" he asked guilelessly.

"Very fair," Mr. Fitzgerald admitted candidly,—"very fair indeed."

"When I was your age," Mr. Barnes said reflectively, "I was getting—let me see—forty-two shillings a week. Pretty good pay, too, for those days."

Mr. Fitzgerald admitted the fact.

"Of course," he said apologetically, "salaries are a little higher now all round. Mr. Howell has been very kind to me,—In fact, I have had two rises this year. I am getting four pounds ten now."

"Four pounds ten per week?" Mrs. Barnes exclaimed, laying down her knife and fork.

"Certainly," Mr. Fitzgerald answered. "After Christmas, I have some reason to believe that it may be five pounds."

Mr. Barnes whistled softly, and looked at the young man with a new respect.

"I told you that—Mr.—that Spencer was doing pretty well, mother," Maud simpered, looking down at her plate.

"Any one to support?" her father asked, transferring a pickle from the fork to his mouth.

"No one," Mr. Fitzgerald answered. "In fact, I may say that I have some small expectations. I haven't done badly, either, out of the few investments I have made from time to time.

"Saved a bit of money, eh?" Mr. Barnes inquired genially.

"I have a matter of four hundred pounds put by," Mr. Fitzgerald admitted modestly, "besides a few sticks of furniture. I never cared much about lodging-house things, so I furnished a couple of rooms myself some time ago."

Mrs. Barnes rose slowly to her feet.

"You are quite sure you won't have a small piece more beef?" she inquired anxiously.

"Just a morsel?" Mr. Barnes asked, tapping the joint insinuatingly with his carving knife.

"No, I thank you!" Mr. Fitzgerald declared firmly. "I have done excellently."

"Then if you will put the joint on the sideboard, Adolphus," Mrs. Barnes directed, "Maud and I will change the plates. We always let the girl go out on Sundays, Mr. Fitzgerald," she explained, turning to their guest. "It's very awkward, of course, but they seem to expect it."

"Quite natural, I'm sure," Mr. Fitzgerald murmured, watching Maud's light movements with admiring eyes. "I like to see ladies interested in domestic work."

"There's one thing I will say for Maud," her proud mother declared, plumping down a dish of jelly upon the table, "she does know what's what in keeping house, and even if she hasn't to scrape and save as I did when David and I were first married, economy is a great thing when you're young. I have always said so, and I stick to it."

"Quite right, mother," Mr. Barnes declared.

"If instead of sitting there," Mrs. Barnes continued in high good-humor, "you were to get a bottle of that port wine out of the cellarette, we might drink Mr. Fitzgerald's health, being as it's his first visit."

Mr. Barnes rose to his feet with alacrity. "For a woman with sound ideas," he declared, "commend me to your mother!"

Maud, having finished her duties, resumed her place by the side of the guest of the evening. Their hands met under the tablecloth for a moment. To the girl, the pleasure of such a proceeding was natural enough, but Fitzgerald asked himself for the fiftieth time why on earth he, who, notwithstanding his present modest exterior, was a young man of some experience, should derive a rapture from such primitive lovemaking which nothing else in life afforded him. He was, at that moment, content with his future, a future which he had absolutely and finally decided upon. He was content with his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, with Daisy Villa, and the prospect of a Daisy Villa for himself,—content, even, with Adolphus! But for Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald, these things were not to be! The awakening was even then at hand.

The dining-room of Daisy Villa fronted the street, and was removed from it only a few feet. Consequently, the footsteps of passers-by upon the flagged pavement were clearly distinguishable. It was just at the moment when Mrs. Barnes was inserting a few fresh almonds into a somewhat precarious tipsy cake, and Mr. Barnes was engaged with the decanting of the port, that two pairs of footsteps, considerably heavier than those of the ordinary promenader, paused outside and finally stopped. The gate creaked. Mr. Barnes looked up.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's that? Visitors?"

(To be continued)

You know what he smokes, Kim or Fort Wayne Guard Cigars which he will appreciate for an Xmas present.

Dec.7 10 12 15 17 20 23

TOYS
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COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

If father only knew how much I want a Kodak for Xmas, he would see Jones and get busy.

SANTA CLAUS

Would please the whole family were he to bring one of our Talking Machines. The VICTOR or EDISON is the best—it is the one PHONOGRAPH that gives you all the vibrations correctly and accurately reproduced.

Fort Wayne Machine Co.

1035 Calhoun, Cor. Jefferson.

This Fellow

Is blowing about the nice things he found in our store for

Christmas Gifts

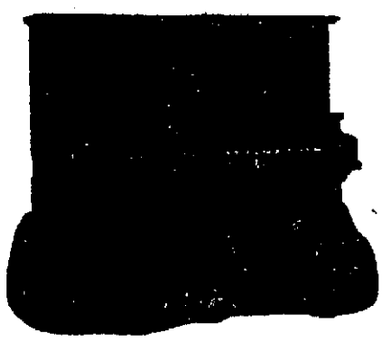
We certainly have them for you too. Come in. Store open evenings.

Smith's Hardware Store

Make Her a Christmas Gift

With a Piano that Has

Unsurpassed Tonal Quality,
Easy Responsive Touch,
Artistic Case Designs,
Great Durability,
Handsome Veneer.



This gift will be a CHUTE & BUTLER Piano, "the piano you ought to have at the price you ought to pay."

I have personally selected my stock of CHUTE & BUTLER Pianos and can conscientiously say they cannot be beaten for tonal quality, perfect scale, and lasting qualities. Years of experience in tuning and handling Pianos have taught me what a Piano should be.

Guy Conklin, 1008 Calhoun St.

Has Santa Claus Got You a Thinking

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GIVE

Is your money giving out before you have remembered all those that are near and dear? Don't let the lack of ready cash keep you from giving presents this year. **COME TO THE INDIANA FURNITURE CO.** We will trust you privately for whatever you may need. Pay a little down and the balance next pay day.

When you give FURNITURE you give practical presents that last for years and years. Come in now and pick out your Christmas gifts.

Indiana Furniture Co.

121-123 E. MAIN ST.

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

BIBLE SCENES AT THE ST. PETER'S

Extensive Improvements of Church Auditorium Are Now Completed.

SUPERB PAINTINGS

The great congregation that worships at the St. Peter's Catholic church will tomorrow see entirely completed the improvements on the interior of that handsome edifice, improvements which have been in progress for the last few months and which have been made at a cost of over $6,000. The finishing touches, the revarnishing of the pews and confessionals, were finished this week. Although the workmen have been constantly engaged at their tasks, the regular services at the church have in no way been interfered with.

The improvements made are in the way of frescoing and lighting and with them St. Peter's temple of worship has become one of the handsomest in the city and one of the best lighted. The wall decorations are models of artistic work, the harmonious blending of colors and the delineations of original designs, conspicuous among which are the Bible scenes depicted by the artist in his paintings.

Nothing in church decorative art could be more beautiful than the two pictures painted on the walls at the side of the main altar. They are companion pictures. One is that of St. Peter being led from prison by the angel. The other shows Christ walking upon the waters of the sea clasping the hand of St. Peter. Both are of size and as one sees them these inspiring Bible incidents impress him as they never had before.

The other designs are equally artistic, beautiful in their every detail. Words are inadequate for a description of them, and The Sentinel reporter, with all the conceit of his powers of written expression, so confessed to the St. Peter's pastor, Rev. Charles Wiele, Friday afternoon when shown through the handsomely improved sanctuary. They must be seen to be appreciated properly.

The lighting facilities of the church have been greatly improved and are now unequalled. Two immense chandeliers, handsome in their design, are suspended directly above the central aisle and with others brilliantly light the church. The sanctuary is not only lighted with the semi-circle of lights in the dome but by clusters of lights provided with tiny frosted globes.

During his pastorate in this city, commencing several years ago, Father Wiele has made many improvements in the church and the other parish properties. The present church edifice was erected in 1892 at a cost of $65,000. The parish also has its own school buildings, parsonage, etc., and all are nicely supported.

* * *

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Sunday Service and Events of the Week.

At the First Baptist church the pastor, Rev. J. F. Vichert, will preach at the morning service on "The Coming of the Son of Man." The evening service will be withdrawn on account of the meeting at the rink.

On Wednesday evening a special service will be held to which all who signed cards expressing a preference for this church are being invited.

The Sunday school will hold its Christmas entertainment on Thursday night. The entertainment is in the form of a trip by airship to Bethlehem and Nazareth.

On Friday evening the South Wayne Baptist Sunday school will hold its Christmas entertainment.

Rev. F. A. Carlisle will preach in Beaver Chapel at 10:15.

The musical program at the First church tomorrow is as follows:

Pastorale ..... Cadman
Quartet—"Praise the Lord"...Burdette
Melody ..... West
Quartet—"God Is Love".....Shelley
Postlude ..... Dubois

Christmas night the choir will give a cantata entitled "Wonderful Words of Love," by Otis.

* * *

REVIVAL SERVICES

Begin Sunday at West Jefferson Street Church of Christ.

The morning service at the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ at 10:45 will be an evangelistic service and will be conducted by Rev. W. J. Lhamon, of Des Moines. This will be the first service of a series of evangelistic services to be conducted in this church by Mr. Lhamon and continuing for two weeks—Sunday mornings at 10:45, and every evening except Saturdays at 7:45. Howard Wade Kimsey, a soloist of remarkable power, will have charge of the music, which will be led by a large chorus choir. The public is cordially invited. There will, of course, be no service tomorrow evening.

Other meetings for the day are as follows: Sunday school at 9:30; John Aylesworth Men's Bible class at 9:30; illustrated service for young people Rev. J. J. Lowe, at 4 p. m.

* * *

EVANGELIST FRANK DIXON.

Will Assist in Revival Services at First M. E. Church.

Rev. J. K. Cecil, the pastor, announces that evangelistic services will be continued each night next week at his church, the First M. E., and that Frank Dixon, the singing evangelist with the Chapman-Alexander party, will remain in the city and assist at the services, speaking and singing each evening.

At the Sunday morning service the pastor will preach on the theme, "The Challenge of the Cross." In the evening Rev. C. F. Goodson will preach.

Tonight the members of the Epworth league and the Sunday school are requested to meet at the church not later than 7:15 o'clock and march in a body to the Princess rink to attend the young people's meeting.

* * *

Will Have Penny Social.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Third Church of Christ will have a penny social Tuesday evening at the church and will serve what they call "A Magic Supper," the menu, in part, being as follows: Boston Brownies, A Piece of the Moon, A Hot Time, Symptoms of Love, and home made pies, cookies, etc.

* * *

Plymouth Congregational.

Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church, makes the following announcements:

Men's bible class in O. T. characters is growing in interest and numbers. All men are invited to attend next Sunday.

At the morning worship the pastor will use as his theme, "Discipleship." This will be followed by reception of members.

There will be no evening meeting owing to the union meeting at the rink. All members are urged to attend the meeting at the Rink and receive the final blessing and message of Dr. Chapman.

* * *

Rescue Home and Mission.

At Fort Wayne Rescue Home and Mission meetings every night at 7:45 except Monday. Sunday school at 3 p. m., John M. Stewart, superintendent. Tonight the mission chapel will be open, but all that intended coming to the mission are requested to attend the meeting at the rink. Tomorrow night the superintendent will again be on deck (if God will, after 4 weeks' illness) and will speak at the mission.

The jail meeting will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Asher, of the Chapman-Alexander party. Monday night for Christian workers only.

* * *

The Bible Training School.

Preaching services with special selections of music will be held at 10:30. The Sunday school begins at 9:30. The Students' Mission Band will conduct the usual weekly service on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 8:00.

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street. Morning services at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:35. Subject for tomorrow: "Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?" Golden text: "We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned." Revelation 11: 17. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock in the church. Reading room at 501 Bass block open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5:00 p. m.

* * *

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Pastors Announce Sermon Themes and Hours of Service.

The subject of the sermon of Rev. J. H. McCartney, the pastor, Sunday at 10:30 at the West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ will be "Inspiration Based on Information." Bible school at 9:30 a. m.; Junior C. E. at 2:30 p. m. No evening service, the congregation joining in the evangelistic services at the Third Presbyterian church.

There will be no services at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon on account of the Chapman-Alexander meetings. Secretary J. W. Burns announces that the committee of management will meet Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

"God's Desire for the Heart" will be the theme of the sermon of Rev. G. F. Byrer, the pastor, Sunday forenoon at the Calvary U. B. church. Sunday school at 9:30, A. A. Bowser, superintendent. Busy Bees meet at 2 p. m. No evening service.

Rev. Hillis L. Avery, the pastor of the M. P. church at New Haven, announces his Sunday services in this way: "Wanted—Next Sunday, men women and children to be present at our church services. Morning sermon subject, 'The Straight Gate;' evening subject, 'Hopeless and Godless.' Good music. A cordial and greeting awaits you."

The sermon topic of Rev. Shirey at the Bethany Presbyterian church Sunday morning will be "This I Know." No evening service.

Bethel church, Rev. C. D. Rarey, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 10:30; sermon theme, "The Power of a Resurrected Life."

Grace Reformed church, Rev. A. K. Zartman, pastor—Sunday school at 9 a. m. At the regular morning 10:30 service Mrs. Asher, one of the Chapman evangelists, will speak. No evening service.

Salem Reformed church, Rev. Edward Kielsmeier, pastor—Following the regular Sunday morning service there will be preparatory service for holy communion which will be celebrated Christmas morning.

Rev. S. B. Shaw, of Grand Rapids, one of the well known evangelists now in the city, will preach at the St. Paul M. E. church Sunday morning at the usual hour. Rev. Mr. Shaw is the author of several books, one of which, "Touching Incidents of Remarkable Answers to Prayer," has attracted wide attention.

Wayne Street M. E. church, C. Claud Travis, pastor—9:30 a. m., Sabbath school; 10:30 a. m., morning worship; subject, "The Soul's Vision." At this service an invitation is extended to all who desire to unite with the church. Mr. Earl Naftzger will sing. There will be no other service at the church.

Free Methodist church, Holton avenue, between East Creighton and Hurd, Rev. Wilson T. Loring, pastor—Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; the morning service at 10:45 will be in charge of Mrs. Rev. S. B. Shaw, state evangelist, W. C. T. U., of Michigan. The regular midweek meetings will be held next week, Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

The Theosophical students will meet on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Harmony lodge library, 120 West Berry street. The fourth chapter of "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. Q. Judge, will be studied.

The Sunday school services at 9:15 o'clock and the children's meeting at 2:30 o'clock for practice for Christmas are the only two announcements to be made for the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer for Sunday.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

IS GETTING ROUND SOME, BELIEVE US

London Correspondent Who is Doing Us Over Night Leaves Today.

IS GAZING ON GOTHAM

New York, Dec. 17.—Up bright and early today despite a late bed time hour after a stunning whirl about the city, W. R. Holt, the London journalist who came on the Mauretania for a 36 hours' visit to this country prepared to make the most of his time today in "Doing New York" before the Mauretania sailed back on her holiday record trip at 6 o'clock this evening.

Mr. Holt's 20 minutes in Baltimore and a similar time in Philadelphia on his way from Washington, where he spent two hours and a half yesterday traveling there on a special train after landing from his steamer, had only whetted his appetite for the personally conducted trip on which half a dozen newspaper men of New York took him to see the nocturnal side of metropolitan life last night. The metropolitan opera, Sarah Bernhardt, the big restaurants in full bloom in the late night hours, the Bowery and Chinatown were only a few of the sights the Englishman saw before he was ready to retire. Today his route included Grant's tomb, Fifth avenue in the promenade hour, Central park, the stock exchange and the foreign quarters, together with the city hall for interviews with Mayor Gaynor and others.

Mr. Holt was evidently taking copious mental notes throughout his hustling trip. He showed this by his remarks. "I have seen a great many typical Americans, fully twenty nationalities, I should say," was one of his comments.

COMPANY HAD ITS TROUBLES.

Street Car Service Impaired by Accidents and Delays.

"We had out every extra car in our possession last night," said Superintendent E. M. Raver today and we handled the crowds going to and from the Wayne Knittings mills and the Chapman meeting and the extra holiday rush down town as well as could have been expected.

"These cars were put on at 1:15 yesterday afternoon. One of them split a switch and was put out of commission and the extras that we run every day to the knitting mills had not returned to the barns before the awful rush was on.

"To make things worse a wire broke at the Main street bridge and tied up five cars west of the break and as it is a dangerous place to handle a broken trolley wire there was more delay than is usual in such cases. We want to give good service and did the best we could last night and in view of the difficulties I think we did as well as could have been expected."

During the evening Mr. Raver himself was forced to take his place as a motorman one one of the cars that was put into the extra service and he was on duty several hours.

Christmas and New Year's Cards from 1c to $1.00, at Jocquel's, 1116 Calhoun St., 16-3t

10 TEMPLE 10
25 THEATER 25

Week Mon. Matinee, Dec. 19.

ZALESKA AND MOORE
In
"THE OPERATOR"
The Most Sensational Offering in Vaudeville.

TORCAT AND FLOR D'ALIZA
Presenting the Only Troupe of Trained Roosters in the World.

ROSS AND OAKS
Those Dippy Boys.

KELLEY AND WENTWORTH
In a Wee Bit of Human Nature
"THE VILLAGE LOCKUP"

REIFF, CLAYTON AND REIFF
Classy Singers and Dancers.

EDITH HANEY
The Pocket Edition Comedienne

TEMPLE MOTION PICTURES.
Latest Comedy Subjects.

Coming Xmas Week
The Four Mortons.
Nights.....10, 25, 35 and 50c

The Finest Holiday Publication in America

SPECIAL COLOR NUMBER

CHRISTMAS PUCK

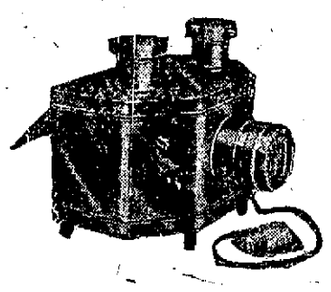
OUT DECEMBER 7th

SEE

"THE MYSTERY OF THE MISTLETOE." By Will Crawford. An incident in a Colonial Christmas. Double-page drawing.
"CHRISTMAS AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY." By L. M. Glackens. Something new in Plum Pudding fun.
"ON THE WAY TO THE HOUSE PARTY." By Gordon Grant. A Christmas Ghost fancy.
"WHERE THE MISTLETOE GROWS." By Carl Hassman.
"THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE." By W. E. Hill. A Racy Show-Girl picture.
"THE CANNY COVENANTER AND THE CARELESS CAVALIER." By Gordon Ross. A chapter of Scottish history in poster form.
"A FALLEN SANTA CLAUS." One of L. M. Glackens's Old Inn scenes.
"THE WISDOM OF CORREYSPONDENCE BILL." By Horatio Winslow. A deep-sea travesty on education by mail.
"THE SECOND TABLE." Drawing by F. A. Nankivell. When the Christmas Guests are gone.

Price 25 Cents per Copy

Order it from your Newsdealer, or it will be mailed on receipt of price by the *Publishers of* **PUCK,** 295-309 Lafayette St., N. Y.



Radioptican Post Card

Projectors, the great home entertainers, equals the magic lantern, using any kind of post cards. Prices $5.00, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00. Free demonstration at the

JONES KODAK STORE, 112 West Wayne Street

SIX MORE BUSY DAYS

TIME IS PRECIOUS. Bear in mind that we have the greatest stock of Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Shirts, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Traveling Bags, etc., that is shown in this city. Don't forget our reputation for value-giving.

A $2.00 BILL

Will be given to each man who buys a Suit, Overcoat or Raincoat before next Saturday night.

Our store will be open evenings until Christmas.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

ADDITIONAL Shop and Rail

R. W. Revert, passenger fireman on the Pennsylvania, is off duty on account of the illness of his wife.

Machinist William Hannel, of the Bass shops, has recovered from an illness which disabled him several days.

William Braun, of the Electric works, has gone to Ohio to spend Sunday with relatives.

After a week off with an injured hand, Machinist H. E. Sutton resumed work in the Pennsylvania shops this morning.

The Bass works sent a car load of wheels and axles to Marion, Ohio, today for the Marion Steam Shovel company.

Engineer P. Titus, J. H. Stewart and R. C. Elliott and Firemen E. B. Brannan, Harry Cassell, Harry Kloepper and F. J. Stein, of the Pennsylvania, are sick and off duty.

Foreman Joseph H. Kinkead, who attended the funeral of his sister-in-law at Bellefontaine, Ohio, resumed charge of his shop this morning. Mrs. Kinkead will return from Bellefontaine tomorrow.

Trainmaster W. D. Stearns, of the Lake Shore road, came down from Jackson yesterday and spent a few hours in the city looking after business connected with the operating department.

C. D. Dale, storekeeper at St. Thomas for the Wabash, is in the city today on business with Division Storekeeper H. W. Hurst, who has just returned from a trip over the lines in his territory.

Chief Electrician Frank Lane, of the Wabash, was in the city today, directing some work at the Calhoun street station. Two arc lamps have been installed on the platform and a row of incandescent lights are being put on the eves of the building.

A. Hetller, W. E. Engelbrecht, A. Peterson, R. H. Reinking, F. X. Miller, S. J. Bacon, C. J. Krockenberger and H. B. Sorg, Pennsylvania shopmen, are sick and off duty. Blacksmith Owen Barry is off duty on account of his furnace being out of repair. D. A. Wolford, of the blacksmith shop, who had been sick a few days, reported for work.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Dreier & Bro.

SAW FIGHTING IN NICARAGUA

WILLIAM P. PITTMAN.

New York, Dec. 17.—William P. Pittman, of Somerville, Mass., who fought with the Nicaraguan revolutionists at Bluefields and was captured and imprisoned for months, arrived from Colon on board the Allianca, of the Panama line. He expects to return to Managua, the capital of the central American republic, next spring and engage in business there.

Interference with the plans of erstwhile officials of Nicaragua by Jose de Olivares, American consul general at Managua, was responsible, Pittman believes, not only for his own escape from death, but the freedom of several hundred other prisoners of war who ewro incarcerated in the penitentiary at Managua. He charges that arrangements had been made for blowing up the prison immediately after the departure from Nicaragua of Dr. Madriz, who held the office of president a few months.

Mr. Pittman, who was employed as an electrical engineer on the Panama canal, said he went to Nicaragua last February with Carlos Chamorro, a brother of General Ameliano Chamorro, head of the revolutionary forces. He was made a colonel in the insurgent army on his arrival at Rama, where many of the revolutionists gathered on the call to arms.

Marcella 10 cent Cigar will for an Xmas present surprise him more than anything you can buy.
Dec. 7 10 13 15 17 20 22

ERBSTEIN JURY DISAGREES.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—After twenty hours' deliberation the jury in the trial of Attorney Charles Erbstein, charged with bribing a juror, announced it could not agree, and was discharged by Judge Brentano.

The jury retired yesterday. The jury alleged to have been bribed sat in the second trial of Lee O'Neill Browne, who was accused of buying votes for United States Senator William Lorimer.

Six ballots in all were taken, said one o fthe jurors. At one time the vote stood 9 to 3 for conviction, but finally resolved into final standing 6 to 6, as reported to the court.

25 box of Kim Cigars will satisfy him for Xmas.
Dec. 7 10 13 15 17 20 22

MAIL CLERK INJURED.

Harry G. Krudop, of 2525 Holton avenue, a mail clerk on the Pennsylvania, is at home suffering from injuries received in an accident in the Union station in Chicago yesterday. His injuries are not serious.

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities. Dreier & Bro.

Christmas Goods for Santa Claus

MUSIC ROLLS
40c to $3.00.
MUSIC SATCHELS
$1.00 to $8.50.
MUSICIANS' BUSTS
Bronze Finish, $1.50 to $4.00.
MUSIC WORKS
OPERA SCORES
25c to $2.00.
SHEET MUSIC
All the Latest
PROFESSIONAL DRUM
$6.00 to $25.00.
MOUTH ORGANS
All Styles, 10c to $3.00.
TOY BASS HORNS
10c to $2.00
TOY MUSIC BOXES
25c to $1.50
MANDOLINS AND GUITARS
$3.50 to $30.00
VIOLINS AND CORNETS
$6.00 to $60.00
MUSIC STANDS AND CASES
For All Instruments
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Don't let this Christmas go by without getting a member of your family a musical instrument for Christmas. It will bring more joy and entertainment in your home than anything else you can give. What instrument shall I buy my sweetheart, boy or girl for a Christmas gift and what would an instrument gift cost me?

A VIOLIN
From $4.00 to $50.00. ... ...
A MANDOLIN
From $2.50 to $35.00
A GUITAR
From $4.50 to $38.00.
A BANJO
From $3.00 to $18.00
A CORNET
From $12.00 to $75.00.
A CLARIONET
From $13.50 to $40.00.
A TROMBONE
Slide or Valve from $15 to $50.
A FLUTE
From $5.00 to $25.00.
A DRUM
Snare Drums from $3.50 to $25.00.
Bass Drums from $10.00 to $35.00.
Entire outfits, containing Snare and Bass Drum, Cymbal and Pedal, at $25.00, $35.00 to $50.00.

All the above instruments can be used in a band or orchestra and used in a home with a piano or organ. A player on any of the above instruments is always welcome in the best of homes. Start to play one now.

OTHER XMAS GIFTS
AN ACCORDEON.
From $2.25 to $15.00.

We have just received a large assortment of the finest grades for all players.

BLOW ACCORDEON
From $1.00 to $4.00.

MOUTH ORGANS
Holiday Specials.

Single reeds, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Double reeds, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Two sides, double reeds, 75c, $1.00 to $3.00.

GUITAR ZITHERS AND AUTO-HARPS

Easy to learn; easy to play. From $2.25 to $7.50.

Our holiday line of Music Rolls and Music Satchels is more complete this season than ever before. Favorite leathers are cow hide in seal grainand smooth finish, seal, walrus and alligator.

Rolls come in black, tan, brown, green, orange and other colors at prices varying

FROM 40c TO $5.00.

Music Satchels, also Combination Satchels for books and music, come in black, brown, alligator and tan at prices varying from

75c TO $7.50.

What would a child or student of any instrument enjoy better than a good leather Music Roll or Satchel for a Christmas gift? Call and select a Roll or Satchel or have us send you one at any price for a Christmas gift for a member of your family. A good friend, a pupil of music, or a teacher would be more than pleased with one of our Combination Satchels.

OTHER XMAS SUGGESTIONS FOR PUPILS AND TEACHERS
A MUSICIAN'S BUST

We have bronze finish Busts of all the great well known masters of music. Prices from $2.00 to $5.00.

A METRONOME

A help for teachers and pupils to keep correct time. A nice gift to give. Prices from $2.25 to $6.00.

FOR ORCHESTRA AND BAND MEN.

MUSIC STANDS AND STAND CASES.

Music Stands, black, at 50c to $1.00.
Music Stands, nickel-plated, at $1.00 to $2.50.
Stand Cases, leather, $1.00 and $1.25.
The above makes a good, useful gift to any musician.

SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE MUSIC

Every child, young or old, will fall in love with a Christmas gift of a selection of music. A Music Book, Music Roll or Satchel or a musical instrument of some kind. Why not please them this Christmas by buying something in the music line, something they will keep or play for years?

CHILDREN'S SPECIALS
MOUTH ORGANS

Odd styles for Christmas.
Fish Harps, 20c.
Harp and Horn, on brass chain for neck, 50c.
Other styles, 10c to $2.00.

TOY CORNETS
Made of brass, $1.00.

OCARINAS
For old and young, from 20c to $1.50.

MUSIC BOXES
50c to $9.00.

TOY DRUMS
50c to $3.00.

BLOW ACCORDEONS
$1.00 to $2.00.

SMALL ACCORDEONS
$2.25 to $4.00.

ZITHERS AND AUTOHARPS
From $2.25 to $5.00.

GIFTS FOR OTHERS

We can select you a lot of Songs, Piano, Violin or other music, popular, operatic or classical, at $1.00, $2.00, to any amount. Order an assortment.

An Opera Score.
A bound book of Songs.
Music Students' Library Books.
A bound book of Piano Solos.
Book of Pipe Organ Music.
Children's Song Albums.
50c and $1.00 Music Collections.

The best gift to a musician is a Nevin or Carrie Jacob Bond or McDowell Piano and Song Album.

Erk's Lieder Schatz Book, containing 250 favorite German songs.

Christmas Joys, Book of favorite Christmas Songs, German and English, 75c.

CANVAS AND LEATHER CASES FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS

A violin player would appreciate a nice leather case. We carry them at all prices.

The Above and Other Lasting and Pleasing Gifts Can Be Found at

930 CALHOUN ST., **Will A. Young's** WITH PACKARD MUSIC HOUSE.

Society

A week of several parties that ve pleasure to many people, of ght days and invogirating air, of ich visiting with friends bent on Christmas shopping and of much wrapping of packages in tissue paper and gay labels or ribbons, sums up the things of a non-serious character that have interested the majority of women. It looks as if nearly everyone had for once done her shopping early and without a party on the schedule for the coming week, there will be plenty of time to look them all over and wish something else had been bought in their place.

* * *

The College Women's club members have made an attractive spot of the basement room in the Shryock home, 1 West Berry street, and beginning this afternoon, they will have hot tea, coffee and bouillon with wafers and sandwiches, ready for the tired and vanishing shopper who has some spare change. The object of the temporary tea room is to raise money for furnishings for the home for working girls that the club has just started. Pretty things in the way of doilies, dishes and silver, with candles under red shades and other pieces of ornamentation, add to the attractiveness of the room.

* * *

Miss Ida Anderson, teacher of art in the Gary high school, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Cecil.

Prof. and Mrs. August Crull will spend Christmas in Milwaukee with relatives of Mrs. Crull.

Carl Diether will spend Christmas in Indianapolis with his sister, Mrs. Rose Gordon Thomas.

The Evening Bridge club will meet on Monday night with Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Gilpin.

Mrs. Edwin Allfree is expected in the city on Tuesday to visit Mrs. C. R. Higgins and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. White.

Dr. and Mrs. Hiram Van Swerinsen are in Newcastle, Pa., visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. R. Hillary.

Gus Willson is coming home from Rochester, N. Y., to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Willson.

During the holidays Mrs. Joseph L. Bradfield, of Des Moines, Ia., formerly Miss Emma Buchman, will visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Buchman.

Miss Flora Wilber, of West Berry street, is going to Ypsilanti the last of this week to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Ralph Reitze will come home from Boston, Mass., the last of next week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Reitze.

Miss Anna Gallmeier, of Francis street, will go to Indianapolis next week to remain over Christmas with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. High, of Pittsburg, are here visiting their daughter and her husband, Mrs. A. Benson, of Washington boulevard east.

Hiram K. Moderwell, of this city, a student at Harvard, has the honor of recent election to associate editorship of the Harvard Monthly, a college publication of high rank.

Miss Virginia Olds has returned from Godfrey, Ill., where she is a pupil at Monticello seminary, to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ol's.

Mrs. Lewie T. Feigert and baby, of Van Wert, O., is here to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Link, of 1605 Cass street.

Misses Helen Curdes and Helen Comparet and Verne and Mildred Bowser came home yesterday from Washington, D. C., where they are attending school.

Mrs. Robert Millard is going to Indianapolis early the coming week and will spend Christmas there with friends. Mr. Millard will join his wife for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schoenefeldt, of 1212 Liberty street, are celebrating their wooden wedding anniversary today. Mr. Schoenefeldt is deputy sheriff.

Mrs. Kerr Murray Cressler will go to Peoria, Ill., tomorrow to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Nelson. Mr. Cressler will join his wife for Christmas.

Miss Millie Leeser, of Cleveland, and Alvin Leeser, of Chicago, will spend New Year's day here with their mother, Mrs. Mary Leeser, and their sister, Miss Pauline Leeser.

FASHION HINT FROM PARIS.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HEUTLINGER
EXCLUSIVE COPYRIGHT, 1910, NEW YORK HERALD CO

Silk embroidered voile and satin gown.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK COMING.

Famous Contralto Will Be Heard in This City in Song Recital on the 9th of January, Next Year.

The citizens of Fort Wayne have a great treat in store in the coming of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the famous contralto, to the Majestic theater, January 9. The opportunity to hear the great artist in a song recital of operatic and concert numbers is always the forerunner of a crowded house, and the concert-goers of this city will appreciate the opportunity to secure early reservations for this concert. A popular scale of prices has been arranged, running from fifty cents to $2, and mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt at the box office of the theater when accompanied by remittance. This will doubtless be the last appearance of Mme. Schumann-Heink in this section for at least two years, as she will go to Europe to fill a number of concert dates and to sing at the Beyreuth festival. The portion of next season devoted to concert work in America will be confined to the west, so that it will doubtless be the season of 1913-14 before another opportunity is presented to hear this great artist.

An illustration of the difficulties with which all singers have to contend in the struggle for supremacy may be found in the trials of Mme. Schumann-Heink, whose concert engagements this year under the management of the Quinlan international agency will surpass in number any she has ever undertaken in a single season. It was when Mme. Schumann-Heink was but sixteen years of age that she received one of her most disappointing setbacks.

The ambitious young singer had presented herself for trial at the Vienna opera house. She had been recommended by Maria Wilt. She had obtained money for her traveling expenses through the kindness of Field-Marshal Bedeck, and with her sixty florins tucked away in her little handbag and shockingly dressed, she presented herself timidly to the conductor of the great opera house.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

When she had concluded her songs she looked expectantly for a favorable decision. "After looking me over," said Mme. Schumann-Heink, the other day, "the conductor said to me, 'You had better go home and work a while, and then go to a finishing school.' It was a bitter journey home, but it took long months to wipe out the sting of that failure."

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smoot are expected here from Allegheny, Pa., the latter part of the week and will spend Christmas with Mrs. Smoot's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. Martz.

Miss Lucile Vail has returned from Indianapolis, where she is attending school, and Miss Aline Vail, a student at a private school near Chicago, will join her sister and parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Vail, for the holidays.

Among the college students to come home for Christmas will be Misses Florence Foster, Venette Siles, Mildred Wagenhals and Ruth Bicknell, all students at Smith college, Northampton, Mass.

Elmer L. Weil will return from Andover, Mass., on Wednesday to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Weil. Mr. and Mrs. Weil and their son will go to Terre Haute, to spend New Year's with relatives.

The Travel club will meet on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Van Arnum, of West Wayne street. Mrs. Moore will read of "Holidays in Scandinavia." There will be a social aspect to this meeting and the ladies will take their sewing.

Miss Bernice Bort, of the High school faculty, will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives in St. Joe, Mich. Miss Bessie Harrington, another instructor in the same school, will go to Bloomington, Ill., for the holiday vacation.

One of the pretty affairs of the week enjoyed by members of a club was a dinner party given by Mrs. E. W. Puckett for the members of the Lakeside Five Hundred club on Tuesday evening. A delicious dinner was served at 6 o'clock with decorations of holly and after the dinner the favorite game of the club was played. There were sixteen at the dinner table.

Mrs. Ella Essig, of 1109 Fairfield avenue, was given a pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening by the members of a social club to which she belongs. Miss Helen Essig arranged the surprise on her mother and during the evening served the guests with refreshments. A game of five-hundred was the amusement and the prize was won by Mrs. Carrie Whiteleather.

One of the family reunions to be held in this city on Christmas will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Perfect. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nichols will join in entertaining and the guests will include Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Eavey, W. E. Eavey and family and Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Schuster, all of Xenia, O., and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Perfect and daughter, Elizabeth, of this city, and Mrs. Perfect and Miss Ora Perfect, of Huntington.

Delap—Hirely.

Mrs. Lucinda Hireiy and Mr. Elisha Delap were married on Dec. 14, at the parsonage of the First M. E. church, by Rev. J. K. Cecil. They will make thir home in this city in West Lewis street.

* * *

Parker—Hall.

A quiet wedding of this week that was of interest to the many friends of both bride and groom in this city took place in Adrian, Mich., on December 14 when Miss Flora B. Hall and Mr. Mervin E. Parker were married by Rev. Edwin Simpson, pastor of the Baptist church of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Parker have returned home and are living at 212 West Wayne street.

Christmas Flowers.....

Beautiful Bunches of Roses and Carnations, Corsages of Violets, Lily of the Valley and Orchids, Wreaths of Holly, Ruscus, Moss, Pine, Galax, Magnolia, Immortelle, Boxwood, Scotch Heather, Etc.

—And a—

Large Assortment of Blooming and Foliage Plants

There is life and an air to flowers which we could not duplicate in any other Christmas gift.

Your friends far and near can be reached by us on short notice.

Being a member of the International Floral association, we are in connection with every leading florist in every city, abroad and here.

Your friends in Europe as well as in the United States can enjoy a bunch of fresh flowers from you, ordered through us.

As the mail and express is always delayed at Holiday time, it relieves you of any doubt as to getting to its destination on time ordering from us.

Don't Forget Your Sick Friend

What is it that he can enjoy better than a blooming plant or a pretty bunch of flowers?

Prompt and careful attention given all orders. Deliveries to all parts of the city.

Home Phone 1229. Long Distance Connection. Bell Phone 239.

Vesey, Florist

828 CALHOUN STREET.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, DEC. 17.

Breakfast
Fruit
Hashed Meat on Toast
Fried Potatoes
Pancakes Coffee

Lunch
Creamed Fish in Shells
Apple Custard Tea

Dinner
Cauliflower Soup
Beef Stew with Dumplings
String Beans
Lettuce French Dressing
Wafers Cheese
Baked Indian Pudding
Coffee

RECIPES.

Apple Custard.

State sufficient apples (not too tart) to make one pint of pulp. Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs. Beat yolks and a half cupful of sugar, then a pint of hot milk and stir over boiling water until thickened to a custard. Take off, let stand ten minutes; then gradually heat in the apples. Turn into a serving dish. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff meringue with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Heap over the custard and garnish with dots of jelly.

Baked Indian Pudding.

One cupful of corn meal mixed in two quarts of very hot milk, add four eggs, one cupful of raisins, two cupfuls of suet, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg and one teaspoonful of salt. The more times it is heated the more delicious it becomes.

Christmas Suggestions

In our beautiful display of oriental fabrics and novelties, which will continue, you will find many useful, unique and inexpensive Christmas gifts, including Linens, Kimonas, Mandarin Coats, Trimmings, Ivories, Brasses and other novelties.

Open evenings.

Mme. Catherine's Corset Shop

109 Washington Blvd. W.

FASHION HINT FROM PARIS

PHOTO COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HEUTLINGER
EXCLUSIVE COPYRIGHT, 1910, NEW YORK HERALD CO

Gray velvet gown with chinchilla band.

Do nothing 'till you order Puritana Mush and Puritana Syrup.

NEW SHAPES IN MILLINERY.

A new shape, of which, however very few have been shown as yet, is a sort of large capote with the brim turned up, forming a sort of vizor in front, coming down in points over the ears, and then turned up almost vertically behind, where the brim is much wider than in front.

This is shown in black beaver, having for only trimming a towering switch aigrette fastened at the back of the crown and the turn-up of the brim behind.

A variation of this shape is very short in the brim in front and slopes down over the brow, widening out at the sides, and is very deep behind, where it is turned right up.

Other varieties of the cabriolet, short over the brow, like the preceding and wide at the sides, are covered with draped velvet, and lined with fur which is brought over the edge. This looks very smart, built up of black velvet and plain ermine and trimmed with one or two large blossoms made of white kid nestling in the folds of the velvet.

Some of the fur toques are made up after the manner of a soft beaver hat, the brims turned up to the height of the crown but having an interval of a couple of inches between. One shown by Lewis in sealskin, the brim faced with white fox, is made to wear drawn down over the ears and at the back. On the top of the crown is a fancy of white marabout showering down nearly to the shoulders behind.

The hair has to be dressed low at the sides to wear with toques or else it would be often entirely concealed. All toques, however, are not drawn down at the back; some are tilted forward and to the right side. A smart toque intended to be worn in this way, consists of a very full crown of palest Pintade gray velvet, flopping down on the right and with the pleats standing erect on the left; a shaped piece of guipure lace wrought in dull silver, diminishing to a point back and front is turned up against this left side, a plume of gray ostrich surmounting it. I have seen something similar carried in gray panne with a gray aigrette floating backward over the crown from the front. —The Millinery Trade Review.

Brass Ware Is Popular

The artistic workmanship combined with objects of great utility is the reason for the popularity of brass ware.

We carry
Ferneries,
Book Stands,
Desk Sets,
Candle Sticks,

And various other little articles that will delight the heart of womankind.

TRENKLEY & KOERBER
816 Calhoun Street.
Est, 1865.

Health Training School
FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS
Under the Direction of
Mrs. James W. Beattie
The Course Comprises
CURATIVE GYMNASTICS,
DIET, HYGIENE, HYDROTHERAPY
AND PSYCHOTHERAPY.
Class and Individual Instruction.
Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Terms on Application.
CLASS ROOM, 303 EAST LEWIS ST.
Telephone 1472. Fort Wayne, Ind.

TO THE PUBLIC

On and after 7:00 a. m. Monday, December 19th, the Wabash and C., H. & D. railroads will use the Calhoun Street Passenger station, discontinuing the Broadway depot after that hour. 16-3t

NO CORNERS IN ROOMS.

Many builders of new houses have adopted the idea of having no corners in the kitchen and bedrooms. The corners are rounded in such a manner that it is an impossibility for dust to collect. They simplify cleaning to a great extent and from a sanitary standpoint are infinitely superior to the corners that lure dust and dirt. Dust and dirt are the friends of germs, and germs have been proven the boon companions of disease, so that the cornerless home is a thing to be looked forward to. Many of the new hospitals and public buildings are being constructed in this cornerless style.

FOR RENT

Beautiful large furnished room with all modern conveniences; references required. 624 Washington Boulevard west. 12-17-tf

TRINITY M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Hill, the pastor of the Trinity M. E. church, announces as his sermon theme for the Sunday forenoon service "The Secret of the Holy Life." In the afternoon at 3 o'clock there will be a mothers' meeting at the church to be addressed by Mrs. S. B. Shaw, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who is an eloquent evangelistic speaker. The usual evangelistic service will be held in the evening.

POULTRY SHOW

Open all day Sunday and Monday.

ITALIAN WAS LET GO.

Police Decide He Was Not the Aggressor in Stabbing.

Albert Collata, who stabbed Tony Mosca in a rolling mills boarding house fight, was let go after he had surrendered to the police last night and given his version of the story. The officers decided the matter for him. The victim of the stabbing is at St. Joseph's hospital and is expected to be out in a few days.

Mother! That box of Univoco Cigars at $2.00 is a beaut for any smoker for Xmas.

G. H. Breese, the Wabash shopman who has been sick for five weeks, will resume work next Monday morning.

QUEEN BEE WAFERS.
Manufactured by
CRAIG BISCUIT CO.,
115-121 Montgomery St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

MISS INEZ KIEFER BEAUTY SHOP

New Pins, Back Combs and very latest ornamentations in Ribbon Flowers, all colors; Flowers of Cloth of Gold and Gilt bands.

Puffs, Curls and very latest in Curl Puffs.

A great number of beautiful novelties for Christmas gifts.

Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial Massage scalp treatment is given.

The famous Marinello Cream is used here. Most up-to-date Hair Dressing Parlors in the city.

Bring in your combings and have a nice switch or puffs made. Reasonable prices. Work finished in two weeks' time!

PARLORS

216 West Berry

2237. —— Phones —— Residence 1665.

A Page of Interest to Women

PRACTICAL SCHOOL SUIT

POSED BY ROBERT DIGSBY OF "THE BLUEBIRD" CO. PHOTO BY JOEL

Illustrated is a practical suit of mixed grey wool, made in Russian style, buttoning at the side with brass buttons. It will be serviceable for school wear.

The full "knickers" have three pockets, and the blouse has a pocket, also.

Correct Winter Mourning for Women

Broadcloth and Crepe Cloth Without Trimming Are Considered Conventional for a Widow in First Mourning.

Materials suitable for winter mourning this year are somewhat limited, though of course black broadcloth and crepe cloth are comfortable in weight and conform to the demands of etiquettte.

For instance, the walking suit could be of a dull finished lightweight broadcloth or a serge, according to the needs of the wearer.

For all around wear there is nothing better than a good serge or a nice quality of Panama.

This, however, is not the first mourning for a widow. She should wear crepe cloth, trimmed or not with crepe. Some widows dispense with crepe on the gown and use it only on the bonnet, hat or veil. Other widows furnish the neck with a turn-down collar of crepe instead of the little white lawn band, and add turn-down crepe cuffs to the sleeves.

A deep fold of crepe on the hem of the skirt is worn by many widows.

The rules in regard to mourning are not as strict as they were a few years ago, for now individual preferences may be indulged in without exciting any comment.

For first mourning the walking suit should be without trimming. Tailored stitching will be the correct thing.

The collar of the coat may be faced with a dull mourning silk, such as armure or dull peau de soie, if preferred. Black buttons (plain) are used for closing when the coat is not finished with a fly.

Materials suitable for best afternoon wear are cashmere (dull finish), henrietta and wool voile.

Only simple designs are chosen for the development of such frocks, and trimming is used sparingly.

Folds of the goods are always in good taste, and so are dull silks showing a plain or a crepy surface.

Corded silks, such as bengaline, are not mourning.

A small yoke of plain or tucked Brussels net is admissible, but lace, needless to say, is in bad form. Rows of dull, narrow ribbon may be used. But ribbons must not be shirred.

Fabrics suitable for simple house dresses are wool batiste, armure cloths and surah serge. All these have a dull finish. There is also a wool henrietta that is recommended for house gowns. It is inexpensive, seventy-five cents a yard upward, and measures about thirty-eight inches in width.

This material falls gracefully and is said to wear well.

Wool voile and wool batiste are a little lighter in weight than the henrietta, but fully as warm, I think. The latter is priced from sixty cents upward and the former from seventy-five cents.

As a woman lives quietly when in first mourning, few evening frocks are required. For such rare occasions plain grenadines, dull volles and plain black Brussels net are appropriate.

These vary in price from $1 to $2.50 a yard in a wide width and good quality.

Girls and young women in mourning are wearing frocks of henrietta this season for both house and street. The separate coat of dull serge, cloth or cheviot will be worn, trimmed with a little braid or dull silk. There is a variety, too, in mourning millinery materials, such as dull black silk, net, surah, grenadine ribbon and crepe all correct, while such trimmings as wings, dull silk, flowers, dull jet ornaments, and dull finished mousseline de soie are used.

A black felt hat is correct for mourning, but not black velvet or hatters' plush. As to whether ostrich feathers may be worn in mourning is an open question.

Personally I object to them. At the same time, if a woman owns tips or plumes and wishes to make use of them, there is no reason why she should not.

In shoes a woman can choose from gun metal, buckskin or any of the dull soft kids, and find either comfortable for wear.

Suede gloves are in the best taste; but as a substitute—supposing a woman feels suede too expensive for every day wear—a good quality of cashmere or lightweight woolen gloves is not to be despised.

After first mourning the dressed kid gloves may be worn. These give better service (at the price) than the suede.

ELIZABETH LEE.

BABY'S MELON BONNET.

PHOTO BY JOEL FELDER.

Small faces are made more winsome by quaint bonnets, and the simpler styles are really more charming than elaborate effects.

This new melon bonnet, made in sections put together with corded pipings, is of dark brown velvet with a lining of pink satin.

Tucked against one side of the turned back Dutch brim is a bavigh cluster of little pink silk roses.

Attractive Basket of Greens for a Dining Table

Partridge Berry Vines, Swamp Alder and Pipsissewa Make Stunning Decorations for Winter Dinners.

A most attractive center piece for a dinner table was recently sent to town by a woman who lived in the country. This decoration was composed of green and bright red berries, and a rather large red bow made from stiff but narrow ribbon.

A basket was used as the foundation. In shape this was round and made from splints. It was not unlike a deep plate, the handle was about seven inches high, and also splints, simply bent over. It was colored a dull brown, with water stain.

In the bottom was laid a shallow tin pie plate to prevent moisture from going through the wood. In this was thick, furry moss, pipsissewa, and partridge berry vines with a few twigs of swamp alder.

Pipsissewa is a tiny evergreen plant that grows about four inches high and has rather pointed leaves. It grows in Maine and through the southern states and is not difficult to find.

Partridge vine is not much used now by florists, who place it in glass bowls and cover it so the vines and berries remain fresh throughout the winter. It is not rare and flourishes under the same conditions as pipsissewa.

Swamp alder is also common until freezing ruins the berries. It is in its prime after Christmas.

In the center piece made from these vines, berries, etc., moss formed a carpet or foundation for the other roots. On the handle of the basket the red bow added to the artistic effect.

If kept moist, but not wet, such a basket of evergreen will last for six weeks or two months.

Box can be satisfactorily arranged for a dinner table, and baskets of various shapes and colors are used by persons who could easily afford more expensive holders. Baskets in green and brown are the two colors best suited to winted "greens." A bow of red is almost indispensible.

Tall sprays of box may be used alone, or blossoms or berries may be combined. A few red carnations are effective. Pussy willows are in the florist shops now and are pretty if used with "box." Cwamp alder berries are gorgeous and last for weeks.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

BASTA EMBROIDERY.

There is to be seen nowadays a striking revival of basta embroidery, that many-colored work on heavy canvas, somewhat resembling the old tapestries, and which may be utilized for everything from an armchair to a pincushion. Usually the figures are geometrical ones in long straight stitches, giving a somewhat stiff and formal effect. Variety is now being introduced, however, by means of quaint figure subjects reproduced in the primitive delineation of costumes and manners inspired by ancient art. In such instances faces are worked out in beady tent stitch, and occasionally the long, typical stroke is carried across slantwise to form tapestry panels, sets of chairbacks and seats, animated by groups of native pictorial art. Some parts of the celebrated Bayeux tapestry could possibly be treated in this way, if the correct crewel tints were available.

The coarse canvas foundation used originally in this rustic embroidery had invariably to be wholly covered with the plain stitch, mostly in the natural sandy or khaki shade of the basta strands; hence the work could easily be utilized also for mats, rugs, cushions, footstools, screen panels and bath slippers.

Modern workers in quest of light conceits have managed to dispense with the heavy background and fringe holder by employing a close, fancy canvas in delicate art tints, which stands as a pretty foundation, in which are well-defined motifs in the rainbow hues and the stitch peculiar to this Dutch work.

Handbags look attractive when made of pale blue canvas, enlivened with the bright embroidery and fringed with fine strands in harmony with the tassels and pleated holder. Heavy tassels also droop from head and foot cushions, ornamented with checked covers of the Dutch work. Powderings and stripes adapted from cross-stitch designs brighten up tasteful tea cozies, typed with a cluster of three-pleated loops in basta like the cable outlining the small panel.

HOME-MADE TRIMMINGS.

All the beautiful oriental trimmings so fashionable nowadays are ruinously expensive, but there is hope still for the impoverished. Buy a few inches of the trimming desired and use it as a pattern to make your own. Braid the bands in soutache, then in the center of the flower design sew glass jewels. Through the pattern make small French knots of gold thread. The effect is lovely—and cheap.

FOR SCHOOL WEAR.

Navy blue is very useful for school wear, as, if a good serge is chosen, it can be washed when it grows spotted or soiled. Nearly all fair and brown-haired children look well in navy, but a dark little girl is apt to be rather colorless in it. She would appear to greater advantage in scarlet, crimson or dark green, and, if her frock is quite simply made, the use of these more fanciful colors will not make her seem at all overdressed.

MORE ABOUT RAG RUGS.

Rag rugs are among the most practical floor coverings that can be used, for they are pretty and wear excellently and when soiled they can be washed without damage, if the cleansing is done carefully. Nowadays there are as many different kinds of rag carpetings as there are of orientals. Some are woven plain, others are tightly twisted, while the old "hooked" rugs have been promoted to the place of honor as the most expensive and desirable.

STUNNING BRIDGE GOWN.

POSED BY MISS WELLINGTON WITH LESLIE CARTER IN "TWO WOMEN."

Auction bridge is now the fashionable game, and even Christmas week will not be without its afternoon parties for the devotees of the game.

At such functions elaborate gowns are worn, and this beautiful Drecoll model will be worn in this country at a bridge afternoon given just before New Year's.

The material is gold colored velvet in the new chiffon-soft quality, with trimmings of small buttons and fisher fur.

The side sash is of gold colored chiffon and is weighted with large gold ball ornaments.

SUGGESTIONS FROM ABROAD THAT MAY INTEREST WOMEN

Attractive Coiffure Ornaments That Are in Good Taste—What is New in Fur Coats—Latest Models in Blouses and Tea Gowns.

Today, with Christmas in the air, naturally evening dress claims attention, and one of the latest developments in fashion for ball or party is chosen for consideration.

It is a particularly charming arrangement, too, with simple grace and lack of affectation. In some quarters a tendency to over-elaboration bordering on heaviness, has been noticeable during the past few months. Any one will realize how determinedly in opposition to this tendency is the coiffure, where the curls and tresses are arranged with a fairy-like lightness, and their quantity strictly determined by the style of the face and shape of the head they surmount. Yet simplicity in hairdressing, as in many other things, is the mark of the most exalted, the most exclusive.

Just now some beautiful pins, combs and hair ornaments are to be seen, and certainly no more practicable and valued presents could be given, from the tiny slide of pin up to the exquisitely carved combs, fit for an empress' wear.

Today, naturally, the big square loop combs so conspicuous on nearly all coiffures in holding tresses of hair in position, form an important part of the show, and some original and effective designs are to be seen.

Fur coats are long, enveloping the figure most comfortably, but often rounded in the front. Ermine with no tails forms deep, wide scarf capes and large muffs.

Moleskin has never been more in demand, especially when dyed brown. It makes handsome manties, loose pointed at the back, trimmed with silver fox. Long, loose paletots of moleskin have large braided buttons. Moleskin is often trimmed with skunk. A deep turndown collar of skunk and bordering at the hem is most beautiful. Sealskin is being trimmed with chinchilla.

I saw a set of very charming blouses and teagowns the other day, which cannot, I think, be difficult to copy. The blouses were made out of a certain kind of Indian woolen material worked over in tink star-like flowers of silk. One was in a rich red, worked with pale gold flowers, and right across the chest, from shoulder to shoulder, was a line about an inch and a half deep of conventional pattern embroidery in two shades of red and two shades of yellow. The sleeves were kimono, and a small guimpe of cream lace relieved the throat.

Another blouse of the same kind was carried out in different shades of mauve and white, but the one I liked best of all was a sapphire blue cachemire-de-soie trimmed with lovely embroideries of blue, dull rich red and green, a band of the same embroidery fastened round the waist like a leather belt and the long bishop sleeves had a wristband of the same fastened by tiny sapphire buttons.

The two teagowns I remember best were simple and graceful.

One was in dull gold cachemire-de-soie with a long, straight panel falling from the shoulders, back and front, of dead leaf chiffon, embroidered across the chest in gorgeous tones of gold, blue, old rose and green. Each panel was edged with a narrow line of dark brown velvet, the sleeves were cut kimono fashion, and softening the small decollette were some folds of cream chiffon.

The other gown was in a rich old rose damask with wide, soft revers and a cord of silk round the high waistline, the form of the whole garment being something between the kimono and the empire dress, says The Queen.

LAUNDERING HINTS.

Very few home laundresses are aware of the fact that blankets, when they have been washed and aired thoroughly, should be well beaten with an ordinary carpet beater. This has the effect of making the wool light and soft and gives the blanket a new and fresh appearance.

To stiffen waists, thin dresses or hair ribbons, dampen them with a solution of gum arabic and water and iron immediately. This is for dresses that have been mussed, but not soiled. Also after ribbons have been washed.

Among the room-saving inventions for the smallest housekeeping apartments and bungalows there are wash-tubs that can be converted by the removal of the middle partition into bathtubs. And some of these tubs have a dish draining board for covers and are put in next the sink, so that the space usually occupied by the draining board is saved.

There is a tub with an iron sink set into the top which may be used for dishes six days in the week and taken out for wash day. The sink is of light steel and is hinged to be removed entirely or to be thrown back.

A DAILY SWEET CREAM BATH KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT IN WINTER.

One Tablespoon Cream Rubbed on Face, Neck and Ears Each Night Before Retiring Prevents Flesh from Chapping and Drying in Cold Winds.

When a woman's face is inclined to dryness in cold weather, the less she uses water on it the better, as I have said so many times before, and I feel justified in repeating the statement, for water is drying and will aggravate the condition that other agents which are cleansing may soothe and even heal.

A person who is willing to take the trouble to use sweet cream daily on her face will give the best of treatment. A tablespoonful of cream is sufficient for this bath. To every tablespoonful of cream should be put ten drops of tincture of benzoin. This latter preserves the integrity of the cream and is an excellent application.

To use this mixture a small bit of old, soft linen should be saturated and the face then thoroughly wet. The throat and the flesh behind the ears should also be bathed. Then, with the finger tips, the surface so anointed must be rubbed gently for five minutes. This will send the cream into the pores and loosen the dust. The face must then be wet with more cream—this last wash is to remove the soiled application.

Before retiring is the best time for this work. The last anointing must remain on all night. In the morning the face should be wiped with a lotion of one-eighth glycerine, the other seven parts being rose water. The wash is intended to have just enough glycerine in it to prevent the astringent action of rose water.

Several correspondents have asked me recently if sweet almond oil in full strength is good for the skin. I consider it is not, although in combination with other ingredients it is valuable. Used by itself it is too heavy. Bitter almond oil is to be regarded as a powerful agent, as the smallest percentage only is put into creams and lotions.

Applied by itself it would be an extreme irritant.

Honey should be used more often than it is, for it is bleaching and softening. In conjunction with other materials, its thickness is overcome. To make this, take two ounces of pure honey, strained, one-half ounce each of glycerine and rectified spirits, one and one-half drachms of pure citric acid and three drops of musk.

The honey and glycerine are put into a china cup and set into hot water to mingle. The acid is put into the spirits, and when dissolved these two mixtures are blended. This can be used as a cream and as a cleansing agent.

Care must be taken that the honey used is pure. Some of the so-called "strained" is glucose and is entirely without honey.

MARGARET MIXTER.

RECIPES FOR AMATEUR COOKS.

Calves' Foot Jelly.

While you can made a delicious calves' foot jelly by using the commercial gelatine instead of preparing it directly from the feet, it lacks the nutritive value of the last named jelly. This is used often in typhoid fever cases or in any other morbid conditions where the stomach will not retain other food. To make this jelly get four calves' feet from the butcher, scald and clean them thoroughly. The feet must be fresh. Split and break the bones, place in a large kettle, cover with cold water (it will need about a gallon), bring slowly to boiling point and simmer gently for several hours until all the nutritious substance has been extracted and the liquor reduced to about three pints.

Strain, and when cold remove the fat which will form a scum or cake over the top. Return to a clean kettle, add one cupful sugar, a two inch stick of cinnamon, the juice of two lemons, an inch blade of mace and the whites and shells of three eggs. Put over the fire and stir until hot, cook five minutes until a thick scum has formed. Skim, then add one pint of wine—sherry, port or Madeira—and strain through a fine napkin into cups or a shallow dish. When ready to serve, turn out in a mold or break lightly with a fork.

To make the calves' foot jelly from gelatine, which is a quicker process but not so satisfactory so far as nutritive value goes, soak one package of the best gelatine in a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Then add one pint boiling water in which the thin outer yellow of two lemons has been steeped, two cupfuls sugar and a pint and a half good wine, sherry or port. When cold, pour in fruit jars and seal. When needed for use, set the jar on ice until the jelly is firm.

THE *Base Ball Bowling* DAILY *Boxing and All* SENTINEL *Worth Printing* SPORTS

INFIELD OF OLD HEADS FOR TOTS

Wheeler Wants to Keep Groeschow and Get Alva Spangler Back.

MOVE NOT POPULAR

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 17.—If Eddie Wheeler succeeds in retaining William F. "Cuppy" Groeschow at short and lands Alva Spangler for first base he will have an infield of old heads as he will be at third and Sandy Murray will cover second.

When the question of the signing of Spangler was put up to President Louis D. Smith he was forced to admit that he knew nothing of it but said that if Wheeler had authorized the statement it can be relied upon as true as his new manager has full control of the playing end of the game and is signing such men as he sees fit without asking anybody. He is after some young blood and the Spangler story may or may not be true.

Wheeler has made some peculiar moves in his connection with the Central league but this appears to be the worst of the lot. Spangler has played with South Bend, Evansville, Wheeling, Zanesville and other clubs in the Central league and found lacking in class and if it is true that he has been signed for Terre Haute the movement will not prove popular here as fandom is out after new faces and wants to see a club of hustlers with a few youngsters in the lineup.

In event the new manager succeeds in retainging Groeschow he will play a winning card as the former manager, while not particularly popular as a pilot because of his inability to get good results out of a good club, would be welcomed as a player. His work is fully up to Central league standard and relieved of the duties of running a club he might improve in his all-around play.

However, it will not be a pleasant task for Groeschow to play on a club of which he was for two years the manager and he hopes to be given a chance in some other city. This will probably result in trading or selling him outside of the league entirely in spite of the fact that the new chief of the Tots is extremely anxious to hold him.

In event he is sold it is likely that Johnny Barkwell will play the infield regularly as his hitting is not up to outfield requirements. He is a pretty shifty little ball player and was originally bought for an infield position.

WHEELER AFTER PITCHER.

Seeks a Hurler Who Has Been Strong With the Independents.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 17.—Eddie Wheeler, manager of the Terre Haute Central league club, is after Shirley Johnson, a local pitcher who twirled for the Crawford, Neb., Independents last season. Johnson is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He worked in 12 games in the Central Kansas league in 1909, winning nine and losing three. Last season he won 15 consecutive games for Crawford. Johnson is a right-hander.

BAND WILL HELP ROOT.

Concordia Will Have Music With the Basketball Game.

As an added feature of the basketball game at Concordia college gymnasium tonight the college band will be on hand and help the rooters with a specially prepared program. It is believed that the Central college team, of Huntington, will find a stiff proposition in the battle with the Concordians, as Captain Lauer will be in the game for the first time this season, and his presence will be of very material benefit to the local crowd. The East Main street cars stop at the gymnasium door.

25 box of Kim Cigars will satisfy him for Xmas.
Dec. 7 10 12 15 17 20 23

PAPER OUT WITH TALK FOR ANNIS

Tells Him to Fish or Cut Bait With the Stag Franchise.

OWNER IS IN BAD

Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 17.—While the newspapers here have never openly knocked Bert Annis, owner of the Grand Rapids baseball franchise they have, as a whole, treated baseball with an indifference that has been a more potent factor in cutting down the attendance than had a concerted attack been made upon the ownership and the class of baseball that has been played.

Spasmodic efforts at a renewal of interest have been made but they were only flashes in the pan and amounted to practically nothing. There is no denying that Owner Bert Annis is in bad with the press. Things came to such a pass that the official scorer was the only newspaper representative to attend the games.

Since the agitation aroused by the announcement that Dr. Harley Parker is in the market to buy the club there have been hints that the best interests of baseball would be served by the sale and covert articles have appeared in all of the newspapers booming the deal and advising Mr. Annis to sell. It remained, however, for the Herald to come out openly and this is an open letter that the paper published in its edition of yesterday:

"Dear Sir: This baseball loving public of Grand Rapids (and this includes a big proportion of our citizenship) is sick and tired of fifth rate sport. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Our loyalty has been capitalized and used for speculative purposes by outsiders year after year. With the single exception of the regime of our own John Ganzel our baseball has been nothing but a travesty—an empty, sorrowful joke—for half a dozen years.

"This sort of thing is at an end.

"You, nor any other magnate, can barter and trade in our baseball affections any longer.

"We are going to have REAL baseball—or we are going to wait until it comes.

"The Grand Rapids franchise has been on the bargain counter ever since the unfragrant days of Phil Arnold. It has been put up at auction for the last time.

"You have in this franchise today a thing only of sentimental value. Of 'good will' it has none—until its owner proves good faith. To be sure it is a 'mortgage' on our baseball affections; but the assets covered by the mortgage are rapidly diminishing.

"Here we are on the eve of another season—and all you appear to have done is to leave with us four or five old players, a majority of whom no one else wants. We seem to be just as sure of a tail-end team as though the season were over; and you may be equally sure that this means an average attendance of ticket-seller, ticket-taker, and groundkeeper and nothing more. It's got to a point where it is hard even to get anyone to use a baseball pass.

"Do one of two things.- Give us REAL baseball which is worthy of the city; or sell out at a REASONABLE price to some one who will. Fish or cut bait.

The Herald.

GOTCH MAY COME BACK.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—Contradicting all his former assertions Frank Gotch today admitted that his return to the mat was not improbable, and that if "one little obstacle" were removed he might be seen in a bout with either Hackenschmidt or Mahmout before summer comes again.

Gotch refused to say what the one little obstacle was, further than it was of a private nature. His announcement came when it was intimated that for a man who had retired from the game he was spending a good deal of time and money traveling over the country to watch Hackenschmidt and Mahmout perform.

Mullin Thinks Casey the Right Man for Local Job

MULLIN
Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

"You won't have to boost that fellow. He will boost himself. He will be right up and fighting all the time and he will win a lot of baseball games for Fort Wayne. He has been up in the big league and he knows all of that inside stuff and the people here will like him.

"He has no friends on the ball field. All the men look alike to him and he plays no favorites. He has always been a hard worker and I believe he will give people in Fort Wayne the kind of baseball they want."

This is what George Mullin had to say during his stop here on his way to Detroit. He has played on the same team with Dr. James Casey, Fort Wayne's new manager and is in a position to know and he volunteered this little boost for his old teammate.

"He can play the game himself and he will make the club hustle all the time," he added.

Mullin signed a three-year contract that has still another year to run and he said his trip to Detroit is for the purpose of attending to some private business. He had a successful season in Cuba, where he was the manager of the Detroit barnstormers and the Havana Post is playing him heavily for a managerial job.

It says that Mullin is fully capable of taking charge of a major league club, as he has shown rare ability during his stay in Cuba and has given the fans down there good base ball.

The old Fort Wayne pitcher says, however, that he does not want any of the managerial end of the game. It was suggested that his trip to Detroit might have something to do with the landing of a managerial berth, but he said no and added that he would be found on the pitching staff of the Tigers next year.

"American teams can't win a game from those Cubans on their own grounds. Everything is against them. In the first place the climate is hard on the American players and it gets so hot down there they can hardly breathe.

"The umpires give them all the best of it and if you make a kick they tell you they are gentlemen and that they are as good as you are. What they mean by that I don't know but we certainly talked to some of those umps just like we do here in the United States.

"Everything they feed you down there has garlic in it except the cake, and the food, grounds and everything else make it hard for us to win. No American team will ever get the best of it in Cuba.

"The players do not know the game as well. They can throw and run and hit a little, but they are not there with the inside ball and with an even break in the umpiring they wouldn't have a showing. If we could tackle them up here we would clean them nine times out of ten."

Mullin will return in a short time to his home at Wabash and spend the few weeks remaining before the training season. He is down to weight and looks fit to get right in and play the game now.

SALE HINGES ON MONEY QUESTION

Wheeling Owners Hold the Franchise Too High for Purchasers.

SYNDICATE WANTS IT

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 17.—Owners and prospective purchasers of the Wheeling baseball franchise are not giving out much for publication on the ground that the deal for the holdings is entitled to the same secrecy as if it concerned some industrial or commercial transaction that had no relation to an amusement enterprize.

It is pretty generally known, however, that the question of a price for the club, territorial protection, ground leases and other property is the stumbling block in the way of the consummation of the purchase. It is always necessary for principals in deals like this to have a little time to reach the compromise stage and this seems to be coming here.

W. W. Irwin and C. F. Perkins are fully able to hold the franchise and both realize that they are not as popular with the public as they might be. This refers only to the baseball public and is a result of a series of untoward circumstances. In business and social circles both men are highly esteemed, but upon their shoulders have fallen the burdens of tail-end owners and they are ready to quit.

Both believe there is sentiment in baseball. During their connection with the Central league directors their relations have been cordial and in relinquishing their holdings they want to place them in the hands of men who will do Wheeling credit in the councils of the league and who will be acceptable to the other magnates.

The local syndicate after the franchise fills these requirements in the full sense of the word, but the present owners do not want to sacrifice everything. They have made some money and have lost some and are now figuring on an even break. If they get money enough out of the holdings to make them whole they will be perfectly satisfied.

Bill Phillips has written to a friend here to say that unless certain conditions are changed he will not be here next year. He does not say what these conditions are, but it is highly probable he will be on the job when time for spring practice rolls around. However, new owners may conclude that an entirely new front will prove more popular and Bill may not be called upon to return. This would not bother him much as he has a good business of his own and would not suffer if he were forced out of baseball entirely.

The Boosters' club is still actively engaged in framing up to help the club to a successful season in 1911 and no matter whether a new deal is made or the club is retained by its present owners the members say they will do all they can to get out the attendance.

PORTSIDERS IN A MATCH.

Four Southpaws to Bowl Series at the Brunswick.

A novel match will be staged at the Brunswick alleys tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock when two two-man teams of left-handed bowlers will get together. Tiernan and Koenig will meet Berghoff and Aubrey in five games, total pins to count.

The alleys are fast and this is the first time in the history of bowling in Fort Wayne that a match has been arranged between four southpaws.

MACHINE SHOP WON OUT.

Low Scores Made in Games in the Bowser League.

Low scores ruled in the games in the Bowser league games at the Metropolitan alleys last night in which Machine Shop No. 2 scored three straight victories over the sales department. The best score of the three games was 181 rolled by Miller. The scores:

—Machine No. 2.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.
Cragg	148	168	146
Miller	118	181	163
Frohmuth	133	132	133
Rose	128	135	136
Laible	126	141	144
Totals	653	757	721

—Sales.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.
Porter	122	158	157
Fisher	105	112	154
Corey	116	103	118
Snyder	143	86	135
Williamson	153	166	154
Totals	639	625	718

GERMAN AVIATION MEET.

Berlin, Dec. 17.—The Northern Aviation club is planning a six days' meet to be held at Kiel during yachting week, June 18-24. The sport will have the patronage of Prince Henry and the grand concluding event will be a flight from Kiel to Berlin with a stop at Hamburg.

The children of St. Vincent's Orphan Home, will give an entertainment December 26, at 7:30 p. m., in their hall, on Wells street, to which every one is cordially invited. Any donation will be thankfully accepted. 10-24

SHOE MEN START WITH MAN SHORT

Give Good Account of Themselves But Lose to Heidelbergs.

DROP THREE STRAIGHT

On account of the absence of a player last night the Walkovers, of the First Brunswick league, were forced to start the series against the Heidelbergs one man shy, but when Will Dreibelbiss finally reported the shoe men gave a pretty good account of themselves but lost the whole series. The games marked the close of the first section of the league season and there will be no more league bowling until January 2.

Tom Vincent and Seidler had a fight for the high score in the final leg of the series and the former tabbed 221 pins and won out by four. His rival, however, got the best of the argument in the averages by three points and carried off half of the honors of the session.

After Dreibelbiss got into harness he rolled in good form and took off the only double his team registered. This gave him the average over "Chick" Carr by one pin. The scores follow:

—Heidelbergs.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Schleier	186	145	179	510	170
Seidler	151	169	217	567	189
Tuttle	192	162	173	527	176
Archbold	178	185	142	505	168
Vincent	170	167	221	558	186
Totals	907	828	932	2667	889

—Walkovers.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
W. Dreibelbiss	...	159	201	360	180
Bender	192	176	158	526	175
Bauerle	134	137	156	427	142
Carr	175	170	194	539	180
Slagle	174	170	171	515	172
Totals	675	812	880	2367	789

Summary—

Games—Heidelbergs, 3; Walkovers, 0.

High scores—Heidelbergs, 932; Walkovers, 880.

Individual high scores—Vincent, 221; Dreibelbiss, 201.

Individual high averages—Seidler, 189; Dreibelbiss, 180.

Strikes—Heidelbergs, 48; Walkovers, 46.

Spares—Heidelbergs, 72; Walkovers, 62.

Splits—Heidelbergs, 14; Walkovers, 4.

Errors—Heidelbergs, 15; Walkovers, 29.

AUTO FIVE WINS FROM GOLD SEALS

Cadillacs Have an Easy Time in Second League Games.

THE SCORES IN DETAIL

In the Second Brunswick league series the Cadillacs rolled in with their little buzz buggy and cleaned up three in a row from the Gold Seal aggregation and had plenty to spare in every game of the match.

For the losers the scoring was exceptionally low and 163, rolled by both Driver and Sowers, was the best individual effort of the losing side. Ehrman captured the best average with the remarkably low figure of 147.

John Gillie grabbed the high marks for the winners by bowling for an average of 184 with 194 as his best mark. Morris with 190 in the first game was the only player who came near for the individual mark. The scores follow:

—Gold Seal.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Huberkorn	157	...	...	157	157
Edington	126	126	131	383	128
Driver	163	...	...	163	163
Patterson	...	117	143	260	130
Ehrman	141	154	145	440	147
Weikart	136	127	137	400	133
Sowers	...	163	125	288	144
Totals	723	687	681	2091	697

—Cadillac.—

Players.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Tot.	Av.
Vollmer	158	183	172	513	171
Gillie	168	191	194	553	184
Ferber	149	164	137	450	150
Seller	144	128	178	450	150
Morris	190	136	167	493	164
Totals	809	802	848	2459	820

Summary—

Games—Gold Seal, 0; Cadillac, 3.

High scores—Gold Seal, 723; Cadillac, 848.

Individual high scores—Driver and Sowers, 163; Gillie, 194.

Individual high averages—Ehrman, 147; Gillie, 184.

Strikes—Gold Seal, 28; Cadillac, 44.

Spares—Gold Seal, 56; Cadillac, 61.

Splits—Gold Seal, 18; Cadillac, 11.

Errors—Gold Seal, 48; Cadillac, 32.

Sporting News in Tablets

Ed Barrows had his salary as president of the Eastern league placed at $7,500.

Southpaw Fernoll, of Detroit, has been sold on an optional agreement to the Oakland club of the Coast league.

Willie Keeler, former New York outfielder, has declared himself willing to take the managership of the St. Louis club, if it was offered to him.

Charlie White, popular prize ring referee, has been offered the post of sergeant-at-arms of the New York state senate.

The American league pitchers made 10 balks during the 1910 season. Ed Walsh was guilty twice and one time his mismove lost a game to the Cleveland Naps.

Sherwood Magee got $4,200 last season and Fogel wants to cut him to $4,000. As Magee had one of his best seasons he cannot see the joke.

Sixteen of the New York Giants have signed contracts for the season of 1911 and not one has said a word about holding out for more salary.

Big things are expected by the Louisville fans next season. President Grayson and Manager Del Howard have been saying little but doing a lot of dickering and trading this winter.

Fielder Jones has denied that he will enter baseball again and take the management of the St. Louis Americans. Past performances indicate that Jones' denial means something.

C. J. Lovejoy says he has berths for hard-hitting Class B players with the Victoria club of the Northwestern league. It is no trouble for a hard-hitting player to get on in class B without journeying to British Columbia to do it.

There are only two St. Louis Browns who are positive of their jobs for next season. Those lonesome two are Bobby Wallace and Pitcher Joe Lake. All the rest of the players are going to be traded off to the Brown's best advantage.

Mike Finn, the old-time manager of the Southern league and late of the Connecticut league, will manage a team in the new Union league formed in the northwest by W. H. Lucas. Finn will probably have the Ogden franchise.

Umpire Billy Evans says glowing press notices of young players often work havoc with them. Bill is right again, for many good men have started wrong in the big leagues because of those advance stories about them.

John I. Taylor, the Red Sox owner, still has Jack Thoney on his list of trading material. Thoney was regarded as the find of the season three years ago, but his arm went bad the first season with the Boston team and he has never been able to come back.

Russell Ford, the young star pitcher of the New York Highlanders, refused to sign a good contract with the Yankees because he believed he was going to get more from D. A. Fletcher in the new third league. Now it is almost a certainty Ford will have to place his name to a smaller contract.

Thomas Navin, the famous Detroit attorney who passed away Tuesday night, was one of Charles Comiskey's schoolmates back in 1872 in a small Wisconsin city, he and the present owner of the White Sox forming a battery which made their school team a terror to its rivals. Comiskey says his friend would have made a second Bennett had he entered professional ball.

New Chief Justice a Fan

Washington, Dec. 17.—Edward Douglas White of Louisiana, who has been promoted to the office of chief justice of the United States supreme court, is a well-known figure in Washington, where he has resided for a great many years.

Justice White is one of the greatest baseball fans in the District. He dearly loves the national game and he never misses a contest at the park if he can get out there. One day he was sitting in a box when a stranger entered and soon proved as much of an enthusiast as the judge. They began to exchanging opinions regarding the plays in true fan style.

"My name's Jones," said the stranger, "what might yours be?"

"White," replied the judge, and with this brief introduction they sat and rooted and roasted like real sports. Finally, in the last inning, when a timely hit won the game, Jones reached over and slapping his companion on the shoulder yelled:

"White, that was a damned fine hit, wasn't it?"

The judge agreed that it was, and they left the game without knowing any more about each other than their last names. The following day, Judge White was walking to the capitol and stopped to examine some volumes in front of an old book store. Someone stepped up and cracking him on the shoulder, said:

"Well, White, old sport, I suppose I'll see you out at the game this afternoon. It's a fine day and you want to be right on the job for the first inning."

It was his friend Jones, and the justice said he certainly would be there if it were possible.

Justice White has all his life been a consistant communicant of the Catholic church. He was educated in Catholic schools and took his degree at Georgetown university of the District of Columbia, a Catholic institution. It is said that in his early life he intended to enter the priesthood, but later changed his mind and took up the law.

CAN NOT LOCATE MONEY AND RING

Valuable Property Belonging to Ketchel is Still Missing.

GOLD BELT IS FOUND

Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 17.—A big diamond ring and a large sum of money supposed to have been carried by Stanley Ketchel when he was murdered on the Dickerson ranch in Missouri, have not been located by James Lombard, administrator of the estate of the dead pugilist and he is of opinion that jealousy was not the full cause of the fatal shooting of the champ.

Most of the other property of the estate has been located, and the gold and diamond studded belt representative of the middleweight pugilistic championship of the world, presented Ketchel by the Pacific Athletic club of San Francisco on July 16, 1908, is in the city undergoing repairs at a jewelry store on Canal street.

James Lombard, administrator of the champion's estate, located the belt at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco. It was while he was in New York in the interest of the Ketchel estate that Administrator Lombard learned that Ketchel was in the habit of leaving his valuables with the St. Francis people.

The beautiful belt was weighed and tipped the beams at four pounds. Although unable to place an exact valuation on the belt Jeweler Siegel estimated it at $1,000, a diamond weighing about three-eights of a karat being one of its ornaments. A card in the case stated its value to be $10,000. The champion's name, the name of his manager at that time, J. R. O'Connor; Luke Marisch, president, and C. L. Lecari, treasurer of the Pacific Athletic club, are handsomely engraved on its sides with the figure of a fighter in ring poise in the center.

Rumors of New York properties owned by the champion were found to be groundless, particularly one to the effect that he had purchased a big apartment house in partnership with his manager. It was found, however, that the champ had earned a fortune by his fights of the year in the east, but that he had spent his money lavishly, perhaps fully all he earned.

Still another communication received by Administrator Lombard came from R. P. Dickerson, the Missouri rancher, upon whose ranch the champion was murdered. It was to the effect that Dickerson has engaged three of the state's most prominent attorneys to assist in the prosecution of Walter A. Hurtz, alias Bert Dipley, who will appear in court in January to answer to the charge of murder preferred against him.

They cannot be beat for a fine Xmas present, Kim or Fort Wayne Guard cigars, put up 25 in a box.
Dec. 7 10 12 15 17 20 23

NO DEAL AGREED ON FOR RAIDERS

Annis and Parker Still Talk But Fail to Agree Upon Terms of Sale.

A SALE IS LIKELY

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 17.—While no deal for the Grand Rapids franchise had been closed up late today Dr. Harley Parker, the prospective purchaser, and Bert Annis, the owner, have evidently come to some sort of an understanding and surface indications point to the final consummation of the sale.

Parker arrived late yesterday afternoon and he and Mr. Annis were closeted for a greater part of the afternoon. There is still some difference as to the price to be paid, but as Annis is willing to sell and Parker is apparently in earnest in his desire to buy it is believed the transfer will eventually be made.

President Carson has already announced that Parker will be acceptable to the league and this detail is out of the way. In event the sale is closed up Annis will retain the South Bend team with Ed Smith as manager and the problem of dual ownership will have been settled along with the baseball future of South Bend.

HOPKE SOLD TO TOPEKA.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 17.—Billy Hopke has been sold by the Indianapolis management to Topeka of the Eastern league. He was with Wilkesbarre last season and recalled by the local management.

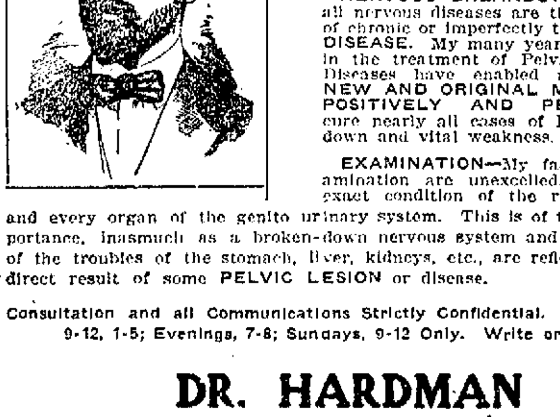
NAPOLEON'S GRIT

Was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind, the kind that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Suppose troches, cough syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It masters stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, la grippe, croup, asthma, hay fever and whooping cough and is the most safe and certain remedy for all bronchial affections. 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

Don't study what he wants for Xmas. A box of Kim or Fort Wayne Guard Cigars will make a fine present.
Dec. 7 10 12 15 17 20 23

Dr. HARDMAN Specialist

I Cure Pelvic, Nervous and Chronic Diseases



I TREAT VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, STRICTURE, PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT, CATARRH, STOMACH TROUBLES, PILES, FISTULA, BLOOD POISON AND ALL REFLEX AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN and nearly all nervous diseases are the direct result of chronic or imperfectly treated PELVIC DISEASE. My many years of experience in the treatment of Pelvic and Chronic Diseases have enabled me to perfect NEW AND ORIGINAL METHODS that POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY cure nearly all cases of Nervous breakdown and vital weakness.

EXAMINATION—My facilities for examination are unexcelled. I learn the exact condition of the rectum, bladder and every organ of the genito urinary system. This is of the highest importance, inasmuch as a broken-down nervous system and many or most of the troubles of the stomach, liver, kidneys, etc., are reflex and are the direct result of some PELVIC LESION or disease.

Consultation and all Communications Strictly Confidential. Office Hours—9-12, 1-5; Evenings, 7-8; Sundays, 9-12 Only. Write or Call on

DR. HARDMAN

West of Transfer Station, 111 West Main Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Near Corner Main and Calhoun Streets.

Boys or Anyone at Home

Don't forget that a Motorcycle or a Bicycle makes an ideal Xmas gift.

Our 1911 Indian, R. S. and Thor Motorcycles, free clutch machines, or Cleveland, Rambler, Monarch, Tribune and Indiana Bicycles beat anything like a Xmas present.

Get a Motorcycle or a Bicycle and you will have a very merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co.,
MOTORCYCLES, BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

Largest Motorcycle and Bicycle House in the city.

Yes, we do repairing.

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OUR DISPLAY OF TOILET ARTICLES

is notable for its quality as well as its completeness. We do not consider any toilet requisite worthy of a place in this drug store unless it has merit to recommend it. A trial of our perfumeries, soaps, powders, creams, washes, etc., will prove how high is our idea of the word "merit."

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Good Samaritan Drug Store

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MAKE THE LITTLE ONES HAPPY

Let us loan you the money to enable you to have a MERRY CHRISTMAS. Get the money now when you need it. You can begin paying it back next year, in payments each week, or each month, and not notice the small payments at all.

$5.00 to $200.00

CITY OR COUNTRY.

If you have household goods, a piano, team, live stock, farm machinery, or anything of value, and need money to see you through the HOLIDAYS, or for any other purpose, COME TO US. We will LOAN YOU MONEY. You will be treated right. If you owe some other loan company, or any other bill, we will help you out, and give you money besides.

LONG TIME, EASY PAYMENTS, LARGE REBATES, Private, reliable, confidential. You will like our easy terms and reasonable rates. Call, write or telephone. We do the rest.

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Try The Sentinel Want Ads.

A Christmas Present THAT Brings Pleasure the Year Round

FURNITURE FOR YOUR HOME

IT'S AN OFT-REPEATED SAYING that "a dollar saved is a dollar earned." This is true. At the season of Christmas giving there is no doubt a great deal of money is actually wasted in gifts that carry with them only passing pleasure. They are soon forgotten because of their uselessness. Dollars spent that way are wasted.

BUY A SENSIBLE GIFT The home always needs something to make it more attractive, more cosy and cheerful, therefore when you plan your Christmas giving have the wisdom of looking into future happiness—for all the year and future years—not merely for a passing day or week.

PAPE'S IS THE QUALITY STORE There you find the goods with a reputation back of them. You will find no shoddy there. Only those who have made a tour of this establishment, with its four floors and 25,000 feet of floor space can form any adequate idea of the magnitude or variety of the stock. The best examples of Furniture and Rugs are displayed and the name of the Pape Furniture Company is behind every article sold.

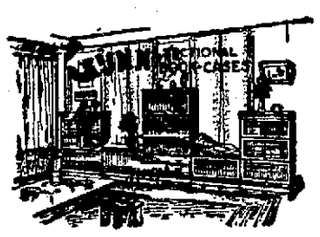
Here are a few suggestions for Christmas:

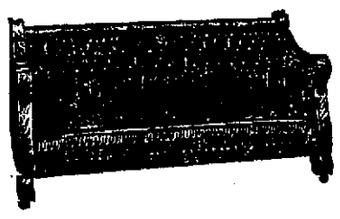
The Parlor

We have the most exquisite collection of Parlor Furniture in the city. The latest productions in the arts and crafts are here. If looking for this class of goods do not fail to see our Loose Cushion Parlor Suites in mahogany and imitation. These goods are very popular and the newest creations in parlor furniture.

It's Economy to Buy Rugs at This Store

Not only do we feature the best products of the United States' manufacturer, but we always sell at a fair, equitable price. We have Rugs in all sizes and if you are going to make a purchase of this kind do not fail to look over our very choice collection. We will show you Lomonds, Axminsters, Wiltons, Wilton Velvets and Brussels in all their splendor from the looms. Don't miss our rug department.





The Living Room and Library

The room we live in. The pleasantest hours of the home are spent here. Then look around and you will find that something is needed to make that room complete. Perhaps it is a Couch, or a Rocker, or a Lady's Desk. Maybe a Library Table is needed in this room, or a Book Case. We can show you Couches and Easy Chairs in genuine leather; Couches also in velours, plush, tapestry or pantasote. Our line of Davenports, too, is worthy of your inspection when selecting furniture.

We are agents for the GUNN Sectional Cases—carry a stock and invite inspection. We guarantee them perfect in all respects and prices no higher than inferior makes.

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Elegance and durability are twin virtues—always to be found in the Pape Furniture. The stock is so choice, so varied, so abundant that a selection of furniture for a well appointed dining room is accomplished without any tedious delays, and in such a wide range of prices that the most exacting wants can be quickly supplied.

A large and very choice selection of Dining Room Furniture in all woods, Sideboards, Buffets, Tables, Serving Tables, Chairs, etc.

The Bed Room

Whether you want the latest in modern wood furniture for the bed room or whether it is a Brass or Iron Bed, we have the assortment to show you. A good part of one's life is spent in bed so it is really a most important room for consideration. A fine line of dressers, dressing tables and other pieces of furniture for the bed room or boudoir.

The Quality Store

Our new store occupies five floors, aggregating more than 25,000 feet of floor space. It is fairly sparkling with good things for this Christmas season, the very cream of the furniture markets of the United States and we cordially invite your inspection of our large and handsome store and the goods it contains. While you are shopping do not miss the Pape store.

THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

123-125 West Main Street

Select Your Christmas Presents Now

OUR TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

IS A TERRIBLE INHERITANCE

The hereditary influence of alcohol manifests itself in various ways. It transmits an appetite for strong drink to the children, and these are likely to have that form of drunkenness which may be termed paroxysmal; that is, they will go for a considerable period without indulging, placing restraint upon themselves, but at last all the barriers of self-control give way; they yield to the irresistible appetite, and then their indulgence is extreme. The drunkard by inheritance is a more helpless slave than his progenitor, and the children that he begets are more helpless still, unless, on the mother's side, there is engrafted upon them untainted stock.

But its hereditary influence is not confined to the propagation of drunkards. It produces insanity, idiocy, epilepsy, and other affections of the brain and nervous system, not only in the transgressor himself, but in his children, and these will transmit predisposition to any of these diseases. Pritchard and Esquirol, two great authorities upon the subject, attribute half of the cases of insanity in England to the use of alcohol. Dr. Benjamin Rush believes that one-third of the cases of insanity in this country were caused by intemperance, and this was long before its hereditary potency was adequately appreciated. Dr. S. G. Howe attributed one-half of the cases of idiocy in the state of Massachusetts to intemperance, and he is sustained in his opinion by the most reliable authorities. Dr. Howe states that there were seven idiots in one family where both parents were drunkards. One-half of the idiots in England are of drunken parentage, and the same is true of Sweden, and probably of most European countries. It is said that in St. Petersburg most of the idiots that have attracted the notice of physicians have come from drunken parents. In Norway, in ten years of free liquor traffic, after the removal of the duty on spirits, insanity increased 50 per cent., and the percentage of idiots born increased 150 per cent. When alcoholism does not produce insanity, idiocy or epilepsy, it weakens the conscience, impairs the will and makes the individual the creature of impulse, and not of reason. Dr. Carpenter regards it as more potent in weakening the will and arousing the more violent passions than any other agent, and thinks it not improbable that the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, which are produced in such great quantities in civilized countries, has been one great cause of hereditary tendency to insanity. In a work on "The Diseases of Modern Life," Dr. Richardson remarks: "The solemnest fact of all, bearing upon the physical deterioration and upon the mental aberrations produced by alcohol, is, that the mischief inflicted by it on man, through his own act, cannot fail to be transmitted to those who descend from him, while the propensity to its use descends also, making the evil interest compound in its totality."

THE DEACON'S TREAT.

An old man in Massachusetts eighty-seven years of age, recently told a temperance worker the story of his boyhood days. He was apprenticed to a good man, a deacon in a Baptist church. There were eight apprentices who worked for this one master. When they had been industrious, and the work had gone well through the week, the good deacon used to give them a treat on Saturday night. They must go and wash and dress themselves, and then go down to the kitchen and seat themselves on the "settle" around the room. Then the deacon would say to his wife:

"Well, mother, they have been pretty good boys this week, and now they may all have some whisky punch."

So she would prepare the punch, putting in sugar anad milk, and spices, and making it as palatable as possible, and then he would give it to the boys to drink. That deacon doubtless thought he was doing the boys a kindness, but, "Of those eight boys," said the old man, "seven are in drunkard's graves."

"How did you escape?" inquired the friend to whom he was telling the story.

"By using my common sense. When the weather was cold in the winter, the deacon's wife was accustomed to come and bring us down a pail of punch to the shop and give us some to drink. I noticed that a little while after I had taken that punch I began to feel tired; the hammer was heavy, and the work went harder. When I found how it was, I said to her one day, calling her 'mother,' as we all did:

"'Say, mother, would you just as soon give me coffee to drink instead of punch?'

"'No,' she said, 'I would not. I do not want to go and make coffee just for one person.'

"'Well, will you do it if I give you ten cents a week extra?'

"She conseneid to on those terms, and so I let alone the punch and took the coffee, and I found that on drinking that I did not feel so exhausted as I did after drinking the punch."

Thus there was opened a way of escape; and while seven of the eight apprentices had gone down to drunkard's graves, this man was still at the age of eighty-seven hale and healthy.

We who live at the present time can hardly imagine the change in public sentiment since the time when masters and mistresses, good Christian people, thought to do their apprentices a kindness by giving the mintoxicating drink. Let us be thankful that so much has been done in the way of correcting public sentiment; but let us also remember that much remains to be done to save both young and old from the seduction of that fatal poison which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. And let us also remember that there are yet multitudes who have never been taught the evils of strong drink, and let us teach them the ways of life, and health, and peace. —Christian Safeguard.

WHAT A PASS-BOOK REVEALED.

A pass-book belonging to a poor man was picked up in the streets of Toledo, Ohio, recently, in which an account was kept of the man's current expenses for himself and family. The items covered a period of two weeks, and amounting in all to $10.69, of which $4.35 was for whisky, beer and drinks.

From this it can readily be seen that if the man ate his share of the food provided, he and the rumseller got the greater part of his earnings. Of the sixty-nine entries on the book, thirty-two were for liquor, of which whisky took the lead to the amount of $2.05, then beer $1.55, and "drinks," 75 cents. To offset this, the family had in the same time $3.25 worth of flour. There were no luxuries, and 37 cents worth of herring constituted the "meat bill."

Comment is unnecessary. Any thinking person can see the bare, cheerless home, the half-starved child, the ill-treated wife, and last and least of all, the brutal, bloated husband. A fearful retribution lies at the door of the poor wretch who, "to satisfy that red-hot blast from hell, when he feels it, will leave his wife to starve and his children to perish." A fearful retribution also lies at the door of the rumseller, who, too lazy to work and earn an honest living, is willing to aid in crushing the manhood, and destroying the life and soul of his fellow men.

Talk about "overproduction!" If the money spent in intoxicating liquors in this country was expended in purchasing necessary food, clothing, houses and furniture to make our wage-earners and their families comfortable, there would be no men idle who were sober and capable of earning a living; the manufactories would be kept running all the time, and business men would have more interest in paying higher wages through a belief that better use would be made of the same, and that larger means of improvement would be properly appreciated. It is little satisfaction to an employer to raise the wages of his workmen and then observe that most of the increase paid to one-half of the men goes into the till of the saloonkeeper, and that their families are no better off than before.—The Public Good.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

[Continued from Page Twelve.]

First Baptist—Rev. J. F. Vichert, E. W. Lewis.

Church of God—Rev. H. H. Spiher.

Plymouth Congregational—Rev. A. J. Folsom, B. Paul Mossman.

West Jefferson Street Church of Christ—Rev. E. M. Todd, Ray Woodhull.

West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ—Rev. J. H. McCartney, H. G. Hiler.

East Creighton Avenue Church of Christ—F. L. Taylor, acting pastor.

Christ's Lutheran—Rev. P. J. Alberthus, P. A. Doty.

Bethel Evangelical—Rev. C. D. Rarey, C. A. Augsperger.

Crescent Avenue Evangelical—Rev. C. A. Hirchman.

Mennonitte Mission—Rev. Ben B. King.

Free Methodist Church—Rev. W. T. Loring, S. L. Wass.

First Methodist Episcopal—Rev. J. K. Cecil, O. E. Mohler.

Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal—Rev. C. C. Travis, A. S. Coverdale.

Simpson Methodist Episcopal—Rev. W. A. Griest, Dr. W. M. Enslen.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal—Rev. T. M. Hill, F. H. Starkel.

St. Paul Methodist Episcopal—Rev. C. W. Jeffras, S. E. Claudy.

First Presbyterian—Rev. H. B. Master, E. F. Yarnelle.

Westminster Presbyterian—Rev. H. S. Morrison, W. F. Graeter.

Third Presbyterian—Rev. T. P. Potts, acting pastor; S. N. Longsworth.

Bethany Presbyterian—Rev. C. O. Shirey, Henry Miller.

Grace Reformed—Rev. A. K. Zartman, H. E. Vordermark.

Calvary United Brethren—Rev. G. F. Byrer, A. A. Bowser.

The Various Committees.

Executive Committee—Rev. J. K. Cecil, Rev. H. B. Master, Rev. J. F. Vichert, Rev. A. K. Zartman, with the chairman and secretary of the council and the chairman of each committee.

Finance Committee—S. F. Bowser, chairman; S. B. Bechtel, James McKay, M. Swank, F. H. Crick.

Personal Work Committee—E. Ralph Yarnelle, chairman; F. W. Kelsey, H. B. Hunt, C. B. Whitman.

Music Committee—Prof. William Miles, chairman; Joseph Morgan, H. C. Bradley, O. E. Richard, James Swain.

Publicity Committee—O. E. Mohler, chairman; C. M. Chambers, H. L. Askew, J. W. Brewer.

Invitation Committee—C. H. Worden, chairman; J. W. Burns, W. F. Graeter, R. E. Bechtold, Dr. S. J. Marquardt, M. M. Thornburg, H. Keller.

Committee on Buildings—Rev. C. O. Shirey, chairman; J. O. Brown, W. F. Graeter.

Conveners of Districts.

Central District—Rev. J. F. Vichert.

East Side District—Rev. J. K. Cecil.

South Side District—Rev. C. D. Rarey.

Southeast District—Rev. C. W. Jeffras.

Bloomingdale District—Rev. T. M. Hill.

Free-Will Offering Committee.

Central and East Side Districts—Rev. J. F. Vichert, chairman; C. H. Worden, treasurer.

South Side District—Dr. W. M. Enslen, William Morton, H. H. Hiler, S. N. Longsworth, C. A. Augsperger.

Southeast District—S. L. Wass, R. Geiger, James Swain.

Bloomingdale District—G. Weber, C. Pitman, T. Ogler.

In addition to the list above given, in almost every case there was enlisted the help of a large number of assistants, representing individual churches, who assisted the committees in carrying forward their work before and during the campaign.

A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD FOR MOTHERS.

Mrs. D. Gilkeson, 336 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold and coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. Accept no substitutes. Dreier & Bro.

Will satisfy everybody, Kim or Fort Wayne Guard Cigars will make a fine present for anybody.

Dec. 7 10 12 15 17 20 23

MONEY

For the Holidays

We can furnish you with money for your Christmas needs about as cheap as any bank and positively cheaper than any loan company. If you are dealing with another loan company, why not look us up and permit us to quote our rates, and then compare them with those you are receiving. DON'T DELAY—DO IT TODAY.

WE LOAN $10.00 to $300.00 on Furniture, Automobiles, Machinery, Stock Certificates, Life Insurance Policies, Grain, Live Stock—anything of value in city or country. Repay us as you can.

Fort Wayne Credit Co.

1221 CALHOUN ST. Opposite Rich Hotel. OPEN EVENINGS. Phone 535.

UNIVOCO CIGAR 10 STRAIGHT

Powerful heat, acids, etc., are needed to affect minerals, warmth and dilute chemicals influence plants, while man is transformed with the mildest treatment by Dr. Kowenstrot. 820 HARRISON ST. 21 years unequalled success. Don't pay in advance for patent medicine.

KLAEHN & MELCHING
Undertakers and Embalmers
205 WEST MAIN.
Office—Home Phone 223.
Best of Services at Reasonable Prices
PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

A. HATTERSLEY & SONS
PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS
ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS
208-212 E. MAIN ST. Fort Wayne

J. C. Peltier
UNDERTAKER
Both Phones No. 25
117 WEST WAYNE ST.

DR. HAVICE
FORT WAYNE, IND.
130 West Wayne St.
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Specialist
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

Your Shoes Half Soled.
Men's, 50c. Ladies', 35c
at the
New Process Shoe Repairing Co.
Next Door to Fairy Theater.

ELASTIC TRUSSES
FITTED and Guaranteed
Gross Pharmacy, cor. Bar and Washington, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dr. W. T. Ferguson,
Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.
222 West Wayne Street

STORAGE
Household furniture stored and moved by
CITY TRUCKING CO.

COAL AND WOOD.
—Best Grades of Coal—
Coke, Charcoal, Wood and Kindling at
Fort Wayne Coal Co.
Phones 1082 and 1906.
WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

City Coal and Supply Co.
H. C. HEINE, Manager.
Anthracite Coal, all sizes, $8 Per Ton.
Yards, Nickel Plate and Lafayette.
Phone 3022.

Wm. Kaough Coal Co.
COAL, COKE, WOOD, Etc.
Yards at Lake Shore Tracks, West of Wells St.
—PHONE 502—

For best quality Anthracite and Domestic Coals at Lowest Prices, Call
OLDS COAL CO.
Home Phone 6034. Bell 261.

Main Office, 302 Harrison Street. Phone 1461.
Everything in Fuel
for the kitchen stove, large range, hot water heater, or the furnace. We have the size and grade of fuel best adapted to your needs. Well screened, carefully delivered, and at a reasonable price.
THE DUNN COAL CO.
Branch Yard, 1308 Hayden Street. Phone 992.

Dr. Rush THE REGISTERED OSTEOPATH
Graduate from Several Schools.
THIRTEENTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE
Suites 49, 50, 51 Pixley-Long Bldg.
Diseases Cured. Examination Free.
Home Phone 589. Residence 2216.
"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. C. Childers, Garrett.
TAKE NOTICE and Pay Your Account.

DR. MARY WEEKS
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and Residence—404 Berry St. East.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women.
Telephone 470. Hours—9 a. m., to 2:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

Majestic Theater
TONIGHT.
Big Bargain Matinee Tomorrow.
Prices.....15c, 25c and 35c

See "The Great Automobile Mystery. The Lady and the Lion."
SPECIAL—THEO. BAMBERG, Europe's Greatest Shadowist.
Evening Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Boxes—$1.00.

ALL NEXT WEEK
The KEITH STOCK CO.
Presenting a New Play Every Day.
MONDAY NIGHT:
"It Is Never to Late to Mend"
Vaudeville Between Acts.
PRICES.....10c, 20c, 30c

BANK HELD UP IN OKLAHOMA.

Tulsa, Okla., Dec. 16.—Robbers held up Cashier J. H. Comer of the Prue State bank at Prue, Okla., at the point of a revolver today, took what money was available and escaped. The amount taken has not yet been ascertained. Citizens are forming a posse to pursue the robbers.

TAKE CARE

When the kidneys are affected, life is in danger. Read what Foley Kidney Pills have done for your neighbor. Mrs. C. Lichtsin, Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "My daughter was afflicted with pains in her back. I heard of Foley Kidney Pills and she began taking them according to directions with splendid results. The pains in her back vanished and she is well and strong today. I shall cheerfully recommend Foley Kidney Pills to all of those suffering with kidney trouble. Dreier & Bro.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL XMAS.
THE BUCKEYE
819 CALHOUN ST.

Chiropodist
How's Your Feet? Corns, bunions ingrowing nails, treated by New Painless method. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, pimples and blackheads permanently removed without scarring.
ZIMMERMAN, Specialist
1910 Harrison St. (Near Washington). Phone 2341.

EGGS HIGHER
Clover Bloom makes hens lay. We guarantee this when you use our balanced chicken feed. Don't feed corn alone; all corn stops laying and makes your flock liable to disease. Call or send for free Booklet.
We can save you 25% on your hay and chop feed. Call 2430.
We can cure Roup. Send for our booklet.
S. Bash & Co.

DR. WELLS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Glasses Fitted, Eyes Examined Free. Best Place to get treatment for Catarrh, Obstructed Breathing and Throat Troubles.
DR. WELLS, 229 EAST BERRY ST.

BUY HIM
A FOUNTAIN PEN.
The kind we sell are guaranteed.
D. & N. PHARMACY.

Dr. Johnston
OSTEOPATH
4th FLOOR SHOAFF BUILDING. SAKE ELEVATOR.
Graduate of Kirksville, Mo. Diseases and Deformities Treated.
—EXAMINATION FREE—
Phone—Office, 1529; Residence, 6334.

THOROUGHLY CLEAN AND PERFECTLY SANITARY
That's the way your washing comes back to you when done by The Troy Laundry Soft Water Method. Phone 160.

GETZ & CAHILL
UNDERTAKERS
1031 Calhoun St.
Open Day and Night.
Both Phones 69.

OSTEOPATHY.
Dr. K. L. Seaman, 312-313 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 2904; Res. 2763.
Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels a specialty. Children's diseases respond quickly to osteopathic treatment.

What would be as nice for an Xmas present as a Victor or an Edison Phonograph? You can all enjoy them—Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, or Grandfather and Grandmother. It will draw more attention than any musical instrument made.
GUY CONKLIN,
"Everything in Music."
1008 Calhoun St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

The Allen County Shooting club held its first tournament at White's range yesterday. Twenty-five Peoria blackbirds were aimed at with this result: W. W. Watson, 19 clay birds broken; Herman Krohne, 19; Rink Mergel, 16; Charles Becker, 16; Mort Mergel, 15; C. J. McLean, 15; Tom S. Heller, 13; John Dalman, 8, and W. H. Shambaugh, 7.

Very few salesladies marry salesgentlemen.

A water pipe in the Fort Wayne Medical college burst last night, and the second floor was overflowed.

Dr. Charles S. Williams, of Whitley county, is a relative of the late William H. Vanderbilt. It is not yet known what he will receive from the estate.

Capt. Scott Swann has been engaged to represent in Fort Wayne the big agricultural implement business of J. F. Sieberling & Co., of Akron, O. Capt. Swann is one of the best implement salesmen in the west.

Deborah Rebekah Degree lodge No. 10, I. O. O. F., elected officers at its hall last evening as follows: Aug. Kiser, noble grand; Mrs. Minch, vice grand; Mrs. Lipes, recording secretary; Mrs. Grafmiller, permanent secretary; Mrs. Walters, treasurer.

Eighty Bohemian oats agents are working the state.

J. F. Mack, manager of the Metropolitan theater, returned from Chicago this morning with a splendid company for his house.

At a late session of court in Huntington county a case came up for hearing involving ten sections or 6,400 acres of land. It was brought by the administrators of the chief of the Miami Indians, known as Chief Lafontaine, but owing to its long existence, the case was barred out by the statute of limitations.

White's spoke factory will close during the holidays for one week.

The Bass foundry has an order for three hundred carloads of castings for the Pullman Car company.

It is evident there is a combination of scoundrelism well organized in Whitley county. During the past three months eleven barns have been burned, aggregating a loss of over $25,000.

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS

"Santa Claus" Defines Difference Between Spirit and Spirits.

This is a reply to a letter Meyer Brothers Co. received, signed "Santa Claus." Here's the letter:

"FORT WAYNE, Ind.

'Meyer Brothers Co.:

'On Calhoun street you have out a poster saying on it, Get the Christmas Spirits.' You certainly mean' Get the Christmas Spirit,' or the spirit of Christmas. As you have it on your poster it means something to drink. I am not a prohibitionist, but you want to cut your 's' off of spirits, else you are advertising the sale of liquors.

"Believing your printer made a mistake, I send you this note, as many people laugh at the poster. Cut out the 's.' We all want to get the Christmas spirit, but we can do without mos' Christmas spirits.

"Yours truly,
"SANTA CLAUS."

Here's Our Reply.

This mistake did not escape our notice, but we did not have occasion to see the poster until after it was up. Owing to the fact that our printers here don't do this kind of work we had these printed out of town, and had them sent direct to the bill poster, and we therefore did not notice this poster until after it was put up. And then we were hoping that the public would realize that the word spirits was a mistake of the printer.

Our stores inside and our show windows show the idea we wish to convey. Our show windows are full of useful and beautiful Christmas gifts, so are our sho cases and counters.

We are sincere in our apologies to the public for this seemingly misleading poster.

J. L. Libbing has received a letter from Herman Sigrist, the real estate auctioneer of this city, stating that he has just closed three big sales in Oklahoma and Mississippi. At Fort Gibson, Okla., he sold 154 lots, and at Konesick, Okla., 838, and 220 lots at Kokomo, Miss. Mr. Sigrist expects to return to this city December 24.

50,000 in Xmas boxes—Coony's Little Havana, Lady Wayne and LaRienta Cigars.
Dec. 13 14 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23

A year's lease on the lodge rooms in the Aldine block has just been closed by Fort Wayne court No. 96, Tribe of Ben Hur, and in the future the regular weekly meeting on Thursday nights, will be held there. The order has for some time been using the K. of P. home, on Washington street, as a meeting place.

NOTICE

The annual election of directors for the Hamilton National bank of Fort Wayne will be held at the office of said bank on Tuesday, January 10th, 1911, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m.
F. H. POOLE, Cashier.
d6-31t

Attorney Ray McAdams will return home today from a business trip to Huntington and South Bend.

Dr. H. G. Erwin, of Edgerton, was a visitor in the city Friday.

SAVE COAL
By having your house equipped with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.
CARL F. DIETHER,
213 West Main St
12 6t Phone 2567.

A Merry Christmas is coming to every smoker who receives a box of the Coony Bayer Cigar Co.'s Cigars.
Dec. 13 14 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23

UNIVOCO CIGAR 10 STRAIGHT

Our business is selling Kodaks and finishing pictures. Jones Kodak Store, 112 West Wayne St.

LOOK! LOOK!
Take Notice! Special for Today.
We sell 25 quarters of nice baby beef, weighing from 50 to 60 lbs. to the quarter, at 7c lb.
MEATS OF ALL KINDS DOWN AGAIN!

Bacon	14c lb.
Hams	12½c lb.
Lard	11½c lb.
Pork Loins	12½c lb.
Pork Shoulders	10½c lb.
Spare Ribs	7c lb.
Liver	6c lb.
Pigs' Feet	20c dozen
Beef Steak	9c to 13c lb.
Beef Roast	8c to 10c lb.
Side Pork	12½c lb.
Beef by Quarter	7c lb.
Pigs' Head	7c lb.
Pork Sausage	11c lb.

Plenty of offals of all kinds. You can get a whole hog if you want it.

P. S.—We buy direct from the farmers and do all our killing and can save you from 20 to 25 cents on the dollar. Just compare these prices with what you are paying. Come early and avoid the rush.

Leikauf Packing Co.
Take Huffman car, stop at our door, 1010 to 1014 Wells street, Bloomingdale.

THE BOSTON STORE

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Christmas buying has begun in earnest. You'll find extra help in attendance, as it is our earnest desire to serve you promptly and to your entire satisfaction. Make our store your Christmas shopping place; there's pleasure and profit in it for you.

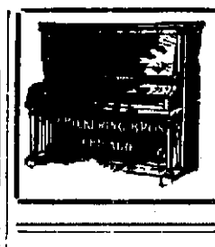
Bleached Table Linen at 25c a yard, worth 35c.
All Linen Bleached Table Damask at 50c a yard.
72-inch Bleached Table Linen at 75c, worth 87½c.
New White Waistings at 15c and 25c a yard.
Lunch Cloths at 50c, 75c and $1.00 each.
Battenberg Doylies and Scarfs at special prices.
Fancy Suspenders in boxes at 25c, 50c and $1.00 a box.
Fancy Neckties at 25c and 50c each.
Men's Fancy Socks, at 25c a pair.
Ladies' Silk Hose from $1.00 to $1.50 a pair.
Ladies' Lisle Hose at 35c and 50c a pair.
Ladies' Wayne Knit Hose, 19c a pair, regular 25c quality.
Ladies' Silk Scarfs at 48c and up to $1.50.
Ladies' Hand Bags at 48c, 89c and 98c each.
Knit Mufflers at 25c and 50c each.
Silk Dutch Collars and Jabots at 25c each.
Children's Caracul Tam O'Shanters at 50c.
Box Ruching (6 in box), 25c a box.
Fancy Pin Cushions at 20c, 25c and 50c each.
Fancy Back Combs at 50c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 each.
Brilliant Hat Pins at 25c, 50c, 59c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 each.
Pillow Tops, ready for the pillow, 25c and 50c each.
Christmas Cards of all kinds, 5c a package.
Fancy Hose Supporters at 25c and 50c a pair.
Fancy Belt Pins at 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c each.
Fancy Boxes for Handkerchiefs and Gloves, 5c each.
Light and Dark Persian Belts at 25c and 50c each.
Fancy Hair Ribbons at 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c a yard.
We have a complete line of embroidered and Initial Handkerchiefs at special prices.
Pin Cushion Forms, 10c, 15c and 25c each.
Ladies' Short Kimonas at 48c each.
Ladies' Silk Kimonas at $1.50 each, worth $2.50.
Ladies' Long Kimonas at 98c and $1.39 each.
Ladies' Bath Robes at $2.39 each, worth $3.00.
Ladies' House Dresses at 98c each, worth $1.25.
Sweater Coats for Men, Ladies and Children at special reduced prices.
Mercerized Petticoats at 89c and 98c each.
Outing Night Gowns at 50c, 89c and $1.00 each.
Children's Stocking Caps at 25c and 50c each.

Something for the Children

Santa Claus will be in our South Show Window from Saturday, December 17, until Christmas from 3 to 5 P. M., in the afternoon, and from 7:30 till 9 P. M., in the evenings.

Our store will be open every evening until Christmas. WM. HAHN & CO., The Boston Store

—D. C. FISHER—
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
—No. 128 West Wayne Street.—



SPECIAL SALE ON HIGH GRADE PIANOS
Open Evenings.
F. C. Spiegel Piano Co.
203 W. Berry.

We have a lot of Nice and Useful Things for —CHRISTMAS— Carving Sets, Safety Razor Sets, Manicure Sets, Scissor Sets, Chafing Dishes, Electric Sad Irons. H. PFEIFFER & SON. Find our store on the picture.

GERMAN AMERICAN TRUST CO.
6 Per Cent
We own and offer for sale a block of preferred stock of the Packard Piano Co., of this city. No better 6 per cent. investment, free of taxes, can be had than the preferred stock of this old established and exceedingly well managed concern. We recommend it to our patrons. Price 102 and accrued interest. Interest payable April 10 and October 10 of each year.
German-American Trust Co.

"IT'S A GOOD THING" SEAVEY'S "HAVE IT"

Put Some Christmas Money

Into a few useful and substantial articles for the home and kitchen. You will surely please your friends, family and yourself with gifts of this nature. They are not merely a remembrance, but an investment which will carry with them good cheer and service for many months to come.

A call at our store will repay you many times over for your trouble, as we have a great variety of excellent suggestions for you and it will be a pleasure to submit them to you.

The idea that a hardware store is no place for Christmas shopping is entirely wrong, for where can you go for a better selection for the

BOYS—Air Guns, Target Rifles, Pocket Knives, Sleds, Skates, Tools, Work Benches, Scroll Saws and Lathes, Etc.

GIRLS—Nickel Tea Sets, Chafing Dishes, Copper Percolators, Fancy Scissors, Etc.

MEN—Pocket Cutlery, Safety Razors, Shaving Sets, Mechanics' Tools, Carving Sets, Savage Automatic Revolvers, Etc.

LADIES—Steel Ranges, Tinware, Hollow Ware, Dutch Ovens, Coffee Pots, Tableware, Cutlery, Bread and Cake Mixers, Bath Room Fixtures, Etc.

SEAVEY HARDWARE CO.
Phones 149-2648. 119-121 W. MAIN ST.

Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander Write for The Sentinel Their Personal Impressions and Opinions of the Great Inter-Church Simultaneous Evangelistic Effort in Fort Wayne—The Work as These World-Famous Leaders Have Seen It.

AS THE CHAPMAN-ALEXANDER CAMPAIGN NEARS ITS CLOSE

Summarizing the Scope of the Splendidly Successful Religious Awakening Which Has Enlisted the Efforts of the Chapman-Alexander Party, Twenty Churches and One Thousand Personal Workers in Fort Wayne During the Past Three Weeks—Work Along Special Lines.

The Fort Wayne Campaign—An Appreciation

By C. P. GOODSON.

(Written for The Sentinel.)

YOUR business men say, "Wonderful!" "Fine!" "Great thing for our city!" "Helped us all!" One man said, "Rents will be easier to collect." In a word, the whole moral tone of the city is changed, and that change will continue to be evident. When men and women have realized that God has a claim on their lives, and have surrendered their lives to Him, as many hundreds have done in these meetings, everything is changed. In factory, shop, office, store and home things will be more as they ought to be.

Homes will be happier. Think what that means! Heaven in your home! So easy when Christ is there. Customers will be more considerate of tired clerks, and these clerks will render better service. Employers will think more of their employes, and employes will render more honest labor. Crime will decrease; sober men will earn their living. The presence of women on the streets will be safer and freer from unkind criticism. In dollars and cents, this campaign has saved the city thousands of dollars. By saving the lives of young men, it may save many a father's fortune, and many a mother's broken heart.

Then it has saved men to a higher life and a worthier service. It has put value on individual life. When man realizes that his life is sacred, that it has divine worth, that God can use it, he is a new man to himself and his day. He becomes a true Christian patriot, and serves an end which cannot be estimated. From these meetings will come forth new ministers, new laymen, new leaders in reform and civil betterment—new champions of mighty movements for modern men.

I believe the church is before the public in a new light. Men who had drifted and lost respect for the church will regard it with a new personal interest and reverence. They will stand by their ministers now, because they have a vision of their work. Ministers will preach with a new zeal. Organizations will have new life and power. Christians will develop into strong and aggressive leaders in religious work. There will come a revelation of the scope of the work of the church—a world-wide range, a vision of the ecumenical value of the Gospel.

The evangelists and singers have preached and sung the Word, the Christ, and His Gospel. This gets results everywhere, under all conditions, and at all times. Ministers all know it, and the layman is aware of it, as well as heart-hungry for it. The people have been found in these meetings from almost every large city, and small, from New York to the middle west. They want the simple message of love and truth. That will always win.

Too much cannot be said about the work of the newspapers in this campaign. I believe the influence of the printed page has extended beyond the ability of any man to compute. Thousands who have been unable to attend the meetings have read the accounts in your columns, and their lives have been changed for the better. Too, there is a class of people whose lives are influenced by the paper as much or more than any other force. You have done a work which you will never know.

May God bless you always in your great work.

C. P. GOODSON.

BY DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

(Written for The Sentinel.)

I BELIEVE that what the church needs today is not a bigger membership, but a better one. I cannot think of anything that would more hinder the working of some churches today than to have an increased membership. A crowd is not always necessary to the accomplishment of God's purposes. When Jesus was upon the earth He feared the crowds when it came to a question of service, and when the multitudes thronged Him He generally gave his sharpest teaching, the effect of which was to drive the crowd away and draw a few people closer to Him in whom He could trust and whom He could send forth on special missions to aid others who were in distress or facing despair.

I am sure that the ministers of the country would say with me that a revival that is needed today is not primarily one that brings a great number of people into the church membership, although this is by no means to be despised. A revival has primarily to do with the church herself, and when the spirit of God works with quickening and reviving power, when people catch a new phase of Christ, when they understand their position of responsibility as it relates to others, when they live lives of consistency, when they turn away from everything that savors of hypocrisy; in other words, when the church herself is right with God and under the direction of Christ, who is her head, then the question of an increased membership cares for itself.

Inasmuch as I hold to these views after my experience in the pastorate and my journeys about the world, I feel that I am prepared to give an estimate of the Fort Wayne work. For almost three weeks we have had the privilege of preaching and singing the Gospel. I feel that I know Fort Wayne, inasmuch as so many of the people are my personal friends. Therefore I think I am prepared to say just how far the work will be permanent. I do not believe that the Fort Wayne people are easily moved by such services as we have held, but being moved as they have been, I am persuaded that they will not allow themselves either as individuals or as representatives of the church to lose the vision that has been presented or to go back from the high position which they have taken in so many of the meetings we have conducted.

Fort Wayne is a middle western city without the extreme conservation of the east and without the extreme enthusiasm of the west. Because of her position she is a well balanced city, and the work here should count for years to come.

There are special features of this work with which I have been perfectly delighted.

The Ministers.

The pastors of the city have given us a royal welcome. They have literally sat at our feet not only as learners along the line of evangelistic methods, but as signifying their willingness to do anything that was suggested to extend the interests of the kingdom of God. These men have seemed to me to be laboring not for their individual churches, but for the good of the community. They have been like brothers to us. I have never for a moment doubted their loyal support. I have never risen to preach that they have not strengthened me. Fort Wayne is to be congratulated upon her ministers, and I feel a sense of satisfaction in going away, inasmuch as this work which we have started will be left in hands well-qualified to direct it and under the charge of men who will see that it is properly worked out.

The Committees.

The committees have done their work magnificently. As a matter of fact, if I should signify any special committee, I would be compelled to say that I do not know that I have ever found a better band of personal workers. My heart has been thrilled every time that I have given the invitation to see how enthusiastically they entered upon the work, and when the reports have been made to find out how faithfully they have toiled.

Special Features.

I shall never forget the service for the aged people. I shall be able to see the upturned faces for many

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BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

(Written for The Sentinel.)

THE growing interest in the Word of God, the kindly sympathy and aid of the ministers, the enthusiasm of the Christian people, and the eagerness of one and all to hear the Gospel message—these things have made our work in Fort Wayne both a pleasure and an inspiration.

The kindly support of the ministers, and their hearty handshakes have encouraged and helped us considerably. It has been a joy to notice the increasing interest in and love for the Word of God. The attendances at the Bible study classes and meetings have indicated a desire on the part of the people to know more of God's Book. People are reading their Bibles more. It is a fine thing to carry God's Word in your pocket; it is a better thing to carry its promises in your heart.

Will Be Memorable.

The Fort Wayne campaign will always be memorable to us on account of the launching of the special personal work movement. People in all classes and walks of life have signed the cards pledging themselves to definite service for God. Personal work is always the most effective side of evangelistic effort. This movement is one that can be carried on for all time, and it will considerably strengthen the hands of the ministers and Christian workers throughout the city. Dr. Chapman and I have been particularly struck by the manner in which the Christians of Fort Wayne have entered into the definite soul-winning work.

Throughout the campaign the people have been most hungry and eager listeners to Dr. Chapman's helpful and inspiring sermons. Christians have been blessed and helped, and many have renounced their lives of sin, have turned from the world and given themselves to God. The wonderful stories we heard on Thursday night from Mr. Harry Monroe and Mr. Callahan, and the earnest, prayerful support and personal work of Mr. William J. Robinson, of Chicago, were an inspiration to us all. People have traveled considerable distance to attend the meetings. I found on Thursday night in the rink that some had journeyed fifty miles to attend that one service, and one after another spoke of the reports that had reached them in the daily papers concerning the work.

Fort Wayne's Singing.

The singing has grown in volume and heartiness with each meeting. Quite a feature of the song service has been the singing of the boys and girls, who attended in force each evening. Their eagerness to assist, the rapidity with which they learned the new tunes, and their bright, spirited rendering of the Gospel choruses helped me wonderfully. The invitation hymns, "You Must Do Something Tonight," "What Will You Do With Jesus?" and "Is He Yours?" sung by Mr. Naftzger, made a profound impression on many hearts. I have been told of the help and blessing received from the Gospel songs throughout the campaign. "He Will Hold Me Fast" always seems to get there. Mr. Harkness' choruses, "I Am Included" and "Traveling Home," have been enthusiastically sung right through the campaign.

How Newspapers Helped.

The splendid assistance rendered by the newspapers is deserving of our warmest thanks. The excellent work done by The Sentinel in spreading Gospel news cannot be too highly spoken of. We have been greatly helped in our mission by the ably-written reports and descriptions of the meetings, and many people at a distance and those unable to attend the services have thus been able to follow the work. We could never have reached so large a number of people without this generous co-operation of the newspapers. My own mother down in Tennessee has been reading them, and only yesterday I received a letter which showed how closely she has been following the mission.

We hope that the work in Fort Wayne will continue and prosper, that Christian people may be drawn closer to God, and that many souls may be won for the Kingdom.

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

What Has Been Done in the Big Inter-Church Evangelistic Movement in Fort Wayne

THE most remarkable evangelistic campaign Fort Wayne has ever known will terminate on Sunday evening when Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, with their militant force of specially trained religious workers will bring to a close their labors in this city, which have extended over a period of practically three weeks.

In that time the Chapman-Alexander forces have held approximately seventy-five evening evangelistic services, and fully as many other meetings of special character. They have covered practically every section of Fort Wayne. They have carried the gospel message through special services held in the railroad shops and the factories of Fort Wayne; they have conducted a service for brewery workers; they have met with the street railway men at midnight; consecrated women have gone at noonday into the big institutions where large numbers of girls are employed and have held service for them; they have carried the message of the Nazarene to the unfortunates who know no home save the county infirmary, and have worked along still other lines of evangelistic effort that has not shown itself upon the surface of events as the campaign was in progress.

Hush Was Impressive.

One striking characteristic of the Fort Wayne campaign has been the deep interest manifested by the crowds everywhere and the impressive hush that has prevailed during the progress of the meetings, indicating that the audiences were deeply moved. This has been conspicuously true in the big Princess rink meetings of the central district, where Dr. Chapman has again and again commented upon it as one of the things that has impressed him during the Fort Wayne campaign. The evangelist has declared that he has been strangely drawn to Fort Wayne and that the work here possessed an unusually deep interest for him. He has spoken of the fact that fourteen years of his life were spent within a short distance of Fort Wayne—at Winona lake—that many Fort Wayne people are his close personal friends, and that he had looked forward with infinite pleasure and with high hopes to the Fort Wayne series. In these closing days he has expressed himself as highly gratified with the results.

Interest in the service has been deep, and crowds as a usual thing have been large. Again and again it has been necessary to turn people away from Princess rink because the building would hold no more, and the Third Presbyterian and the Trinity Methodist Episcopal churches have been filled to their capacity.

Now as to Results.

It is now possible to in some measure sum up the results of this religious movement, the like of which has never before been seen in Fort Wayne. There will be little dissent from the widespread opinion that the big evangelistic campaign has operated infinitely to the betterment of the city. It has resulted in a quickening of the religious pulse and developed a stronger sentiment for unity of co-operation among those churches which have been identified with it.

In these weeks there have been scores who have made public profession of the acceptance of Jesus Christ as a personal savior. How many conversions? Perhaps no person is qualified to answer the question. Both Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander contend that the beneficent results of a campaign like the one now drawing to a close in Fort Wayne cannot be measured by numbers. Ask either or both of them as to the number who have turned to Christ in Fort Wayne during the past three weeks and they would probably tell you very kindly that they do not know. The total is certainly a large one. This is evident from the public professions made in the various evangelistic services held about the city. But no man can enumerate the number of others who, as a result of the special evangelistic effort have in the quietude of their own home determined upon the better life.

REV. C. P. GOODSON,
Who Writes for The Sentinel His Impressions of the Fort Wayne Campaign.

Pastors Are Gratified.

Certain it is that the message as proclaimed by the Chapman-Alexander workers has been heard by a total of many thousands of people in Fort Wayne. Large audiences have been the rule throughout the campaign, both at the central services at Princess rink and in the outside districts where special evangelists were laboring.

Pastors of the twenty co-operating churches without exception, express themselves as highly gratified with the success of the big religious undertaking. They are measuring its results not alone by the numbers added immediately to their respective churches, but by the stimulus and strength that has been given the cause in Fort Wayne, in the deepened spirit of those already in the ranks as well as the awakening of others. They assert the belief that the good results will continue to manifest themselves long after the campaign is closed. Many of the pastors, too, are preparing to continue the evangelistic work in special services in their own churches.

No men ever worked together more tirelessly or more unitedly than did the twenty Fort Wayne pastors whose congregations were identified with the inter-church evangelistic campaign. Again and again in the course of his addresses Dr. Chapman has paid the most pronounced tributes to the loyalty and the energy of the Fort Wayne ministers.

Chuches in the Movement.

Never before in the history of Fort Wayne has there been an evangelistic movement which enlisted in its activity so many of the churches of the city. There have been notable evangelistic labors, but they were usually of an independent character, or at most enlisted the aid of but a small group of churches.

It remained for Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, returning to Fort Wayne after the lapse of almost exactly fifteen years, and bringing with him Charles M. Alexander and the most notable evangelistic organization in the world, to enlist the combined efforts of twenty Fort Wayne churches in the religious awakening. The campaign was definitely inter-church, it was certainly simultaneous and it was profoundly and genuinely evangelistic.

Fort Wayne churches co-operating in the big movement were as follows: First Baptist, Plymouth Congregational, Christ's Lutheran, West Jefferson Street Church of Christ, Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal, Westminster Presbyterian, Bethany Presbyterian, First Methodist Episcopal, First Presbyterian, Grace Reformed, Calvary United Brethren, Crescent

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SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EVANGELISTIC PARTY IN THE FORT WANYE CAMPAIGN.

REV. DANIEL S. TOY.

RALPH C. NORTON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

WILLIAM ASHER.

ERNEST W. NAFTZGER.

REV. J. J. LOWE.

FRANK DICKSON.

DR. CHAPMAN IN ONE OF HIS CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.

BY DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

[Continued from Page Eleven.]

months to come, as standing upon the platform these aged men and women, some of whom will soon pass through the gates into the City, sang with us the old hymns of the church and responded to the message of the Gospel.

We have inaugurated a new plan of work in Fort Wayne, in that we have emphasized especially the responsibility of individuals. I feel that with personal work given its proper emphasis a city could be mightily stirred for Christ. The response in Fort Wayne has been so genuine and generous that I am encouraged to go to the next city with the plan still more enlarged and with my expectations high for results. It is a wonderful thing to feel that in Fort Wayne there are a thousand people pledged to win others to Christ.

Chairman of the Committee.

The chairman of the general committee, Mr. E. F. Yarnelle, has been my personal and close friend for years. It has been a joy to work by his side again and I shall ever praise God for the way in which he has directed this work and for the blessing of God which has rested upon him and those associated with him.

The Future.

If the officers of the church will gather around all the ministers to pray for them, if the members of the church will keep their pledge to do personal work, if the church membership will go out after those who have been interested and bring them to the pastor's attention, if when new members are received they are given the welcome that is due them and are surrounded by the atmosphere of Christian love, if when the pastor proposes a special three months' campaign there is a quick and ready response, if the churches will have occasional union prayer meetings, if the church officers will come together occasionally as they did on Monday evening, then I am absolutely certain that this campaign we have conducted will be lasting in its influence and that from day to day it will increase in power, and that in Fort Wayne as in other cities it will literally be true that the work will only begin as we take our departure and the pastors again assume their leadership.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

[Continued from Page Eleven.]

Avenue Evangelical, Third Presbyterian, Simpson Methodist Episcopal, West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ, Bethel Evangelical, Church of God, Trinity Methodist Episcopal, Mennonite Mission, Free Methodist and St. Paul Methodist Episcopal.

Chapman-Alexander Campaigners.

Bringing with them the most notable assembly of evangelistic workers in the world today, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander, fresh from six weeks of successful evangelistic effort in Chicago, came to Fort Wayne and began on November 29 the campaign which is now drawing to a close. There were a score of them—consecrated men and women specially trained to do evangelistic work along systematic lines upon a broad scope and under skilled direction. They brought into the King's Business the same systematic acumen and common-sense tact that spells success in other lines of endeavor in the world today.

The Chapman-Alexander party as it was constituted in Fort Wayne included Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Charles M. Alexander, Ernest W. Naftzger, Robert Harkness, Mrs. J. Wilbur Chapman, Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, Ralph C. Norton, Mrs. Ralph C. Norton, George R. Hemminger, Rev. Daniel S. Toy, Frank Dickson, Rev. J. J. Lowe, Willis Asher, Mrs. William Asher, Miss Elinor Stafford Millar, Rev. C. P. Goodson, Mrs. C. P. Goodson, E. G. Chapman, Miss Blanche Breckinridge, William W. Rock and Norman Thomas.

Work Long in Preparation.

But the real beginning of the campaign occurred long before the arrival of the evangelistic party. It had its inception more than two years ago when the pastors of Fort Wayne churches first took up the idea of bringing Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander with their evangelists and singers to this city for a great campaign of soul-winning. No one not in actual touch with it can have any adequate idea of the work involved in preparation for the movement.

The pastors perfected an organization, named many committees and spurred them to activity, divided the city into districts, assigned the work to the committees and did a vast deal of it themselves. There was an effort to have each church represented on every committee, and to place upon the committees only those who would agree to undertake the work.

To the committee on finance was entrusted the work of providing a fund of approximately $4,500 to defray the actual expenses of the campaign—printing, literature, bill-board advertising rent, heat, light, office expense, hotel bills and scores of incidental necessities for a work of this magnitude. E. F. Yarnelle was made chairman of the general committee, with Rev. E. M. Todd as secretary and C. H. Worden as treasurer. Office headquarters were opened on the eighth floor of the Shoaff building, where Rev. E. M. Todd was installed, and Miss Mabel Carter was secured as stenographer. Contracts were made for Princess rink, arrangements concluded for the use of various churches, the campaign was thoroughly advertised and other details looked after, so that when the Chapman-Alexander campaigners arrived in the city they found everything in readiness for their work. E. G. Chapman, a brother of the evangelist, then took charge of the executive offices in the Shoaff building and was the man who directed the outside or "business" movement of the effort, in daily consultation with Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.

Five Services Nightly.

The division of the city into districts provided for five meetings simultaneously each night in as many sections of the city, and churches in each specified district were pledged to give their attention and their support to the services within that particular district. The central district services were held at Princess rink, where Rev. Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander labored nightly with Ernest W. Naftzger as soloist and Robert Harkness as pianist. Here, also, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Norton and often Mr. and Mrs. Asher lent their aid.

Upon the south side at the Third Presbyterian church, Rev. Daniel S. Toy, with Mr. Frank Dickson as singer, were in charge of the service. At the First M. E. church were Rev. W. P. Nicholson, the Irish sailor-evangelist, with J. Raymond Hemminger as the singer. At the Hughie Bowser Free Methodist church Rev. J. J. Lowe was given charge. But two departures were made from this program during the entire campaign. At the close of the first week the southeast auxiliary district service was transferred to St. Paul M. E. church. A week later it developed that so many residents of the east side district were attending the central service at the rink that the service at the First M. E. church was terminated. At all these points, with the exceptions noted, the services were held nightly during the term, save that on Saturday nights the outside district meetings were cancelled and a mass meeting was held at Princess rink instead. On Wednesday evening of the final week all special services were cancelled and instead each pastor conducted a service in his own church.

Work Did Not End Here.

But the evangelistic campaign was by no means confined to the scope already outlined. Scores of special meetings were held—services of special character conducted by men and women especially fitted for their particular work.

Rev. J. J. Lowe, the only member of the present organization who was with Dr. Chapman in his evangelistic labors in Fort Wayne fifteen years ago, gave much attention to work among the young people. He held each afternoon at 4:15 o'clock a special service for young people, in which the stereopticon and perhaps the finest collection of pictures of the sort in the world were used to depict the life of Christ and to illustrate the songs with which Mr. Lowe made his service more effective. During the first week these young people's services were conducted in the First Presbyterian church. The second week they were held at Bethel Evangelical church, and during the final week at the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ.

Other Special Work.

Each Sunday afternoon at Princess rink Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander conducted a special meeting for men only. At the same hour each Sunday there were from one to three meetings for women only, conducted in different parts of the city by Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Asher, Mrs. Norton and Miss Millar. Several services were held at the Y. W. C. A.

In addition to this there were many shop and factory meetings, among the places visited being the Bowser Oil Tank works, the Wabash shops, the Railroad Y. M. C. A., the Kerr Murray works, the Wayne Knitting mills, the Troy laundry, the Fort Wayne Box company, the Banner laundry and the J. W. Kidd company. In this work were engaged Mr. and Mrs. Asher, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Hemminger, Mr. Toy, Mr. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Goodson and other workers in the party. In every case, without exception, the evangelists were given a cordial greeting, a respectful hearing and in many instances were urged to return. It is impossible to measure the cumulative good that will accrue from these special services.

Some Others More Striking.

Still other work of the evangelists was more striking in its character. Each Sunday morning at the county jail Mr. and Mrs. Asher have conducted a special service for the prisoners, and each Sunday the number of prisoners who voluntarily came into the jail dining room to attend the services has been larger. The men gave every evidence of deep appreciation of the kindness of the evangelists, and they joined heartily with them in singing the hymns, many of them also expressing a desire for prayer.

Other services held by Mr. and Mrs. Asher, whose special line of endeavor is rescue work, were at the missions of the city. They also held a service in the bottling department of the Berghoff brewery at the noon hour, where something like fifty employes of the institution gathered to hear them.

Still another service of unusual character was that conducted at the county infirmary by Mrs. Asher, where she was assisted by Mrs. Goodson and Miss Agnes Stemen. In every instance the hope and cheer which the message has carried with it has been heart-warming to see.

The Old Folks' Meeting.

Another event that will long stand out as one of the splendid features of the Chapman-Alexander effort in Fort Wayne was the meeting for the aged, held at the First Baptist church during the second week of the campaign. The invitation was extended especially to those whose years made it impossible for them to attend the evening services, and an active committee provided automobiles and carriages in which the infirm and the shut-ins were conveyed to and from the service.

There were hundreds of aged people there—one or two more than 90 years of age. Dr. Chapman never preached more touchingly and Mr. Alexander never directed gospel song with a more moving sway than in this afternoon service for the aged, each of whom wore upon his or her breast a white flower which had been pinned in place by members of a committee of ladies at the church entrance. There were aged people there who had not been privileged to attend a service for years, and tears streaming down age-marked faces were eloquent of the joy that made hearts glad for the day.

Service at Midnight.

Still another service of striking character was that conducted by Rev. Mr. Toy and Mr. Dickson at midnight in the street railway barns for the conductors and motormen who had just concluded their runs for the night. The evangelists held the service by special invitation, and it was one of the uplifting experiences of the campaign.

Another occasion of especial note was the luncheon at Wayne street Methodist Episcopal church, where Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander met a total of 250 men, pastors and church officials of the twenty congregations co-operating in the simultaneous evangelistic campaign. Here Dr. Chapman delivered an address urging an awakened efficiency and closer union in church work.

Army of Personal Workers.

One of the distinctive aids in the Fort Wayne campaign was the army of personal workers who were enlisted for personal effort in winning souls to Christ. The total numbered fully one thousand men and women, young and old, who gave their pledge to speak personally to the unsaved regarding the acceptance of Christ.

The department of personal work was under the direct charge of Ralph C. Norton, of the Chapman-Alexander party. More emphasis was placed upon personal work in the Fort Wayne campaign than in any other of the world's cities which Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander have visited. Fort Wayne was chosen as the city in which to experiment with the larger plan for personal work, and the excellent results here have led the evangelists to the declaration that the plan will be followed in other cities. Mr. Norton addressed a number of meetings of personal workers, at which suggestions were made regarding the most efficient methods of working and following up the general campaign.

Mr. Davis and His Testaments.

Another branch of religious work which has been carried forward with much vigor in Fort Wayne is the Pocket Testament league. Briefly, it is the outgrowth of a movement inaugurated in England by Mrs. Alexander while she was yet a girl. Its effort is to induce every person to carry constantly a pocket testament or a Bible and make it a rule of life to read at least one chapter of it daily. In Fort Wayne this work has been in charge of George T. B. Davis, an enthusiastic young man with the Chapman-Alexander forces, who has lost no opportunity to advance the cause.

It is said of Mr. Davis that you can hardly punch one of his pockets without striking a Bible or a copy of the New Testament, and he has urged the league work everywhere—in the meetings, at the hotels and on the streets. Hundreds of Fort Wayne people are now daily carrying convenient little pocket copies of the New Testament as a result of Mr. Davis' work.

With the close of the Fort Wayne campaign, members of the Chapman-Alexander party will separate to go to their homes in various parts of the country for the Christmas holidays. Their next work is to be taken up at Toronto, Canada, early in January, and from that city they will go to Brooklyn for a campaign in February.

SHE FOUNDED THE POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.

MRS. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

AS YOU GET A REAR VIEW OF MR. ALEXANDER WHEN HE IS DIRECTING HIS CHOIR.

FOUR LADIES WHO HAVE ACTIVE PART IN EVANGELISTIC WORK.

MRS. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

MRS. WILLIAM ASHER.

MRS. C. P. GOODSON.

MRS. RALPH C. NORTON.

ORGANIZED LOCAL FORCES.

Pastors and Committee in Inter-Church Effort.

The Fort Wayne inter-church evangelistic council, which made preparation for the coming and supplemented the work of the Chapman-Alexander party after its arrival is in itself an extensive organization embracing representatives from each of the twenty co-operating churches in the city. E. F. Yarnelle is chairman of the city evangelistic council, with Rev. E. M. Todd as secretary, and Charles H. Worden as treasurer. The churches and their representatives in the evangelistic council are as follows:

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Power for Mind and Heart

A Sermon by BISHOP H. W. WARREN Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Text—Rom. 1:16: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

(From the Christian Herald.)

Definition is difficult. This country produced in its first century but one man eminent for clear, accurate, concise definition of words. And in this respect our country was more fortunate than any other. The wise men of France sought to publish a clear, accurate, concise encyclopedia of all knowledge. They submitted their definitions to experts in various departments. They submitted to the eminent naturalist Cuvier this definition of the crab: "A small red fish that walks backward." "Very good, very good, with slight exceptions," said Cuvier; "the crab is not small, is not red except when boiled, is not a fish at all and never walks backward."

The more large, far reaching and enduring a subject, the more difficult its definition. It has so many phases that it cannot be defined in few words. Christ's coming touched the world at so many points, had to do with so many interests of men, that no one expression could convey all its meaning. Hence we find Him giving several statments, not contradictory but complementary, of the purpose of His coming. Speaking to a dying world with more diseases than can be written on the surface of the human body, and with the average of life run clear down to twenty years, He said, "I am come that they might have life and have it in prodigal overflow." Speaking to a world with false instincts and objects, not knowing truth from error, deceiving and being deceived, he said, "To this end was I born and for this came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth." To a world full of slaves and where all men were anxious to be served He said, "I came not to be ministered to but to minister." To a world defiant of the will of God He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." So large a life must have many definitions.

The Largest Thing in the World.

So of the Gospel, the largest thing in the world. No short definition can cover the case. Even Christ did not attempt to define the Gospel. There was in the mind of man no capacity to apprehend the vastness of the subject. So Christ contented Himself with illustration, with telling men what the kingdom of heaven was like. It is like good seed. To be more specific, it is like a grain of mustard seed; it is like leaven. All these figures are illustrations of power. The good seed is a handful, a bagful, but by its own inherent power it fills a field with waving grain. It is the smallest of seeds, but it masters the power of gravitation and chemical affinity and appropriates earth and air till it is a tree, with far-flung fragrance and branches full of singing birds. It is like leaven, but beyond all conservation of forces it is an indefinite multiplication of forces, till the whole is leavened. Each illustration teems and outbreaks with continuous increasing unmeasured multiplication of inherent power. They fling that maxim of philosophers about the conservation of energy to the winds. They are examples of self-multiplication of energy unwasting and increasing as it spreads. Paul having been trained to an understanding of these figures of speech by a personal experience of their vital meaning leaps to the amazing generalization and gives the definition in the text—the Gospel is the power of God. Pause to notice the force of the article "the." It is the teaching of the Bible and of science that all power is of God. But Paul emphasizes this one as par excellence the power of God. All powers are serviceable, welcome, but this one specially so. If we have this power of God we may do without most of all the others.

Paul's Definition of the Gospel.

Now a definition to have any value must be in terms understandable by those to whom it comes. The definition of evolution by its greatest exponent, in terms of homogeneity, heterogeneity, differentiation, etc., is not understandable by one in a million of earth's inhabitants. Wiser is Paul. He defines the Gospel by the one thing with which we are most familiar. He has taken lessons of the Master, who set lilies and clouds, shepherding, sweeping, prodigal sons, seed-sowing, every event of lowly and lofty life, to be His Bible and preach His word. Hence, Paul takes power, the most familiar and significant thing in the universe, to define and explain his Gospel. We are sursurrounded on every side, domed over and girt under with all sorts of powers—gravitation that holds the world and worlds together, chemical affinity that binds two airs into water, so closely that nothing short of a stream of lightning can separate them, the enormous power of vegetable growth that lifts the sequoia gigantea of California over 300 feet in air. We have the power of steam that does more work in this country every day than every man, woman and child from the first effort to rise from their beds till they lie down to rest at night. We have the greater power of electricity that promises to supplant that of steam, and many finer powers that we have not yet learned to recognize, much less to handle.

In the Realm of Power.

What I mean to teach and have you realize is this: That there is a realm of power for mind and heart, a realm as real, powerful, legitimate, and a realm for appropriate experiment, giving larger and larger possession, as really as there is a realm of power for matter, real, powerful, legitimate, and field for appropriate experiment. Since then this realm is a part of God's universal realm of powers it will probably have the same general characteristics as other general realms.

What are some of the characteristics of these general realms of power? First. It is a characteristic of all great powers that they are everywhere present. Everywhere in the world and out of the world is gavitation present and at work. The sailor in the Arctic and Antarctic seas finds the ocean of magnetic force everywhere present. Since the mist first went up from the ground to water the garden of Eden every drop of water has been full of the power of steam. We can rake up enough electricity anywhere on land or sea to light a city or make it thrill with power. The comet gone from its controlling sun a thousand years, so far away that a human eye could not distinguish that sun from any other star, gone into cold 400 degrees below zero, finds gravitation everywhere in its far flight, gravitation that swings it round its cold and dark aphelion and brings it back to perihellon again.

The Wondrous Power of the Gospel.

So is the power of the Gospel omnipresent. There never went up a cry for help from Greenland's icy mountains or from India's coral strand but it went up to a present power to save. I have been where I have needed over thirty languages to do my work, and I find that the power of the Gospel brings into the glories of heaven on earth men out of every nation and kindred and tribe and tongue under the whole heaven. There have been national and racial religions that would not bear transplanting from their native soil. At length one comes out of the infinite everywhere present and efficient heaven with power not dependent on the earth. Christ commanded us to preach this Gospel to the whole creation.

The second general characteristic is that all the forces of nature are ready to serve men. Away back in the beginnings of time, the measureless might of all these forces has been waiting to serve man. Niagara has thundered through the ages. Gravitation has kept its ceaseless tension. Lightning has burst out with dazzling flashes and thunder trying to tell men of its waiting power. There is no other sufficient end of their being. Their power, their swiftness, their omnipresence have no other reason for existence but to serve man. So has every supernal energy of the Gospel been ready to save. Salvation was provided before sin. The Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world.

Third. All these forces are always ready to serve any man. There is no caste in nature's forces. They seem so anxious to serve that they will seize occasion to serve anybody. The power that holds the world together and swings the limitless suns to the music of the spheres, will carry a savage on his log down the river as readily as it will turn the wheels of great mills, creating wealth for the already rich. Electricity lights the miner at his hard labor in the dark caves of the earth as readily as it flashes on coronets and pleasures in the palaces of kings. So the Gospel comforts the slave, strengthens the martyr, cheers the dying, as readily as it ennobles the great and crowns the learned. The poor slave who murmurs from his bed of rags, "I'm going home to my Fadder," has the same support as He who cries from the cross, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Fourth. The forces of nature are limitless in their own realms. Not only are there forces of many kinds, but there is plenty of each. If we were to substitute steel wires for the force that binds the world to the sun, we should have to put them all over the side next the sun, on the sea and land from side to side and pole to pole so thickly that a mouse could not run round among them. No sun millions upon millions of times greater than our world is too great for gravitation to handle. Heap half a continent upon imprisoned steam. Alps and Andes rise for thousands of miles, but the power of steam is not overtasked, so the power of the Gospel. One man exceeding mad against the church, haling men and women to prison; when they were tried for their lives giving his voice against them, persecuting the church, and persecuting the ascended Head of the church, finds mercy. No man's sin is too great for God's salvation. It snatches a brand from the burning and quenches the flames in living blood. It saves a thief on the cross within a minute of his death. It saves to the uttermost.

The Transmission of Power.

Fifth. I notice but one more general characteristic of powers. They are all transferable or communicable from place to place, from mind to mind, from heart to heart. I once approached a high bluff in Montana. There stood a great factory, but no sign of power. No tall smokestack with its black plume signifying steam; no wheels uplifted to the journeying wind. But on approaching the bank I gazed far down on the great falls where more power runs to waste than at Niagara. Down there gravitation was at work and up on the bluff was the transmitted power. Niagara works in Albany, 365 miles away, as readily as at the Falls themselves. I speak here and the mobile air transmits my thought to you yonder. Emotions are as transmissible as mechanical powers or thoughts. One brave officer imparts his dauntless courage to all his men, till they rush into the imminent deadly breach reckless of life.

Some years ago there was a fire in canal street, New York. Suddenly a young girl appeared at the third-story window and shrieked for help. The long ladder was quickly heaved aloft and up ran a courageous heart for rescue. But when he reached the second story, a great belch of fire and smoke burst out of the window and poured through the ladder. The brave fireman cowered under that canopy of death and seemed about to come down. But the captain cried out to the crowd, "Lift him, boys, lift him!" and a great cheer broke out of thousands of hearts that lifted the man above his fears and through the belching fire. The stream of water was turned on the window and the man soon brought the girl safely down.

Love, the Greatest Power of All.

No David ever met Jonathan in the wilderness without having his hands strengthened in God. So this power for mind and heart, greatest of all powers, is communicable.

It is God's nature to manifest itself. In the beginning God said, "Let there be light," let there be land and seas and grass and animal life and man. Having gone so far there was no reason to stop. Let Him perfect and glorify the creation He has made. Hence love bursts forth, the most transmissible of powers. Love flows forth by every faculty. Your speech is confined to the tongue, recognition of color and form to the eye. Every department has its own faculty. But love utilizes them all. It glows in the eye, flows from the lip, makes the touch electric. And when distance intervenes between physical senses, absence makes the heart grow fonder, and it finds means of communication. Paul is in the dungeon in Rome, but by prayer to the throne of God he sends his love and courage to the Ephesian church. If man's love is so communicable, much more God's. It not only makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth the rain on the just and unjust, and makes every blessing of life an expression and medium of His love, but He sends its precious joy and mighty power directly from His heart to man's heart.

This is a most prominent doctrine of the Scriptures and a most precious conclusion of experience. "If any man love Me he will keep My words and My Father will love him and We will come unto him and make Our abode with him." He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father and I will love him and will manifest Myself to him."

And Paul voices the experience of the Christian world and says, "When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me." He who can give eyesight to the blind, strength leaping in gladness to the poor cripple at the Beautiful Gate, and life to the dead Lazarus, can give love more strong, more full of life to the heart. The mighty emotions received at Pentecost were not self-evolved but poured out by the Holy Ghost. Thus we find that the Gospel is a verbal expression of a power for mind and heart, as really as gravitation is for matter. It bears all the tests of other powers and carries all their characteristics.

Power and Its Work.

What has this power done? Think of its beginning. What forces it had to oppose? It set self against the universal idolatry of the world. This was intrenched in politics, in social customs, in the interests of art, in the life of business men, whose craft was in danger, and in the superstitions of humanity. Christianity was driven out of the common speech of men. To speak the name of Christ with reverence was to raise the cry "to the lions." So they were obliged to invent a new language unknown to their foes. They took the initials of the Greek words, Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior, and found that they spelled the Greek word for fish. Then a man could ask a fellow if he caught any fish to-day, not meaning luring of the finny tribes from the Tiber's depths, but had he been a fisher of men. He could ask a fellow if he had partaken of fish today, meaning had he fed upon the living bread that came from heaven. Thus he avoided betraying the cause.

But in spite of all opposition, social, civil, military, superstitional, all combined in deadly hate and murderous execution, the new religion spread. How could it spread in the face of such opposition? Because it was the power of God and was only opposed by the combined powers of men.

Recall a few practical applications. "He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength." "Wait on the Lord and renew your strength." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will rest you" (the Greek). We as well as Israel may sing the Song of Ascents: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains. From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord who made such heavens and earth." We as well as Paul may say, "Having obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day." We may ask the Holy Spirit to lead us into all sorts of truth. We may realize that the Lord bindeth up the broken-hearted. He forgiveth iniquity, transgression and sins and wants us to know it as clearly as when he said to the sick of the palsy or the sinful woman at His feet, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." We as well as Paul may say, "The love of God hath been poured out throughout our hearts by the Holy Spirit, which was given unto us." There is power for mind and heart as really as there is power for realms of matter—everywhere present, sufficient, accessible, transmissible.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

There is no former and fashioner of character like to the Lord Jesus. There is no mold of beauty and excellence into which the spirit of a man can flow comparable to the mind which was in Christ Jesus. There is no school for the education of man in patience, in truth, in boldness, and in all virtues like unto his disciple band. There is no predominating influence which will make men true and wise and spiritual and faithful like the influence of fellowship with Christ. There is no formative period in which men may be enriched with nobleness and grace of character like hours spent in his presence; those bear the bloom and in time the fruit of Christ-likeness, of whom it can be said, "They are wont to be with Jesus;" "Strength and beauty are in his santuary."

Fellowship with Christ is the power that makes men Christ-like. Yet this is not a grace to give to some but denied to others, as a sculptor is limited by the shape and veining of the block on which he is working. The two men, St. Peter and St. John, with so much that was different and even opposite in their natures, are yet found bearing the unmistakable lineaments of the Master. In spite of their opposing tendencies, fellowship with Christ has bestowed on each a likeness to Christ. As in the mint, each coin, whether of gold or silver, bears the king's "image and superscription," so may each soul bear the image and superscription of the eternal King. As the artist leaves the impress of his personality upon all his handiwork, whether it be wrought in plaster, clay, or hard, unyielding marble, so upon each nature does the divine Artificer, the great molder and former of character, leave his mark and signature, the likeness of himself.—Sunday at Home.

The Bible Its Own Argument

By J. UR. PHILLIPS.

(Sunday School Times.)

An old English writer has spoken of the self-evidencing power of the Bible. I have been reminded of this many times since I came to India. I have watched the effect of Bible lessons upon thoughtful and scholarly men. Several years ago I had a Hindu pundit who illustrates this. He was a fine Sanscrit scholar, and a thorough disciplinarian; hence he was much esteemed by his pupils. We used to open school with responsive readings from the Psalms and the Book of Proverbs, I reading a verse, and the pundits and pupils together reading the next, and so on. It was truly affecting to see how these words of inspiration spoke to this man's heart. I have seen him powerfully moved at times by passages we were reading. He would stop in the middle of a verse, his quick eye taking it all in, tears would fill his eyes, he would heave a deep sigh, then make a peculiar sound with his lips, such as natives of India make when strongly impressed or astonished. As he stood near me when we read the Scripture lessons, I often noticed this effect that God's Word was producing upon this man's heart. Several times after the lesson was done and prayer offered up, he spoke to some of us about certain passages, saying so heartily: "Very wonderful, very wonderful words, these." He is still a Brahmin outwardly, but I believe the living Word is doing its work in his heart.

Only yesterday there came another illustration of how the Word speaks to the heart. A Mohammedan friend, a fine Persian scholar, chanced to call while I was teaching one of my Old Testament classes. He listened with profound attention, was pleased to find the young men so interested in their work, spoke a cheering word or two about the triumphs of Christianity in India; but what interested me most was the quiet and sure way in which the truth of God's holy Word was appealing to the man's heart. The lesson, the references, the proof-texts, the illustrations—all were speaking to him. Suddenly, starting from his revery, he asked: "Do you know that Bible by heart?"

"No; but I like to carry all I can of it in my heart."

As never before, the blessed Bible is speaking to the heart of India. As English education increases, the demand for the English Scriptures increases. The British and Foreign Bible society is doing much for India, and its work grows apace. The whole Bible can be bought now for four annas, or ten cents, and the New Testament far an anna. This Christian literature—the Bible and books about the Bible—is a mighty lever lifting society out of the darkness of centuries into the light of truth. Every well-wisher of the race will pray for the conquests of the Bible in India. This wonderful book, in scores of languages, is now speaking to the hearts of these wakening millions.

VERACITY OF THE BIBLE.

One thing cannot fail to impress every visitor to Bethlehem, and, indeed, to the Holy Land generally, who is imbued with true Christian faith and a proper sense of the sanctity of the location and of the events that have transpired there, and that is the more than remarkable correspondence between the things and places shown us today as having been associated with the life and work of the Saviour and other events that enter into the structure of our religious faith and the descriptions and accounts of them, as furnished us in the pages of the Holy Scriptures. They agree with them in every respect and it is impossible, after carefully considering and comparing them, to doubt their identity, so exactly are they in accord with the Bible narrative.

The work in the fields, the arrangement of the buildings, the very articles of diet and clothing of ancient days are plainly recognizable in the doings and surroundings of today. Indeed where modern methods have not become obtrusive the manners and customs of the people remain much the same as in the days of the presence on earth of the Saviour. Between the descriptions given in the Bible of localities, climatic and geographical conditions, distances, etc., of these times and those of today there is hardly any discrepancy. Even a skeptic, considering this remarkable accord of circumstances with the Biblical narrative, cannot but be convinced of its veracity; to the believer it comes as a wonderful conviction, a satisfactory corroboration or encouragement to see things as those who described them so graphically saw them so long ago.—Columbian Magazine.

THE SPIRITUAL MAN.

Sometimes we hear good men complaining that goodness is so powerless; the effort to do right and to keep a pure soul and to live by highest standards is dishonored and despised, we hear. All such complaints are utterly unworthy of the good man. There is nothing more refreshing and magnificent in the whole world than the satisfied good man, the man who lives to do right, who is entirely above such weak complaints and never dreams of making them. In the first place, he is too busy, too perpetually occupied with the enthusiastic struggle of his life, to think whether he is powerful or not. He is a being in himself; and if he can so bear this life of his that God shall see it and approve it, and be able to fill it with himself, he must be satisfied. But, then, if he does lift up his eyes and look about, he cannot count himself powerless. Rather, he is overwhelmed and oppressed by the power that he carries. For is he not the judge of all things? O my dear friends, it must be that a truly spiritual man has nothing to complain of in the world. It is not that he must struggle on in misery and contempt until he gets to heaven, and only there be happy and content; but now, here, all that is best in life is his. Let him not degrade the high dignity of his lot by talking of its sacrifices or disgraces. He that is spiritual is already the king of the world.—Phillips Brooks.

Looking Towards Christmas:

Review for the Quarter.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, Dec. 25, 1910. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Golden Text—Luke 2:11: For unto us is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

(From the Christian Herald.)

Jesus lived in heaven before the world was made. "All things were made through Him, and without Him was not anything made that hath been made" (John 1: 3). He was the joy of heaven. "I was daily His delight" (Prov. 8: 30). The angels of heaven worshiped Him (Heb. 1: 6).

Of the four Gospel writers John is the only one who begins the story of Jesus with His life in heaven (read John 1: 1-5). And then, to learn what came next in the life of Jesus, we must turn back to the book of Genesis and read how he came to earth for a little while and talked with Adam (Gen. 3: 8). And when He came again and talked to Enoch (Gen. 5: 24); and to Abraham (Gen. 18: 1); and to Jacob (Gen. 32: 30); and to Moses (Ex. 3: 2); and to Joshua (Josh. 1: 5-10; 5: 3-15); and to Gideon (Judges 6: 11); and to others to make them brave for the right. These wondrous brief visits of Jesus to this world before He came as the Babe of Bethlehem are sometimes called "theopanies," and some Bible students claim that there are about thirty. It is profitable for us to study and think about them, because we may get a truer view of the great sacrifice Jesus made for us, when He condescended to come again as a helpless babe, and to grow as children grow, and to be obedient to His mother and to live as a man, and then to die as a malefactor. Though He was the millionaire of stars, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." The infinite condescended to be wrapped in swaddling bands of the infant!

"Where Is the King?"

"Where is He that is born King?" It was the question which the wise men asked when they came from the far east to Jerusalem, seeking Him, for they said, "We are come to worship Him." And they did bow down before Him, and they paid tribute to Him of gold and precious perfumes. But those who do not think of Christ as reigning in heaven before His earthly life began at Bethlehem, will hardly think of Him as having been born a King. If children are not instructed in this matter, Jesus' birth at Bethlehem will be like the birth of any child, just "the dear little baby Jesus," and it will be very difficult afterward to get the idea of His Kingship into their minds. At one of the best Chautauquas, children were questioned on this point, and not one of them was aware that Jesus had ever lived anywhere before He came to Bethlehem! What wonder that there is skepticism in later years in regard to Christ as the living Lord of the world?

The brief visits of Christ to men in Old Testament times, the theophanies, prepared the Jews, as the study of them prepares them and others today, to welcome the Incarnation, His longer visit to the world. A converted Christian Jew of high standing delivered a lecture on Christ in a college in London. He said: "Perhaps none of you know from experience what it is to live without the knowledge of the Incarnation—what it is to endeavor to realize the incomprehensible, infinite God, without the light and comfort of the Mediator, and how joyous and self-evidencing is the peaceful brightness when Jesus is revealed as the Son of God declaring the Father. I was brought up in my childhood in the synagogue, and was taught that there was one God, infinite, incomprehensible, holy, the Spirit high above us and omnipresent. Much stress was laid on the unity of God. But this vague, bare and abstract monotheism leaves the mind in utter darkness, while the heart is chilly and desolate. There was another current which then influenced me: it was the national history as recorded in the books of Moses, the Psalms and the Prophets, and commemorated in the festivals. There I was met by no abstract idea of unity, but by a loving God, who appeared unto Abraham, and spoke to him; Who led Israel through the wilderness and dwelt among them. And often when I thought of the friendly, kind, concrete and human way in which the Lord God then appeared to His people, and dealt with them, I wondered why He was not with us now, known, loved and followed. One day I was looking at some books in a bookstore, and the title of one arrested my eye: 'God Becoming Man.' The thought went through my mind like a flash of lightning. It filled my soul with a most joyous solemnity. I said to myself, 'This would be most beautiful, if God would come and visit us.' Not many years after I heard about Jesus, and read the Gospels. I felt here the same presence, the same loving, condescending, redeeming and sanctifying God that appeared unto the fathers. I felt that here was Jehovah; only that all darkness had disappeared, and that the grand inconceivable glory here shone upon us in the perfect, peaceful and holy countenance of the man Christ Jesus."

Oh, who can look on the sun
In the glory of his noon?
And who can look on the God of lights
In the ineffable fathomless heights
Of the Absolute One?

But the sun comes down to the earth,
And meets it in the west;
And God in a human birth
Touches the human breast.
The light that we could not look upon
In the dazzle of its gold
We may see in the sunset crimson,
Cast in an earthly mould.
And the Glory of God, the eternal One,
We behold in the face of His human Son.

—Charlotte Burgis DeForest.

Jesus in Prophecy.

After we have read about some, if not all, of the visits of Jesus to this world before He was born in Bethlehem, it would be well for us to read what the prophets were given to tell mankind concerning His coming to earth as the Redeemer of man. They told that His mother should be a virgin (Isa. 7: 14); that His name should be given from heaven (Isa. 62: 2); that He should be born in Bethlehem (Mica 5: 2); at a certain time (Dan. 9: 25); with a star over His cradle (Num. 24: 17) which wise men and kings would follow from far-off lands, to bring Him presents and worship Him (Ps. 72: 11-15). All of these things and many more the prophets told concerning His ministry, His death and resurrection.

Jesus in the Gospels.

It now remains for us to read the story of His birth, and compare it with the prophecies. We will open the Bible at Luke's Gospel, or, if we are fond of genealogy, we can read the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel. If we read in Luke, begin with the twenty-sixth verse of the first chapter, and read about the message which the angel Gabriel brought from heaven to the virgin Mary. In verse 31 read about the name given in heaven, and then the beautiful song which Mary sang, which is now called the "Magnificat," because she rejoiced that she was to become the mother of the Son of God. Then read on in the second chapter of Luke read the child Jesus was born in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes, in the little town of Bethlehem, as the prophet had foretold. Then read on in the second chapter of Luke how when the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night the light shined out of heaven, and the sweet songs of angels sounded forth, announcing the birth of Jesus, and angels themselves came down to assure the frightened shepherds, and to tell them where they should find the young child and His mother. And then we will read on in the same chapter how they sought and found them. And they were the first men—the shepherds of Bethlehem—to gaze upon the face and form of the divine Child. How wonderful it all seemed to them, and how glad they were to tell about it to all they met as they returning to the flocks!

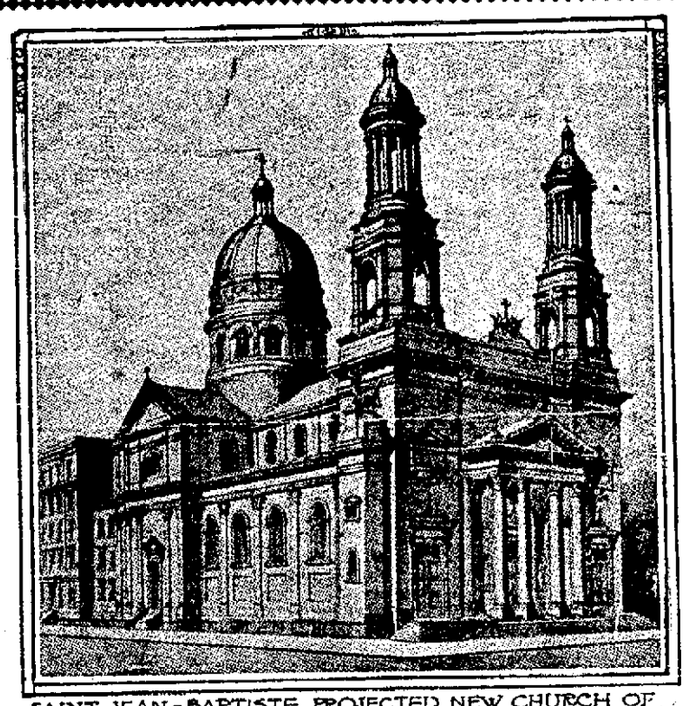
And still let us read on in the second chapter of Luke, clear through what happened on His "name-day," when He made His first journey to Jerusalem, eight days after His birth. It was not a long journey, only seven miles. Then He entered the temple for the first time, undoubtedly carried in the loving arms of His mother Mary. And let us read about the two old people, Simeon and Anna, who were in the emple to praise God for the coming of the Christ-child, and to look with wonder upon His lovely, little face.

The Quest of the Star.

Now we will turn back to Matthew's Gospel, to the second chapter, and read about the wise men from the far-away east, who came to Jerusalem inquiring, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" They rode upon camels and were laden with rich gifts to lay at the feet of the new-born King. Let us read how strangely ignorant were the people and King Herod about the great event. And how remarkable it was that the priests and Scribes turned to examine the very prophets we have been reading to find out about the new-born King, so that they could answer the question of the wise men. Let us read how the wise men then turned their camels toward Jerusalem, and how a wonderful guide from heaven went before them to show them the way, even the star, the Jesus star, whose shining had brought them from their far-away home in Persia. We will surely not close our Bibles until we have read the whole story of the visit of the wise men to the new-born King, and then their return to their own land, not by the way of Jerusalem as they had come, for a good reason given them by God Himself. And now the Christmas story is done; but let us read on a little farther in Matthew's Gospel about how the little Christ-child was saved from the ruthless King Herod, who had murder in his heart, and sent soldiers to kill all of the little children in Bethlehem two years old and under, expecting thus to catch the child Jesus in his bloody net. Let us read about the message which God sent to the foster father Joseph, which saved the divine child from such disaster. But, alas! many little ones did perish, although the divine One escaped. Sweet and holy is the little chapel dedicated to those little ones, which we visited in Bethlehem in 1904.

Do you notice that we have not been reading at all in Mark's Gospel? For the reason that he does not give the Christmas story, but begins with the baptism of Jesus by John. Do you notice also that we have not been reading in John's Gospel since we read about the life of Jesus before the world was made? Neither does John tell the Christmas story, but quickly leads into witnessing of John to Jesus as the Light of the world.

NEWEST OF NEW YORK'S MAGNIFICENT CHURCHES NOW BUILDING.



SAINT JEAN-BAPTISTE, PROJECTED NEW CHURCH OF THE FATHERS OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

New York, Dec. 17.—Building operations have been commenced on the new church of St. Jean Baptiste, the church of the Fathers of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which is to be on the southeast corner of Seventy-sixth street and Lexington avenue, facing on the avenue and running half way down the block to Third avenue.

The new building when it is completed will be one of the finest church edifices in the city, and Father A. Letellier, the pastor, and his fellow priests say it will be second to none.

The present church stands on the opposite side of Seventy-sixth street and is an unpretentious brick structure. It is at this church that the relic of St. Anne, by which it is asserted so many miraculous cures have been effected, is exposed.

Thousands of infirm and disabled persons visit the church every year to benefit by the miraculous powers of the relic, and there is in the church a large collection of crutches left by those whose injured limbs have been cured by it.

"A BEAUTIFUL FATHER."

"Tell your mother you have been very good boys today," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father; you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this summer, so he's doin' laborin'. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jackknife."

Before long the teacher did see the home of that father. The room was a poor one, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace, and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were so poor, nor were they so, with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lightened up the life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a minister. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to the burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming. He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—California Voice.

"IF A CHILD SHOULD COME."

Francis of Assisi was once very much occupied with some important work, and gave orders to his attendants that he must not be disturbed. If anyone came wanting to see him, he must be sent away. But after giving these strict orders, he seemed suddenly to think of something, and said: "If a child should come—." He could not bear to have a child shut out even when he was busiest.

The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke urges patriotic Americans to name their children after the states and the nation. He commends, in this respect the South Americans, who use Columbia, America and many attractive Latin derivatives of faous names connected with the history of the western world. The president of Ecuador has three daughters, and they are called America; Quita, the feminine of the capital city of Ecuador, and Castilia, after the ancient race from which the Latins are proud to derive their origin. Years ago Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana and other euphonious names were popular for girls. Now such a name seldom is heard. A decline of patriotism and state pride, thinks Dr. van Dyke.

THE BOY SCOUTS

By E. T. JACKSON, Scoutmaster.

FINDING THE WAY.

Among the Red Indian Scouts, the man who was good at finding his way in a strange country was termed a "Pathfinder," which was with them a name of great honor, because a scout who cannot find his way is of very little use.

Many a "tenderfoot" has got lost in the forest and has never been seen again, through not having learned a little scouting, or what is called "eye for the country," when a boy.

When tramping alone through the forests or even in towns or cities do not become careless in noticing what direction you are moving in, notice all land marks for finding your way; that is, notice any hills or prominent towers, curious trees, rocks, bridges and so on; any points, in fact, by which you could find your way back again, or by which you could instruct anyone to go the same line which you have gone. It is wonderfully easy when you have practiced it a little, yet many people get lost when they have turned a few corners in a town.

The way to find which way the wind is blowing, if there is only very light air, is to throw up little bits of dry grass, or to hold up light dust and let it fall, or to suck your thumb and wet it all around and let the wind blow on it, and the cold side of it will tell you which way the wind is blowing.

"Don't speak to the man at the wheel!" is the sign you will read on our large vessels, and this same sign applies to the scout that is leading a party, you will find him a very silent person and he does not care to engage in conversation as his attention is fixed on the work in hand.

Sixteen principal points of the compass—north, east, south, west, northeast, southeast, southwest, northwest, north northeast, east northeast, east southeast, south southeast, south southwest, west southwest, west northwest, north northwest. If you have not a compass the sun will tell you by day where the north is and the moon and the stars by night.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the sun is due east; at 9 o'clock he is southeast; at noon he is south; at 3 o'clock in the afternoon he is southwest, and at 6 o'clock he is due west. In the winter he will have set long before 6 o'clock, but he will not have reached due west when he is set.

To find the south at any time of the day by the sun—hold your watch flat, face upwards, so that the sun shines on it. Turn it around until the hour hand points at the sun. Then, without moving the watch, lay the edge of a piece of paper or a pencial across the face of the watch so that it rests on the center of the dial and points out halfway between the figure XII and the hour hand. The line given by that pencil will be the true south and north line.

The stars.—The stars appear to circle over us during the night, which is really due to our earth turning around under them.

There are various groups which have got names given to them because they seem to make some kind of pictures or "sky signs" of men or animals.

The "plough" is an easy one to find, being shaped something like a plough, and is the most useful one for the scout to know, because in the northern part of the world it shows him exactly where the north is. The plough is called the "Great Bear" and the four stars in the curve make its tail. It is the only bear I know of that wears a long tail.

The two stars in the plough called the "pointers," point out where the north or pole star is. All stars and constellations move round, as I have said, during the night, but the pole star remains fixed in the north.

Lifesaving and First Aid to the Injured—First Lesson.

In endeavoring to rescue a person from a burning building, keep your nose and mouth well covered with a wet handkerchief, and get your head as close to the floor as possible; harness yourself to him by means of cords or sheets and drag him out of the room or to the window, crawling on all fours. If you find him with his clothes on fire, throw him flat on the floor and roll him in a rug or blanket, using care in doing so that you do not catch fire yourself. The reason for doing this is that fire cannot burn where it has no air. Act quickly, to avoid being overcome yourself and after getting the person to the open air, loosen all his clothing about his neck and chest, dash cold water in his face and apply burnt feathers under his nose if they are to be had. If you find he is no longer breathing treat him the same as you would a drowned person and try and work back the breath in his body.

Burns—In treating a man who has been burnt, remove his clothes, not by peeling them off, but by cutting them with a sharp knife or scissors. If any part of the dress sticks to the skin from having been burnt there, do not tear it away, but cut the cloth around it, then as quickly as possible protect the burnt parts from the air, which causes intense pain. The best way to protect them is by dusting them with powdered chalk or flour, or by laying strips of lint well soaked in sweet oil or linseed oil. Keep the patient warm and give him warm drinks, such as hot tea, hot milk or spirits and water.

If you have none of the aforesaid remedies at hand to stop the pain of a burn, put a piece of paper firmly over the wound and the pain will cease in a few minutes.

How to Carry a Patient.

To carry single handed an unconscious person—Turn patient on his face. Raise him into a kneeling posture. Kneel and place yourself across and under him, so that his stomach rests on your right shoulder. Pass your right arm between his legs and behind his right thigh. With your left arm draw his right hand forward under your left and grasp the wrist with your right hand, then raise yourself to an erect position.

All scouts should practice this in pairs.

Broken Limbs—How to Tell When a Limb is Broken.

There is generally a swelling and pain about the place where the bone is broken, and sometimes the limb is bent in an unnatural way and the patient cannot use it. The broken limb should not be moved about at all, but should be kept straightened and bound to something stiff that will keep it stiff and straight while the patient is being moved to the hospital or his home.

Splints—The stiff thing that you tie to the patient's limb is called a splint. This may be anything such as a wooden batten, scout's staff, tightly rolled newspaper, etc.

Splints should be long enough to go beyond the joints above and below the break. You should put a splint on each side of the limb, if possible.

Then bind the splints firmly from end to end with handkerchiefs or strips of cloth, but not so tightly as to stop the blood circulating or to press into the swelling.

If the person has broken an arm and is faint and unable to walk, carry him in the manner above stated; if he has broken a leg and cannot walk and there is more than one of you with him, make a litter out of your coats and staves and carry him in that manner to camp. These lessons and suggestions to scouts will be published weekly and every scout in this city and the boys who are contemplating joining this great movement, should clip from the paper these articles and start a scrap book for future reference.

Weather Wisdom.

Weather—Every scout ought to be able to read signs of the weather, especially when going scouting.

He should remember the following points:

Red at night, shepherds' delight. (i. e., fine day coming.)

Red in the morning is shepherds' warning. (i. e., rain.)

Yellow sunset means wind.

Pale yellow sunset means rain.

Dew and fog in early morning means fine weather.

Clear distant view means rain coming or just past.

Red dawn means fine weather—so does low dawn.

High dawn is when the sun rises over a bank of clouds; high above the horizon means wind.

Soft clouds, fine weather.

Hard edged clouds, wind.

Rolled or jagged, strong wind.

"When the wind's before the rain,
Soon you may sail again;
When the rain's before the wind,
Then your sheets and halyards mind."

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOLIDAY SHOPPERS

Buyers of gifts for the poor—Gifts for the young—Gifts for lovers — Gifts for friends — Men's Gifts for women—Women's Gifts for men—will all find this store of great service during the last hurry days. We want to help everybody to display the generous Christmas spirit.

LOOK THIS LIST OVER; IT MAY SUGGEST A HAPPY THOUGHT

GIFTS FOR MOTHER

A Silk Dress Pattern.
A Wool Dress Pattern.
A Suit, Cloak or Furs.
A pair of Blankets.
Some Nice TableLinens.
A Sealskin Jacket.
A set of Dishes.
Some Fancy China.
Some Cut Glass.
A Pocketbook.
Some Bric-a-Brac.
A Dressing Sacque.
A Silk or Wool Waist.
A Shopping Bag.
Some Hosiery or Underwear.
Handkerchiefs or Gloves.
Stationery.
Rugs and Curtains

FOR GRANDFATHER

A pair of Warm Gloves.
A Flannel Night Robe.
Suit of Underwear.
Shirts or Collars.
A Smoking Set
Muffler.
Handkerchiefs.
Hosiery.
Umbrella.
A Good Book.
A New Necktie.

FATHER WOULD LIKE

A Smoking Jacket.
A Bath Robe.
Neckwear.
A Pair of Gloves.
Dress Shirts.
Night Shirts.
Initial Handkerchiefs
A Silk Umbrella.
A Pair of Suspenders
Some Underwear.
A Pocket or Bill Book
Hosiery or Collars.
A traveling Bag.
A Suit Case.
Military Brushes.
A Cigar Case.

FOR GRANDMOTHER

A Pretty Apron.
A New Dress.
A Dressing Sacque.
A Warm Wrapper.
A New Cloak.
Sewing Basket.
A Silk or Cloth Waist
Warm Gloves or Mittens.
Handkerchiefs.
A Shoulder Shawl.
A Bible.

GIFTS FOR A YOUNG MAN

Suspenders.
Colored or Dress Shirts.
Kid Gloves.
Handkerchiefs.
Neckties. Tie Pins.
Bath Robes.
Night Shirts.
Shaving Set.
Military Hair Brushes.
Cloth or Hat Brush.
Collar and Cuff Box.
Glove and Tie Box.
Shaving Mirror.
A Cigar Case.
A Letter Book.
A Purse or Pocketbook.
A Drinking Flask.
A Suit-Case.
A Traveling Bag.
Watch Fob.
Hosiery.

GIFTS FOR YOUNG LADIES

A Box of Stationery.
A Lace Handkerchief.
Initial Handkerchiefs.
Embroidered Handkerchiefs.
Toilet Articles and Perfumery.
A Comb and Brush Set.
Wrist or Chatelaine Bag.
Kid Gloves and Mittens
Some Fanck Neckwear.
Fancy Articles for Dressing Table.
A China or Silver Powder Box.
Writing Desk Fittings.
A Jacket or Some Furs.
A Card Case.
100 Visiting Cards.
Silk Garters.
Jewelry, of course.
A Sofa Pillow.
Fancy Hosiery.
A Lace Collar.
Manicure Articles.
A Triplicate Mirror.
A Handsome Fan.
A Pretty Picture.
A Pin Cushion.
A Pretty Apron.
A Fancy Clock.
Silk Umbrellas.
A Silk Petticoat.
A Lace Collar.

THE RURODE DRY GOODS CO.

Store Will Be Open Evenings Until Christmas

EXHIBIT OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Effort Made at Public Library to Aid People in Making Selections.

Many of the parents and older people are taking advantage of the exhibit of children's books at the public library. The main object of the exhibit is to offer suggestions to older people in buying Christmas books. Aside from this, it is a splendid opportunity for those interested in children's reading to see some of the new books as well as many of the old ones in new editions.

There are books of all prices and of all sizes, for all ages of children. From picture books, among which are Crane's and Caldecott's books. One of Kate Greenaway and a new book of this year, "Chicken World," charmingly illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.

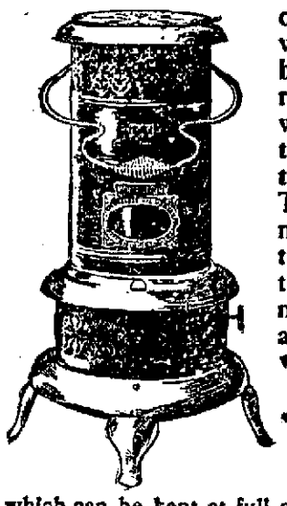
There are books for little children and Fairy Tales. "Arabian Nights," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, is one of the new books of last year and the illustrations are gorgeous in color. There are several books beautifully illustrated by Arthur Rackham: "Alice in Wonderland," "Peter Pan," "Grimm's Fairytales."

Among the books for boys are two new aeroplane books which the boys are examining with much interest. This is a subject over which the boys who visit the library are very enthusiastic. There being two models of aeroplanes on exhibition now in the children's room. In January the children's department is planning to have an aeroplane week and all boys who have models are asked to exhibit them at that time.

The children's room is very attractively decorated for the holiday season and those who are interested in children and children's reading will feel well repaid to visit the library during the coming week.

Lists of these books are given away at the library and will be of assistance to older people not only now but during the year in the selection of books.

That Cold Room



on the side of the house where winter blasts strike hardest always has a lower temperature than the rest of the house. There are times when it is necessary to raise the temperature quickly or to keep the temperature up for a long period. That can't be done by the regular method of heating without great trouble and overheating the rest of the house. The only reliable method of heating such a room alone by other means is to use a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time.

Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours, without smoke or smell.

An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not screw on; but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached by a chain and cannot get lost.

An **automatic-locking flame spreader** prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unscrewed in an instant for rewicking. Finished in japan or nickel, strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

We Make Frames
We Frame Pictures

Come to our store for your Christmas Pictures and Framing.

KEIL & KEIL

826 CALHOUN ST.

40 Years in Business in Fort Wayne

Geo. Jacobs Music House

Ideal Store for Christmas Shopping

EVERYBODY now has uppermost in mind the question of Christmas gifts, and all are anxious to simplify this question as much as possible. No Christmas gift is as much appreciated as a musical instrument. The Jacobs Music house is Headquarters for all musical instruments. Here you find the largest and finest selection of Pianos, Player-Pianos in the city, also Victrolas from $75 to $200, latest red seal and popular records. Music Boxes, Violins, Violin Cases, Mandolins, Guitars, Harmonicas Music Rolls, Music Stands, Violin Bows and everything found in a first class Music Store.

Geo. Jacobs Leading Music House

1021 & 1023 Calhoun Street

My Lungs "I have coughed and coughed until my lungs are sore and weak." Go at once to your doctor. Do not delay another hour. Ask him all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Christmas They Make the One Ideal Present for a Gentleman.

Coony's Little Havana.. 5c
Lady Wayne.....10c
La Rienta.....10c

Put up in all size boxes.

Coony Bayer Cigar Co.

Wouldn't This be a Lovely Gift?

We certainly think so and so will you if you will only call and let us show you. We would also like to tell you why the Domestic machine lasts so long, which makes it the cheapest machine on the market. Don't fail to call and examine this machine before making your selection.

H. C. Hitzeman Sewing Machine Co.
Phone 2480. No. 8 ARCADE.

XMAS BARGAINS

Toys!

Largest, greatest, best assortment of Toys in Northern Indiana at prices that defy comparison. 25 years in the toy business has given us an experience with which to benefit our customers, enabling them to secure the best goods at lowest prices.

Toys!

At this time of year our store is stocked exclusively with toys, and we are certainly here with the goods. Call and see our magnificent stock and note our prices and you will realize the truth of our remarks. We are in truth Santa Claus' headquarters.

LIVE AND LET LIVE! We do not sell meat, groceries, millinery, dry goods, furniture or shoe horses, but we are **The Only Toy House.**

THE BIG NOISE WITH THE TOYS.

Leslie W. Hills, Open Evenings. "Temple of Economy" 109 E. MAIN ST.

THINGS IN BRASS

For the Home

Andirons, Wood Boxes, Candlesticks, Sconces, Ferneries, Table Sets and many smaller articles

LEHMAN BOOK & NEWS CO.

OLD NATIONAL BANK
1835 FORT WAYNE, IND. 1910

A CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT

with this bank, provides an excellent plan of laying aside that portion of your earnings which you do not need for immediate use. These Certificates of Deposit are issued for periods of three months or over and bear a liberal rate of interest.

THE OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN INDIANA

RESOURCES OVER $3,500,000.00

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

DEVOTION TO WIFE BROUGHT HIS DEATH

At Her Bedside During Illness from Typhoid Fever, He Fell a Victim to It.

Huntington, Ind., Dec. 17.—Suffering from typhoid fever contracted after several weeks of devoted care of his wife, who is now recovering from the ravages of the disease, Daniel Webster John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver John, died yesterday at his home in Jackson township. Attending physicians fear that the shock of his death will result seriously for Mrs. John, who is yet in a weakened condition following her long illness with the disease.

Mrs. John contracted the disease seven weeks ago and her husband cared for her day and night. The strain so weakened his vitality that ten days ago he, too, became ill and from the first his case was serious. His decline to death was rapid.

Mr. John was 35 years of age and was one of the well known young farmers of the county. Surviving besides the wife and parents is one daughter, Miss Marie John, aged eight.

Due to the continued illness of Mrs. John it will be impossible to conduct funeral services at a church and Rev. O. B. Wells will be in charge at the residence Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Interment will be at the Pleasant Chapel cemetery.

WELDON BOY MAY RECOVER.

Lad Who Was Accidentally Shot by His Brother.

Auburn, Ind., Dec. 17.—Harry, ten-year-old son of Oliver Weldon, of this city, who was accidentally shot in the forehead by his older brother last Sunday afternoon and for whose recovery no hopes were at first entertained, is greatly improved at this time and it is not improbable that he will fully recover. The boy is now conscious and is sufficiently strong to answer yes and no to questions propounded to him. It is a remarkable case in that a portion of the brains of the boy had oozed out of the wound made by the bullet, and that the bullet still lies in his brain.

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

Minister Laid Alone in the Cold for Two Hours.

Bluffton, Ind., Dec. 17.—Rev. Jonathan J. Markley, one of the well known ministers of the county, who is now past seventy years of age, was stricken with paralysis yesterday while at work about his barn and his condition is serious. He laid out in the cold helpless for two hours before being found by his daughter. He was partially conscious and was practically speechless, on account of the paralytic stroke and the numbness resulting from his long exposure in the chilly winter atmosphere.

OIL SPOILS LAKE ICE.

Bixler Lake Abandoned for Cutting of Ice.

Kendallville, Ind., Dec. 17.—As the result of the great amount of oil which flows into Bixler lake from the waterworks station and the power plant of the T. & C. interurban the lake has been abandoned for the cutting of ice. Mr. Barker, one of the heavy dealers, will get his ice from the Long lake. The great amount of oil on the surface of Bixler lake is due to the fact that the water is very low. In the spring this will be remedied by the lake being higher and the oil consequently being carried off.

WRECK CLAIM SETTLED.

Mrs. Clara Sayler Receives $1,500 for Daughter's Death.

Bluffton, Ind., Dec. 17.—A basis of settlement was reached yesterday in the claim of Mrs. Clara Sayler against the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company, growing out of the accidental death to her daughter, Miss Pearl Sayler, in the Kingsland wreck on September 21 by the payment to the mother of the sum of $1,500.

WAS INSTANTLY KILLED.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 17.—While he was loading horses into a freight car to be shipped to a farm in Micheigan he had bought, William Lincoln was instantly killed yesterday. An engine bumped the car in which he was standing, he was thrown out and his neck was broken.

DEDICATION DELAYED.

Auburn, Ind., Dec. 17.—Charles Eckhart, who is erecting a new public library in this city, has again been compelled to defer the date of dedication on account of the failure of the Chicago company to get the furniture here as specified.

It is not thought now that the dedication can take place before Jan. 20.

TRACK ELEVATION

Has dragged along for six months but has not interfered at this time with the beautiful line of holiday goods that F. J. Voirol has purchased for his patrons. 15-3t.

Dec. 7 10 12 15 17 20 23

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Traveling Sets, Mirrors, Brushes and Combs.
RODENBECK'S.
1004 Calhoun St.—Phone 1281.
15-17-19-21

Oh, you Marcella for a Christmas present; buy him a box.

Our Holiday goods are going rapidly. Easy to explain. Our prices make them move.
GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.,
15-17 Corner Barr and Wayne.

ONE TOOK WHISKY; THE OTHER BEER

Both Came from Under the Floor of Blind Tiger and Served to Customers.

Warsaw, Ind., Dec. 17.—Whisky and beer are being dispensed in one room in the business district of Warsaw contrary to law and seemingly without fear of detection or arrest. Two strangers in the city, having been informed that liquor could be procured, decided to visit a certain alleged blind tiger. On entering the place they were invited to sit down and were questioned as to their business. Asked what they would have one called for whisky and the other for beer. The former was taken from under a board in the floor at one side of the room and the latter was extracted from under the floor at the opposite side of the room by removing another board.

THOSE PIES OF BOYHOOD.

How delicious were the pies of boyhood. No pies now ever taste so good. What's changed? The pies? No. Its you. You've lost the strong, healthy stomach, the vigorous liver, the active kidneys, the regular bowels of boyhood. Your digestion is poor and you blame the food. What's needed? A complete toning up by Electric Bitters of all organs of digestion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels—Try them. They'll restore your boyhood appetite and appreciation of food and fairly saturate your body with new health, strength and vigor. 50c at all druggists.

HOW SILLY!

"Hear about Smith having an eye removed?"

"Good gracious, no! How did it happen?"

"Changed his name to Smyth!"

C., H. & D.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton changing their trains starting them from Findlay, arriving at Fort Wayne in the morning and returning in the afternoon, offers the best service east, and the train leaving Fort Wayne at 3 p. m. makes direct connection at Ottawa for Toledo, arriving there at 6:35, union depot. Leaving Toledo at 6:40 a. m., makes direct connection at Ottawa and arrives at Fort Wayne 10 a. m. All C., H. & D. trains arrive and depart from the union depot at Toledo, and the Wabash at Fort Wayne.

J. C. WINAN, T. P. A., Lima, O.
W. B. CALLOWAY, G. P. A., Cincinnati. 12-1-15t.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

"I am celebrating the second anniversary of my wedding tomorrow."

"How jolly. Shall you invite your wife?"

It will be a sad mistake if you don't see our Holiday line before buying.
GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.,
15-17 Corner Barr and Wayne.

Best Xmas Gift is Coony's Little Havana, Lady Wayne and LaRienta Cigars. 13-10t

BIBLE READERS,

You cannot appreciate reading the bible unless you can understand it. Therefore to understand it you must read it topically. The new chain reference bible is the only bible that carries the thought as well as the word.

Dr. Wilbur Chapman says: "I advise all who love God's word to secure this addition." H. P. Dannecker, president of the Ohio synod, says: "Yes, I am glad I have a Thompson." C. Claud Travis says, "I consider it far superior to all other bibles." J. K. Cecil says: "It offers an inducement to careful and thorough research." Arthur J. Folsom says: "I find it indispensable and takes the place of a dozen ordinary reference books." Rev. E. M. Todd says: "I prize it very highly and recommend it to all."

For other recommends and information regarding this wonderful bible drop a postal to No. 626-627 Shoaff building, Chain Reference Bible Co., and one of our representatives will call and explain.

This Christmas Make the Whole Family Happy With the Gift of a

Pianola Piano

The Greatest Provider of Pleasure in the Home

The object of Christmas giving is to bestow pleasure. All over the world, wherever music is appreciated and Christmas is observed, Santa Claus will bring one gift that will be sure of welcome. This will be
THE PIANOLA PIANO.

No matter how barren of music the home has been before, how little its occupants have previously known of music, a new era will begin with the Pianola Piano's advent.

AN ERA OF MUSICAL ENJOYMENT—From the moment of its arrival, the Pianola Piano will give pleasure. In its enormous repertory of over 15,000 different compositions there is a wealth of music to suit every occasion and every taste.

It places a perfect command of the piano at every one's disposal, and in the unique ability it confers for artistic playing, it furnishes one of the most fascinating recreations ever devised.

CAUTION—Genuine Pianola Pianos, containing the Pianola with its exclusive features of musical importance, can be obtained in Fort Wayne only at the Aeolian Company. A Branch establishment is maintained here, thus enabling the public to buy direct of the manufacturer.

VICTOR VICTROLA PARLORS—The Aeolian Company, is the largest exclusive Victor dealer in Fort Wayne. A complete stock of all style Victor Talking Machines and the wonderful Victor Victrola (hornless) are on exhibition. Come and hear singers of world-wide fame who indorse and make records only for the Victor.

STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World.

Aeolian Warerooms, Second Floor, Fox Bros. Co., Calhoun and Washington Sts., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Buy Electrical Gifts for Christmas

Electric Irons, Stoves, Toasters, Warming Pails, Curling Irons, Beautiful Chimes and Table Lamps. Xmas Tree Lights, Toys, etc.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Indiana Electric Co.
Phone 2029. 610 Clinton St.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RANKE
FT. WAYNE, IND.
207 Washington Boulevard West.
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT.
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

Best Christmas Gift is a Savings Account

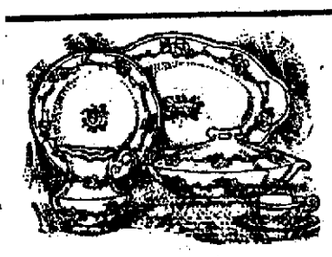
Small Savings Banks furnished for children. Start the New Year right. 4% interest paid upon sums from $1.00 and upward.

Tri-State Loan & Trust Co.

Paid-up Capital, $300,000. Surplus, $107,000.
Assets over $4,300,000.00.

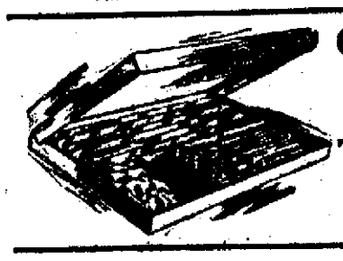
UNIVOCO CIGARS 10¢ STRAIGHT

M. F. Kaag & Sons
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



Now is the time to buy
Fancy Plates Chop Plates
Salads
Celery Trays Cut Glass
Cups and Saucers

A FULL LINE OF
Dinnerware
14 Open-Stock Patterns in Haviland China to Select from.
Porcelain Dinnerware at All Prices



Glassware Jardinieres
Lamps Bric-a-Brac
Toilet Sets Electroliers
1847 Roger Bros'. Silverware

M. F. Kaag & Sons
105 EAST COLUMBIA STREET

ENTERTAINED 20,000 PEOPLE

Knitting Mills Opens Doors to the Public Friday Night.

STREAM OF HUMANITY FOR FOUR HOURS

Textile Club Officiates as Reception Committee—Shop News.

The management of the Wayne Knitting mills estimates the number of their guests last night at upwards of 20,000. The occasion was a reception to allow the residents of Fort Wayne opportunity to inspect the new dormitory, an important adjunct to the plant, and to learn something about the manufacture of hosiery as it is carried on in one of the best equipped knitting mills in the world. The guests commenced to assemble at the mills at 7 o'clock and from that hour until 11 o'clock a constant stream of humanity poured through the buildings, commencing at the silk mills on the west side of 'Knitters' avenue, thence through the dormitory and club house building north of the silk mills and last through the main factory of the building, on the east side of the avenue. At the entrance to each building and on each floor were men and women—members of the Textile club—to direct the guests which course to take and also to hand out souvenirs in the form of a prettily printed little book descriptive of the plant, including the dormitory. There were thirty-five of these guides, most of them being women. An orchestra composed of Will Young, Carl Roembke, Charles Young and Walter Fox, furnished music from a platform in the diningroom, while a bevy of young ladies presided at the counter where punch and wafers were served all who cared to partake of them. For the occasion operators in all of the departments were at work until late at night and thousands of people looked upon the manufacture of hosiery under modern methods for the first time in their lives. And they were greatly interested in it. The crowd was greater than the Thieme brothers expected, but they managed to handle it to the satisfaction of all. The Sentinel published a description of the mills and the new dormitory last week.

MAKE SHIFT MONDAY.

Wabash to Do Business at Calhoun Street Then.

Supt. J. C. Sullivan, of the Wabash, spent the night in the city and will return here again tomorrow night to direct the work of moving from the Broadway to the Calhoun street station. It is proposed to have all of the furniture placed on cars as soon as passenger trains 9 and 2, due here respectively at 5:13 and 5:50 Monday morning, have departed and take it to Calhoun street, where tickets will be sold for eastbound train No. 28, due in Fort Wayne at 8:10. With Agent W. H. Shorey will come the telegraph operators, the yardmaster and his clerks, the baggagemasters, the Pacific express men and the car inspectors and none of that kind of work will be performed at Broadway after the departure of Nos. 2 and 9. No provision has been made for the United States mail transfer agents and it is presumed that they will continue to do business from their present stand north of the railway tracks.

CAUGHT IN BUZZ SAW.

Frank Ross Meets With Distressing Accident.

Frank F. Ross had his right arm severely lacerated between the elbow and the shoulder at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon by getting caught in a buzz saw he was operating. The teeth caught the sleeve of his coat and in an instant pulled his arm down to the saw. Mr. Ross was hastened to Hope hospital, where Dr. G. L. Greenawalt attended him and said that he believed the arm could be saved, though it might be slightly crippled. Mr. Ross is employed as a mill hand by Perrine-Armstrong. He resides at 1314 Eliza street.

BUILDING LOCOMOTIVE CYLINDERS.

The Bass Foundry and Machine company has taken up the work of building locomotive cylinders on an order for ten from the Lima Locomotive works. The Lima works have been engaged in building small locomotives for yard service for a number of years, but will hereafter build larger ones for road service, and the cylinders being made at the Bass works are for engines of this kind. The first pair has been completed and will be sent to Lima at once.

WILL USE ELECTRIC POWER.

When the power plant at the Bass works has been completed, which will be next week, electricity will supplant compressed air in operating the cranes, hoists, etc., which are now operated by compressed air. Included will be the heavy traveling crane in the iron yards south of the blacksmith shop and Machinist Henry Stahlhut is now at work installing the electric motor for this purpose.

LEAVES PENNSY SHOPS.

C. A. Simonis resigned a position at the Pennsylvania shops today and Monday will take a position as night watchman at the factory of Rastetter & Son, on Wall street. Mr. Simonis was unfortunate in his experience in the shops. He commenced work in the boiler department and a few days afterward lost the sight of an eye when a piece of metal he pulled towards him came easier than expected and the corner of it struck the optic.

FIREMAN KOCKS BADLY HURT.

Frank B. Kocks, a fireman on the Nickel Plate, was taken to St. Joseph hospital last night, suffering from internal injuries. He is being attended by Dr. Dinnen, who says the injuries will not prove fatal, though they will disable the young man for some days. Mr. Kocks fell from the tender of his engine while at work and was rendered unconscious for two or three hours.

STOREKEEPERS GONE HOME.

The division storekeepers of the Pennsylvania Northwest system, who were wrestling with problems connected with locomotive and car material for repair purposes for five days, completed their sessions last night and most of them left immediately for their respective homes. There were seven of eight of them here.

E. B. HUGHES COMING HERE.

E. B. Hughes will be the guest of Fort Wayne friends and relatives at Van Wert holiday week. Mr. Hughes is now round house foreman at Oelwein, Iowa, for the Chicago and Northwestern. For a number of years he was employed by the Wabash, with headquarters in Fort Wayne.

LINEMAN HAS HIP INJURED.

M. J. Masterson, a lineman at the Pennsylvania power plant, had his right hip bruised and sprained when he fell yesterday. He is unable to walk today, but the attending surgeon believes he will be around as usual in a week or two.

LOST PART OF FINGER.

E. J. Kelker had the end of the second finger of his right hand clipped off as if by a pair of shears yesterday. He was handling some steel pieces in the Pennsylvania erecting shop and got the digit between two of them.

H. F. Hoy, night engine dispatcher at the Pennsylvania round house, is sick and that work is being performed by Mat Herris.

Electro-Technic Club and Its Public Spirited Work

Lectures Given for Entertainment and Education of Public as Well as for Benefit and Enjoyment of the Club—Some Noted Men on the Program—Brief Sketch of Organization and Some of the Men Back of It.

The Electro Technic club, under whose auspices the lecture on "The Deadly Influence of Clothing," by Prof. Bernarr MacFadden, delivered at the Elks' home last Tuesday evening, was given, has arranged to give a number of other entertainments during the winter and spring months. Professor MacFadden's lecture was the third of the series, those which preceded it being on "Printing Plates and How They Are Made," delivered October 18 by B. J. Griswold, of the Fort Wayne Engraving company, which he illustrated by stereopticon, and a lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," on November 15, by Prof. C. W. Smith, of Purdue university, which was illustrated with models and apparatus, including the famous singing arc lamps. Each of these lectures was highly interesting and very instructive and served to intensify interest in those that are to come.

Some Lecture Events.

The list and dates of future events are as follows:

January 17—J. M. Bradlet, western representative of the Moving Picture World Magazine, of Chicago, on the subject, "Moving Pictures and How They Are Made."

February 14—Prof. L. W. Dorn, of Concordia college, on the subject of "Wyandotte and Other Caves," illustrated by photographs taken by the lecturer.

March 14—H. Scott Button, of the General Electric company, of Schenectady, N. Y., on "Gasoline Engines as Prime Movers for Small Lighting Installations."

April 18—Debate, "Resolved, That direct current is better adapted for isolated power and manufacturing than alternating current." Affirmative, A. A. Serva and A. L. Hadley; negative, T. W. Behan and E. A. Wagner; judges, E. A. Barnes, L. S. Nold and H. E. Crane; referee, "Germany" Schultz. This is a subject on which electricians are greatly divided and the discussion on this occasion will furnish some real excitement among the participants and audience.

May 16—"Steel and How It Is Manufactured at Gary," by W. P. Gleason, general superintendent of the Indiana Steel company at Gary.

Amusement Features.

In addition to the lecture course mentioned in the foregoing lines, the Electro-Technic club has arranged to give some exceedingly good entertainments. Included among these events will be a masquerade roller skating party patterned after the two preceding similar events which were ranked as the most enjoyable of the social events of the season in which they occurred. Another amusement event of great promise will be the annual vaudeville, whose participants will include the best talent in the city and possibly some from other cities. The committee in whose hands this event has been placed has already commenced work upon it.

History of the Club.

The Electro-Technic club was one of the first and is possibly the largest organization of its kind in the country. It has already been very beneficial to not only the men on the membership roll, but to a vast number of persons who have been privileged to attend the lectures; but its friends believe it is just at the beginning of a career of usefulness that has not been equalled by any association. It was conceived by some of the employes at the Fort Wayne Electric works in August, 1904, and among the first to become active in completing an organization were E. A. Wagner, F. R. Davis and T. W. Behan. These gentlemen readily realized the necessity for an organization of the kind and set about to effect it. They encountered opposition, or rather indifference, on all sides, and it was some weeks before they succeeded in getting the movement in tangible shape. They succeeded in interesting the men at the head of the works and held meetings in one of the rooms at the shop offices to listen to lectures on subjects more or less directly connected with the business in which the men were engaged. Among the speakers in those days were J. J. Wood, E. A. Barnes, A. A. Serva, A. L. Hadley, Mr. Behan and Mr. Wagner.

Opens Door to Public.

As interest increased the Electro-Technic club began to get lecturers from the colleges and elsewhere and to invite people who were in no wise connected with the works, and soon the doors of membership were thrown open to all respectable men who cared to enter. To meet in part the expenses of the association, a membership fee of $1 was established, the payment of which entitled the holder to all of the entertainments. The club was not organized for financial gain however and money received from applicants for membership and in dues was used to meet the expenses. Prominent among workers are Messrs. Wood, Hunting, Barnes, Nold, Serva, Behan, Wagner, Hadley, Cooper, Monganthaler, Crane, Mills, J. H. Evans, King, Hoff, Braun, Duryee and Baals, to whom much of the credit for its success is due. Most of the gentlemen are charter members of the club.

E. B. Hoff, the president of the club, has his officers and committeemen well organized and as a result the membership is rapidly increasing. The club year ends May 16 and President Hoff says that he expects to have the membership up to the 600 mark then. At a recent meeting seventy-five members were admitted at once and additions to the roll are made at all meetings.

Officers and Committee.

The officers and committeemen for the year are as follows:

Executive Committee—E. B. Hoff, president; O. Cooper, vice president; H. W. Baals, secretary; F. G. Duryee, treasurer; W. F. Melching, member board of management.

Entertainment Committee—E. K. Allen, chairman; J. B. Mills, Abbot Carter, Frank Graff, Ralph Capp and Garland Obenchain.

Literary Committee—C. D. Wheeler, chairman; T. W. Behan, R. O. Orff, H. O. Orff, H. Bradley, F. Walburn.

Athletic Committee—C. A. Borchert, chairman; Paul Grimm, Nelson Bucher, Clarence Lopshire, Joe Schwartzkopf.

Membership Committee—Abbot Carter, chairman.

The Electro-Technic Band.

The Electro-Technic band, a musical organization which takes rank with the best, is a product of the Electro-Technic club. Although less than three years old, it is more widely known in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan than many of the organizations that have been in existence for years. Last summer this band came into prominence throughout this section of the country as a concert band. It gave a number of concerts at parks which are controlled by the traction people, included being Robison park, Fort Wayne; Spencer park, Logansport; Boyd park, Peru, and a park in Lafayette, and at each place were highly complimented by the papers of the cities, as well as through personal sources. At present the Electro-Technic band is giving a series of balls at Minuet hall, and this evening it will furnish the music at the bowling contest between the Electro-Technic and the Knitting Mills teams at the alleys in the new dormitory building on Knitters avenue.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEEMEN OF ELECTRO-TECHNIC CLUB.

Top row, reading from left to right—C. D. Wheeler, chairman literary committee; C. A. Borchert, chairman athletic committee; Abbott Carter, chairman membership committee; E. K. Allen, chairman entertainment committee. Lower row, reading left to right—W. F. Melching, member board of managers; F. G. Duryee, treasurer; E. B. Hoff, president; O. Cooper, vice president; H. W. Baals, secretary.

CLUB MAKES ITS OWN MUSIC AND MUCH FOR OTHERS.

Fourth or top row, reading from left to right—Lenz, Snyder, assistant manager; Rose, Shafer and Wheeler. Third row—Braun, Rohrbaugh, Wellman, Jones, Hessert, Dague, Kynaston, Haack, E. K. Allen, business manager and treasurer. Second row—Matheson, Oestermeier, Hoffmeyer, Martin, Hoffman, Miller, Kapp, Hodshire, Stoner, Scherer, Perry Shober. First or lower row—Miller, Gart Shober, director; Meyers.

WERE ACTIVE IN ORGANIZATION OF THE ELECTRO-TECHNIC CLUB.

F. R. DAVIS,
Who Took Prominent Part in Organizing the Club.

T. W. BEHAN,
Chairman Committee on By-Laws and Constitution.

E. A. WAGNER,
The First President of the Electro-Technic Club.

WOLF & DESSAUER

The Loveliest Dolls in Town Are in Our Toy Department

If anyone hasn't caught the Christmas spirit, come down to the Toy Department in the Basement. A few minutes spent there will imbue the most cynical pessimist with the true joy of living and giving spirit.

Dressed Dolls

Time's getting pretty short for busy mothers to dress dolls before Christmas eve. Those same busy mothers should see the lovely dressed dolls we have—and note the wonderful value. **At 50c and $1.00** are especially pretty ones; pretty blonde and brunette beauties with dainty dresses and hats.

Doll Go-Carts and English Cabs

Collapsible go-carts, strongly made with bicycle tubing frame and rubber tired wheels; automobile hood; special, **$2.98.**

English doll cabs, large size with 24-inch body, rubber tired wheels and leatherette hood; special **$3.75.**

Marathon Racers

A clever three-wheeled device that affords delightful exercise for young America. Low frame, very strongly made. Special, **$1.98.**

Sidewalk Sulkies

A comfortable, easy-riding "two wheeler" for the tot who has out-grown the go-cart. Rubber tired wheels, may be pushed or pulled. Special, **98c and $1.25.**

A Few Suggestions of Gifts a Woman Would Like

Brass Fern Dishes—Artistic shapes; three small feet—earthen ware linings, **$4.00.**

Hand Painted Plates—Beautiful fruit and floral designs; a large assortment, priced at **$1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $3.00.**

Fancy Fruit Bowls—A belated holiday shipment just received; pretty shapes and decorations, **50c, 75c and $1.00.**

Sparkling Cut Glass that is unusually low priced for lovely pieces—
Tumblers—35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Olive and Jelly Dishes—$1.00 and $1.50.

Celery Trays—New cuttings, $3.00.

Bowls—All sizes, $3.00 to $7.50.

TURNED OUT THREE ENGINES.

Passenger engines 623 and 414 and freight engine 2058 left the Wabash shops today. Each has been rebuilt and is as good as new.

HAD HIS TOES CRUSHED.

Henry Burkenbuel, a machinist at the Bass shops, had some toes crushed yesterday when a piece of steam pipe fell on one of his feet. He was sent to his home, where he received attention from the company's surgeon.

PENNSY ENGINE OUTPUT.

Eight locomotives, each receiving heavy repairs, comprised the output from the Pennsylvania erecting shop the past week. They were Nos. 7109, 7188, 7418, 7476, 7912, 9013, 9023, 9075 and 9373.

DIAMONDS

You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

We will let you have all the money you want, for present needs and take your own time to pay it back.

We make loans at 6 per cent. per year in amounts from $5 to $100. Interest on a $25 loan is $1.50, and other amounts in proportion.

Your furniture, piano, or like chattels will do as security, without removal. Pay it back in small amounts by the week or month for a year, or to suit your convenience. Business transacted privately and confidentially.

Permanently employed salaried people advanced money on their own signature.

INDIANA LOAN CO.
211-212 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 995.
Second Floor. Established 1895.

We Furnish THE HOME ON EASY Payments
PICKARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO.
112 AND 114 EAST COLUMBIA ST.
Store only ONE SQUARE north and a FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER

FOR SELF-WRECKED MEN

who have by their own acts of dissipation and habits, ruined their health, wrecked their nerves, weakened their brain and poisoned their blood, I have a sure and speedy cure.

My improved system of treatment will stop drains, bad dreams and restore strength to weak organs and bring back health and manhood to weak men.

Blood Poison, Sores, Ulcers, Falling Hair, Skin Eruptions, Kidney, Bladder, Prostatic and Urinary Affections yield promptly to my improved methods. Possibly you are being treated for Stomach, Liver, Heart Trouble or Rheumatism, while the primary cause of these affections is neglected.

To effect a cure it is absolutely necessary to recognize and remove the cause. If you are weak, despondent and discouraged consult Dr. Moreland. Consultation and examination are absolutely free whether you take treatment or not.

DR. MORELAND'S vast and extended experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases assures you of the best results known to medical science.

You can see me at my office from 9 to 12, 1 to 5 and 7 to 8. Sunday, 9 to 1. Consultation, examination and opinions given without charge. If you cannot call, write for information.

DR. E. W. MORELAND CO., SPECIALISTS
136 West Wayne St. Fort Wayne, Indiana. Permanently Established.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WHAT GOOD TEETH CAN DO.

There is nothing more serviceable than a good set of teeth—nothing so essential to good health. With good teeth you can eat well, sleep well, feel well and look well.

Teeth Cleaned, $1.00.

DR. MOMMER, 814 CALHOUN STREET.

PILES CURED

Under a positive guarantee. Scientific methods. No pain. No detention from business. If you are troubled and wish a sure, safe treatment that is guaranteed to CURE, come and see me. I treat all curable diseases of the Rectum under an absolute guarantee. My experience is your protection. My charge reasonable.

Wm. B. Blackstone, M. D.

HACKETT BUILDING,
110 West Wayne Street.

Hours—9 to 12, 1 to 4, 7 to 8. Special hours for ladies, 3 to 4. Sunday hours, 10 to 1 only.

Xmas Gifts

AUTO AND RAILROAD GOGGLES MAGNIFIERS.
TELESCOPES
FIELD, OPERA AND READING GLASSES.
AUTOMATIC EYEGLASS HOLDERS.

MEGGS EYESIGHT SPECIALIST — Lyric Theater Bldg. 1012 Calhoun St.

BUY HIM

A Shaving Set or Shaving Mirror. We have a big assortment.

D. & N. Pharmacy

Something new in Post Cards and Calendars for Christmas.

JONES KODAK STORE.

G. R. & I. Changes Time

Dec. 18.

DON'T GET LEFT.

Consult Ticket Agent.

"Karet" on Gold
"Sterling" on Silver
"Guth" on Canday

To attain the highest there must be the inspiration of the ideal.

The Guth ideal is fittingly represented today by every single Bon Bon contained in the Guth carton.

Upon it is bestowed the most exacting care, in the selection and blending of the ingredients, and in fashioning them into a finished delectable confection.

It matters not what resources of time, money and patient research are relied upon, under no circumstances can a finer and more fascinating candy creation be provided than

GUTH'S CHOCOLATE AND BON BONS.

Sold only at

Bradley Bros.

The Old Wagner Drug Store, 627 CALHOUN ST.

Prescriptions Filled at a Saving.

CLOSING OUT SALE

We are discontinuing our line of Holiday Goods — Dressing Cases, Traveling Sets, Mirrors, Comb and Brush Sets, Military Brushes, Everything in Leather, Silver and Aluminum Ware will be sold regardless of cost.

We have medicinal wines and liquors, Cigars in holiday packages, Perfumes and Toilet Waters in bulk and packages, Drinking Cups, Flasks and Safety Razors — large assortment.

Call and inspect our stock. Our prices are sure to suit you.

Jos. Nussbaum Pharmacy

202 West Berry St. Corner Harrison.

TAMMANY HALL, EMBODIED IN ITS CHIEFTAIN, MOVES UP TOWN.

CHARLES F. MURPHY AT HIS DESK.

New York, Dec. 17.—While Tammany hall, the building, still stands in Fourteenth street, slightly damaged by fire, "Tammany Hall," the actuality, as embodied in the person of Charles Francis Murphy, the leader, and the subordinate cogs of the machine are today snugly—rather too snugly—ensconced in a suite of offices at No. 1 West Thirty-fourth street, across the street from the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Murphy has quarters in the smallest of three rooms which comprised the democratic state committee's headquarters during the recent campaign.

Here Mr. Murphy can receive the faithful, and not too many at a time, either, owing to the confined space of the room. He will be regularly besieged by office seekers from now until the first of the year, and they do not care where they have to go to see him. In fact, one step off Herald square is much handier for many than a trip down to Fourteenth street.

The Wigwam leader said he did not think there would be any permanent change of Tammany's home. The old place suits him, it suits most of the supporters, and it has the advantage of historic tradition to keep its hold upon the affection of its followers. Mr. Murphy expects to be back in the old building within a few months, after the traces of the fire have been removed from its walls.

Meanwhile the office seekers, debouching from all of the many traction lines centering at Herald square, are storming the outer portals of the new headquarters, all anxious to serve under the new democratic state administration.

Urged for Place on High Bench

M. LINN BRUCE.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 17.—It was learned at the executive mansion that Governor White was considering whether he should make an appointment to the supreme court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Charles W. Dayton, or whether he should permit the appointment to live until Mr. Dix becomes governor.

The appointment of one of several up-state men is being urged strongly, but there are only a few New York men whose friends have interceded with Governor White. Friends of M. Linn Bruce have been active in his behalf. Several up-state leaders and a delegation of New York men called on the governor yesterday to urge the appointment of Charles M. Maas, a New York lawyer, who was considered by Governor Hughes for appointment to the office of surrogate of New York last year.

NECKWEAR

Fort Wayne people have never before had an opportunity to select Christmas Neckwear from a stock like we are showing. Our Neckwear ranges in price from 25c to $2.50, but we give you over 300 dozen ties to select from at 50c. We do not believe you can ask for anything we cannot show.

Beautiful Christmas Boxes are given away at our store.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

COMBS.

The very latest styles Back-Combs, Barretts, Bands, Braid Pins in Jet, real and imitation Shell, Pearl and Rhinestone settings.

RODENBECK'S,
1104 Calhoun St.—Phone 1281.

15-17-19-21

VIGILANCE AFLOAT.

"I can't trust a storekeeper from one end of the land to the other."

"Just the same at sea. They have to keep on weighing the anchor."

DI MAZZAROS UNIVOCO CIGARS 10¢ STRAIGHT

Domestic and Imported Perfumes in fancy packages. Prices to suit you.

GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.,
15-17 Corner Barr and Wayne.

"If they only knew" the advantages they miss in style, quality and price, the people who do not do their trading with the Foster Furniture Company would soon be numbered among their regular customers. Such persons are generally newcomers to our city, and haven't yet had the time to "try out" the different stores. There is no better plan for strangers to follow than to do their trading with the leading store. Leadership is only gained by merit. Newer styles, better quality, and lower prices command the trade.

Noregret

Winter Tourists Tickets

On sale daily to Cuba, Florida and the South, via Lake Erie & Western R. R. Excellent train service making Union depot connection at Cincinnati. For information regarding stop-overs, rates, etc., apply to

H. G. PINNINGER,
Ticket Agent.

TO THE PUBLIC

I am now located in my new store at 2012 Fairfield Avenue, formerly the People's branch drug store, or the old Lindeman stand, and would be pleased to see my friends and customers. All prescriptions will receive prompt attention.

ROBERT WEBER.

YOU MUST READ THIS IF YOU WANT THE BENEFITS.

J. W. Green, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of lumbago. "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly paralyzing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy and I am glad to say after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." Dreier & Bro.

Best skating in city at Lakeside. Ice as smooth as glass; electric lights; refreshments; skates rented. Admission, 10c. Everybody come.

Coony Bayer Cigar Co. Cigars for Xmas.

Dec. 13 14 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23

A Christmas cheer—Coony's Little Havana, Lady Wayne and LaRienta Cigars.

Dec. 13 14 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23

Party with $3,000 to $5,000 cash to invest in a gilt edge business. If party prefers can have permanent position with same. For particulars address Business, care Sentinel. 16-4t.

Remember your out of town friends with a year's subscription to the Daily or Weekly Sentinel as an Xmas gift. 12-2-d&w-tf

STRIKEBREAKERS ON CARS.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 17.—The street railway company started running twenty cars this morning with imported strikebreakers as motormen and college students as conductors. Each car carried two policemen. The cars were well patronized.

TRACK ELEVATION

Has been very slow but somebody near them has been busy and has as fine a selection of Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Diamonds and holiday goods as you will find. These are at F. J. Voirol's. 15-3t.

For latest Christmas novelties go to Sander's, 133 W. Main St. 12-6t

POULTRY SHOW

Open all day Sunday and Monday.

'GET THE GENUINE ALWAYS

A substitute is a dangerous makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Dreier & Bro.

EDMUND'S

Useful Christmas Gifts.

Hot Point Irons.
Fort Wayne Irons.
Fort Wayne Washing Machines.
Fort Wayne Cooking Utensils.
Fort Wayne Xmas Tree Lights.
Electric Toy Motor and Dynamo Outfits.
Electric Street Railways.
Beautiful Domes.
Reading Lamps that are beautiful. Call and see them. 1019 Calhoun St. Open evenings.

DO IT NOW DON'T WAIT

until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients we accept for treatment. If directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

Price $1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the four stores of

Meyer Brothers Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

CATARRH

There is nothing like Oxyoline for Catarrh, Asthma, Chronic Coughs.

220 E. Berry Street.

See Dr. Wells,

If It's a Good Thing

Seavey's

Have It.

Shirred Eggs

taste so good when cooked and served piping hot in

Brown—White Lined—Enameled

Guernsey

Earthenware

This is one of the daintiest most delicious dishes in the modern cook-book.

If you are tired of boiled eggs, scrambled eggs and greasy fried eggs—try this new way.

Guernsey Earthenware, rich brown outside—white inside — highly glazed all over. It is attractive and will add to the appearance of any table.

You must see it to appreciate its beauty—you must use it to realize its convenience.

Come in and let us show you Guernsey in all shapes and sizes—for use either with or without metal receivers.

GUERNSEY COATING WARE REGISTERED

Seavey Hardware Co.,
119 and 121 W. Main St.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

You only have a few more days in which to finish your holiday buying. Though it will be a busy season, we are well prepared to meet your demands.

A most acceptable gift for your sweetheart, father, mother, sister, brother you usually remember at Christmas time, is a piece of high-grade Jewelry, Cut Glass, Watches, Clocks, Toilet Sets, and a hundred other articles.

Reduced prices on Hand-Painted Plates.

We have a complete selection of Diamonds.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.

LOOK FOR US IN OUR NEW LOCATION.

STOGDILL & SON

203 W. Berry St. Opposite Hotel Anthony
Telephone 2980.

SAY! Why don't you buy a nice rebuilt typewriter for your son or daughter for a Christmas present? They look like new, run like new; gauranteed like new and for half the price of new. Any make you desire. You can pay for it in monthly payments.

P. E. ZORBAUGH, Sole Owner

FORT WAYNE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

723 Clinton St. Phone 2259

Money For Christmas

Don't let the Christmas stockings of your loved ones go empty, simply because you are temporarily short of money. Come to us.

We can help you fill them.

We will loan you money.

We will loan you five dollars, ten dollars, twenty-five dollars, fifty dollars or whatever you may need.

Your household goods, piano, team, fixtures, or any other personal property will be good security and the goods will not be removed from your home.

You can have plenty of time in which to pay off your loan.

You can have from one to twelve months' time.

You can pay weekly, monthly, quarterly or as you may desire.

You can have the payments so small that you will not feel them.

Here are some of the terms of our weekly payment plan, allowing you fifty weeks to pay off your loan:

60c is the weekly payment on a $25.00 loan.
$1.20 is the weekly payment on a $50.00 loan.
$1.80 is the weekly payment on a $75.00 loan.
$2.40 is the weekly payment on a $100.00 loan.

Other amounts at the same proportion.

Courteous treatment, fair dealings and absolute secrecy guaranteed. Let us help you to a "Merry Christmas."

FORT WAYNE LOAN CO.

Room 2, 2nd Floor Opposite Court House. Established 1896. 706 Calhoun Street. Home Phone 833.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL CHRISTMAS.

Try Sentinel Want Ads.

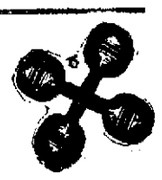
YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT If you chance to get an idea while in our store

TO SELECT A GOOD SENSIBLE XMAS GIFT

JUST A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME AND ONE QUESTION IS SOLVED, WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR BOY OR GIRL.

RACINE EXERCISER

Let one be your boys' property—But everybody use it. A dandy thing.



TO BE REMEMBERED, REMEMBER OTHERS

ANYTHING You get in our store you need not be ashamed of. Even a small article has quality to serve as a remembrance.

COFFEE PERCOLATORS
CARVING SETS

F. M. SMITH & CO., Hardware

The Consuming Flame

by JAMES-B-CONNOLLY-

THERE was a boarding house in San Francisco—the roof could be seen from the tops of any ship in the stream, and frequented mostly by ship captains it was—a great place, with Mrs. Mangan always there to put the good heart into everybody.

A fine old lady, Mrs. Mangan, and the prettiest girl, they say, when she married Mangan. A notably quiet man, Mangan, except for the twice a year or so when he exploded in the grand spree which kept his vessel in port for an extra week or two. But he was lost at sea, leaving a son, Bat, who grew up into one of the dare-devil skippers of the West coast.

Not a port from Magellan to Bering Sea that didn't have a story of Bat. A wild one, but great-hearted, too, who made and spent a half dozen fortunes in his time, and came home one day with a beautiful Chilean wife, not so very long before he was lost. A foolish thing, but he said he was going to make a port that night. Gale or no gale he would—he'd come to moorings. And so he did; and took all hands with him.

He left a little baby girl, which old Mrs. Mangan took care of, for the Chilean wife did not live long after Bat was lost; and Chiquita grew up, and was so pretty that the boarders went daft about her and spoiled her, as such men will. Great men of their kind, who gave, and took, easily.

Jack Gately came to know her while she was still little, because the house they lived in was owned by his father.

It was when he came back from his first apprentice cruise that the beauty of Chick Mangan burst on him like a night shell on the target range. A flame of color and warmth it was; and not to Jack alone. On the street hardly a man passed, and women, too, but turned to look again. It used to make Jack quiver just to sit near her; and when she kissed him, that trembled even at the thought of it, and of her own accord—the two alone in her grandmother's parlor the day he was to sail again—it was like a torch to his soul.

And straight from that to the China station he went and put in three years there, regularly getting letters from her, scrawly letters, for she could not spell overwell, but more to make his heart jump in a dozen lines than in all the books of poetry in the ship's library. And he used to write her long letters, too. And not a thing he saw in the East but he would wonder what she would think or say of it; not a thing he bought but he wondered would she like it; and for weeks before he got his discharge he thought of little else but how she would look and act. Would she kiss him again? He was all of a tremble coming up the street from the dock, and arriving at the door of the old boarding house, he was gasping like a man who had just run a long race.

"She's upstairs somewhere," said Grannie Mangan, when she had done crying over him. And he went up to find her.

He imagined her as knowing that his ship was in and waiting for him in the same old parlor alone, and so he did not knock. But she was not alone, did not hear the door turn. It was a steamer captain with her, Prady, who was said to make out of smuggling—silks, opium, Chinamen, one thing and another—many times what his captain's pay amounted to. Prady, sidewise to the doors, was bending over her. And she let him take the kiss!

Jack's heart gripped small within him and he backed out and drew the door to, but not without being heard. Prady's challenging voice called out "Who's there?" and Jack, having it in his mind to beat up Prady, re-entered. But seeing her he forgot his resolution.

"Jack! Jack! O Jackie, but the man you've grown to be!"

"Yes, and the woman you've grown to be!"

She misunderstood, and gave him such a smile that, had it lasted, Jack could not have held out; but greeting his eyes fairly, she could not fail to understand. Such bewilderment, such shame to her—"O Jackie!"

"O Jackie!" he mimicked her, cruelly. "And so you've struck your colors, Chick—my colors, too? And your letters, were they nothing but to blind me? How long has it been going on?"

It had all happened so quickly. She ran for the door as it closed behind him. "O Jackie! Jackie! But I wasn't bad! No, not bad, Jackie! Don't think that!" But he was already gone, running up the street like one affrayed.

Whatever Prady may have done before, he did the right thing now. "Look here, Chick, I see where that lad didn't get things right. What'll I do? Say it; anything to make it right. Anything, I say—and that means *anything*."

"Oh, go away, go away, Captain Prady," she sobbed.

That night, for the first time in his life, Jack Gately got drunk; and everybody knew it next day. Chick sent for Prady and he went out to find Jack; and, locating him, reported to Chick. "Go back there," ordered Chick. "I'll follow you."

Prady entered the drinking place and pleaded with him, as well as he could with so many within hearing. But no use; the lad was just that age. All the stories that ever he heard from fo'c's'le rovers were sounding in his ears and their one moral borne out. Women, women. Huh!

A powerful man Prady and wily as a serpent, but this boy could have battled toe to toe with the great John L. himself and made him break ground that night. He smothered Prady, hit him so fast and often that before the other well knew he was fighting at all he was a beaten man. From the corner Jack dragged him across the room, hove him through the swinging doors and out into the street.

Prady came as near to achieving heroism then as a man in his position might. He picked himself up and, bleeding and disheveled, carried the word to the waiting Chick. "You couldn't expect me to hang around after that could you, Chick?"

She, who had caught intermittent glimpses of it through the window, was thinking more of Jack than of Prady. What a man he had grown to be! "No, captain. I'll wait myself now. Good night."

And she waited, did proud Chick, lurking like an outcast in the shadows, with a patroling policeman and the passing throng viewing her shrinking figure, speculatively. When he came out she would speak to him; and his companions, whatever sort of men they might be, could think what they pleased. And he came out at last, but she did not speak. No man, or men, but a girl with him! Poor Chick drew back, but not before the woman had seen her, and seeing, laughed. 'Twas plain enough, a discarded acquaintance of her handsome sailor's. She laughed again, and this time Jack took notice. He saw a woman's figure shrink into the doorway, knew not what kind she was; only that here was one woman jeering at another. He stopped. "Here," he said to the girl at his side, and from a thick roll gave her a large bill. "Good night."

Chick from her doorway saw the parting and the tears came to her eyes; and she not one to cry easily. She saw him continue his way, entering a street that led toward her home. In wild hope she followed, only to see him enter the door of what had once been his home, but was now owned by Charlie Wing.

It was next day that Dan Lappen came around to the boarding house. As wild, and in his way as foolishly romantic a fellow, Lappen, as ever beat through the Golden Gate. It was Lappen who once stood on the steps of her grandmother's boarding house after a successful cruise with a bundle of new five dollar bills in the open palm of his hand, and blew them off one by one and "Lord in heaven, see 'em sail!" kept saying, while the wind was floating them down the street.

Foolish? Maybe. But if 'twas Chick Mangan looking at you from behind the curtains, and possibly thinking you a wonder for it?

"And There He Saw Chick, Her Head Resting on a Table as if She Were Weary."

"Some day you'll be marryin', I s'pose, Chick?" he said to her now, after some desultory conversation, as he had a hundred time before in just that tone. And in the same old words she answered, "Surely, some day," only now without the smile or the blush.

"And what kind of a man?"

"Oh-h, I don't know—" wearily—"a man with lots of money, I suppose."

Lappen leaped up. "Then I'll make the money—

'O-ho, we'll sail in the morn
For the Golden Horn—
O, the treasure pirates' boy-O!
And we'll strike 'em aboard
And we'll crimp their hoard
And sink 'em where they lay!'"

He danced a few steps to show how marry he felt. "Oh, those were the days, Chick! A man had a chance then with no everlastin' laws to crowd him."

"You can do better than make money, captain—and please me, too."

"Name it, Chick—name it."

"You know Jack Gately?"

"Jack Gately's boy. The lad that used to sit around here by the hour and never a word but listenin' while we were seein' who could tell the biggest lie—that little fellow?"

"Yes, but a big fellow now. And you know Charlie Wing's place?"

"On the other side of this block—silk store on the lower floor and gamblin' joint topside?"

But Chick was speaking. "I want you to see if Jack's there to-night, and if he is, get him away from there. You knew his father, his mother, and the great kind they were. He's the last of his people. A pity if he went wrong. Get hold of him, captain. Get him away, away from wrongdoing, till he comes to himself."

So Lappen went around the block to Charlie Wing's and found Gately.

Lappen returned to Chick with his report, but not telling her everything. "Seal-huntin', Chick," was how he put it. "And I'll come back with a pile to——"

"Never mind the pile. Come back with Jack Gately—the old Jack Gately. And good luck and fair wind, captain."

* * * * * * *

Chick's grandmother was crooning to herself when there came a knock at the door, and, before she could rise, the voice, "Grannie!" and then Jack himself.

"Oo-ra-lay, but you've come back at last!" and she cried over him. And Jack almost cried, too.

"And they didn't shoot you, boy? And didn't I feel, danger or no, you'd come back safe? But it's fine to see you and know it for certain. But the poor men, the brave men, that were lost! But you're lookin' older, Jackie."

"I feel older. I never thought I could feel so old, Grannie. But"—he had pulled himself together to ask it—"how's Chick?"

"Oh, the poor girl, but it will hearten her to see you. But I'm glad you're back, for she's worn to the thickness of a straw. And whatever you ever said to her, Jackie, unsay it, lad, before the day is over."

"And where is she, Grannie?"

"She's out driving. But she'll come flying back when she knows."

Jack shaded his eyes with both hands. "And who's this Macron, Grannie, they say she's engaged to?"

"Is she? Oh, a free-spending, handsome—a fine man of his kind, Jackie."

"I hear he's most old enough to be her father, Grannie?"

"Well, who knows that isn't in his favor? Bein' older, maybe he understands her—which everyone don't."

"And, of course, I don't. Though if I'd experimented with every heart that offered I might, too. But who's that moving upstairs?"

"Captain Prady. And go up, Jackie, like a good boy, and say a civil word to him. If you and him had some fallin' out, don't lay that ag'in' him now, the poor man. He's that forlorn 'about Chick. It's hauntin' this old place he is since as far back as they said you and Lappen was lost. The poor man, go up and say a civil word to him, Jackie-boy."

So Jack went upstairs and said, "How are you?" to Prady, whereat the older man's face lit up immeasurably; and they set to chatting of one thing or another, of everything but Chick, when suddenly, unaccountably to Jack, Prady's eyes glowed. "She's coming," he said. Jack then heard the carriage stopping below, and presently the opening and closing of the street door, and then the nervous, quick stepping of feet below stairs. By and by—he knew the steps now—she was heard ascending the stairs.

Jack saw how slender she had become. The old blazing color, too, was gone. Without warning she turned on him. "What about Lappen?"

"He went down with his vessel when it was shelled by the Japs. We'd been hunting seals illegally, off the east coast of Sakhalin Island. And he wouldn't have been lost, but he was trying to save his money chest. He wanted it for you."

"For me? And came near to bringing death and disgrace to you?"

"Me into disgrace? Me? Was I of a child's age or what? And what had he to do with me? 'Twas for you. He went to his death for you, and you say that. God, but you've grown to be a terrible woman, Chick!"

"Perhaps so. Perhaps so. But I've tried not to be, Jack. But come here, Jack. Let's forget all that. See," and she indicated the neglected garden. "Do you remember the little girl, Jack, who used to look across from her window mornings to you in your window, and you in your little nightgown leaning out to point to your Chinese John what flowers to cut for your mommer's breakfast table? Do you, Jackie?"

The compelling voice drew him across the room. The nearness to her set his heart to thumping terribly. Were Prady not there he would have gathered her close. Pledged or no to Macron, it would not have mattered.

"And now it's a gambling house!" he said.

"Only to think—a gambling house!" she repeated, and with that ran out of the room and down stairs; another moment, as if for a brief word to her grandmother, and Jack heard the street door close behind her.

Prady exclaimed, "I'll bet she's gone around the corner to Charlie Wing's—to the silk store. There's a ladies' game there, you know. *Ladies!*" he repeated, and stepped across the room, and looked gloomily out of the rear window.

Thirsting to hear of her smallest doing, Jack forced another question. "Does she go there often?"

"Twice before—this week. A silk store," he sneered, "but she never brings home any silk. You ought to tell her to cut it out."

"Me tell her? Me?"

"Yes, you." He whistled irrelevantly, then stopped suddenly. "So long." Soon the street door closed behind him.

Jack remained gazing out of the rear window on the back area, for no other reason than that she had been doing so just before him.

The report of a pistol brought him jumping out of his reverie. He knew it for a big-bored revolver shot. There was an open window, a lace curtain across it. No longer puzzling reflection, but down the back stairs in two strides, across Grannie's backyard in three more. The door to Charlie Wing's he found bolted on the inside, but the wall was easily scaled. He had not forgotten the lay-out of this his old home, and straight up the back stairs he rushed and straight for that back room—he knew that room, too—of the open window and lace curtain.

Another shot, and almost at the same instant the door swung open before him. It was Charlie Wing backing out. The revolver was still in his hand. Jack looked beyond Charlie and there he saw Chick, her head resting on a table as if she were weary. On the floor was Prady, his legs stretched out before him and his back against the wall. Blood was on his white shirt front and a knife was in his hand. Like coming death he looked. Charlie said something in Chinese and turned. A quick man, but not quick enough. Jack caught his lifted wrist and the bullet went on by him. He wrenched the wrist; he could feel the bones cracking under his grip and see Wing grow clear white with the agony. Before the weapon had hit the floor Jack had him by the throat.

But Wing did not die by his hand. Over Wing's shoulder he saw Chick lift her head, and he saw, too, that she knew him. And he had no more time for Wing. He heaved him off, and back on the floor Wing fell, to Prady, who Jack had thought was all gone, but who now reached over and drove his knife deep into Wing's neck.

Jack took Chick up. Once she would have been quite a weight, but not now. He could feel her breath at his ear. "Oh—h—I'm so glad that it's you that came to take me away," she said.

He said to Prady, "If anybody comes, let it be Charlie and you and me alone."

"All right," agreed Prady, "just you and me and Charlie."

Jack carried Chick through the old garden and into the boarding house, to the same old sofa in the same old parlor.

She had been shot through the right breast and the blood from the wound was spreading over her waist.

"Oh, Chickie, but why didn't I go down with Lappen!"

"No, no, don't think that, Jackie. I did love you, dear."

She choked a little then, and he bent over to raise her up. "Sweetheart," she whispered, "nearer." There was a speaking love and beauty in her eyes. He bent—still lower—and they kissed.

"It's the truest kiss I ever gave, Jackie. If it's a sin, then God help me!" Out of weakness she rested a while, looking at him, saying no word, but looking. "I never meant harm to nobody, Jackie—to nobody, never, never! All I ever did I just couldn't help. Before I knew it was wrong those captains used to pick me up and kiss me, and say things to me. But I wasn't a bad girl—no more than that. I couldn't seem to help that, and surely they who used to know my father could mean no harm to me. But never after that day—that terrible day you left me. I never was the same after that day. That day the blood left my heart. I used to cry the long nights through. And I hated the name of whoever might try to lead you astray. And that was why—about Lappen. He promised me different. . . ."

Jack feared she would speak no more, but she looked up to say, "And even to-day, Jackie, I got to thinking of when I was a little girl and you still a little boy, and I asked Charlie Wing to let me go to that room. It was upstairs in the gambling part. Good women didn't go there, but I went. And I was raising the window to look out into the garden as you used to, but I saw you standing at the window there, and I drew back so you would not see me, and just then Charlie Wing came in and I drew farther back into the room so he wouldn't look out and see you. And there we were alone—and he misunderstood. When he shot I didn't mind it much—only till you came in. 'He'll blame me again,' I thought. But when you looked at me as you did, I didn't care any more. And I wasn't afraid for you. I knew you could crush him if you wanted to. Remember the night you fought Prady? Every blow you struck that night I struck with you, and every blow he struck you, struck me. Poor Prady! Well, God forgive me if I'm to blame——"

"No, no—*no*, Chick."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Jack. Sometimes I think my mother died too soon. And about Grannie, sweetheart. Be good to her, won't you?"

All the world remembers when the great battle fleet assembled at Hampton Roads, and how wonderfully the statement of its commander-in-chief, prior to sailing, stimulated enlistments, so that up to the last hour the adventurous ones came rushing aboard. "Feast, fight or frolic," whichever it was to be, they were hoping for the best.

Stripped to their racing jerseys, eyes glowing, chests heaving, lips curling, but nerves under control, was a particular turret crew. So would they strip and look in battle, and no more eager to win in real battle than now. Round about were bags of powder piled up. Hardly prudent? No; but prudent people never make or save nations. The God of War there was the turret captain, Gately, astraddle of the entering hatch. Wide-shouldered, lean-waisted as a racing horse, through his tight-fitting jersey his torso swelled; and his big arms, too, were bulging with restrained power.

A bag of powder was tossed out without an explosion? How? Nobody knew or could explain. The rules forbade speech till time was up, and another shot remained to be fired. And that was fired. "The right hoist's afire," said somebody then, and the turret captain threw himself down through the four decks of the other ammunition hoist to the handling room.

Above him in the hoist the flames were roaring. Sparks of burning cloth began to fall on the steel deck of the handling room, and there were bags of powder not yet stowed. "Don't touch that—don't wait for that—close your magazine doors!" he called, and they saw him jump for the sizzling little spark as they pulled to the magazine doors, themselves inside. Almost with the cushioned shock of the closing doors came the flash and a great pf-f-ff!

Two men came running in, just in time to see him standing there with his arms crossed before his face. They saw him, too, smooth his eyelids with the tips of his fingers. "It must be terrible to be blind," he said. The front of his jersey was charred on his body.

The miracle of his escape overcame them. "You still alive, Gate?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

"It's sure your lucky day."

"Must be, son—my lucky day." And he went up on deck. The surgeon wished to have him brought below to the hospital, but Gately said, "If you don't mind, sir, I'll stay up here." So they allowed him to stay on deck, where he walked the quarter from his turret to the ship's side, with never a word to anybody and nobody a word to him.

This terrible self-repression was too much for some of his shipmates—they went away to cry. But never a sign of weakness in him till suddenly he turned and looked up at the flag.

"Good-by, old ship—good ship, too." His voice was low-muffled. "Good-by, old Navy. If only 'twas on the real battle line," and he saluted the flag. Turning, he found a ring of his shipmates inclosing him. "Good-by, fellows," and then, in a voice stiff, low, but clear as the ship's bell, "Coming!" he called, and fell full-length backward on the deck.

The surgeon knelt above his body. "Though hardly any need," he observed. "He was fated from the first. He inhaled the flame, and it burned him out inside."

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THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—A leisurely good natured disposition to let the market drift was apparent in the wheat pit today. News favored both bulls and bears in about equal proportions and was not of a character to worry seriously either side. Australian offers were reported larger, but the amount pressing from the Argentine republic was said to be lessening. Similarly drought in some districts of the Punjaub was offset by statements elsewhere throughout India that the grain was germinating satisfactorily. Lack of rain, too, in the American southwest had as a check so far as trade influence was concerned the fact that the movement of wheat from the farms there seemed on the increase rather than otherwise. Opening prices were unchanged to a shade lower. May started at 95¾c, the same as last night, touched 95¾@95⅞c, and reacted to 95⅝c.

With corn coming in freely on consignement, sentiment regarding that cereal was mostly bearish. May opened unchanged to a shade up at 47¼c to 47½@47⅝c, sold at 47⅝c, and then fell to 47⅜c.

A little selling by country houses made oats easy. May opened unchanged to a shade off at 34⅛c to 34¼@34¼c and declined to 34c.

Buying orders were scarce in the provision pit and there was decided weakness in consequence. First sales were unchanged to 17½c lower with May options at \$19.00 to \$18.02½ for pork, \$9.97½ for lard and \$9.55 for ribs.

Range of Prices for the Day.

December 17.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
Dec.	.91¼	.91⅜	.91⅛	.91⅛
May	.95⅜	.95⅞	.95⅛	.95⅝
July	.93⅛	.93⅜	.93	.93⅛
Corn—				
Dec.	.45¾	.45⅞	.45⅛	.45½
May	.47½	.47⅝	.47¼	.47¼
July	.48⅜	.48⅛	.48⅛	.48⅛
Oats—				
Dec.	.31⅛	.31⅜	.31⅛	.31¼
May	.34⅛	.34⅛	.33⅞	.34
July	.33⅞	.33⅞	.33⅜	.33⅜
Mess Pork, per bbl—				
Jan.	19.20	19.47½	19.20	19.47½
May	18.00	18.17½	17.97½	18.17½
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
Jan.	10.25	10.32½	10.25	10.30
May	9.97½	10.05	9.95	9.97½
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
Jan.	10.12½	10.22½	10.10	10.20
May	9.55	9.65	9.52½	9.65

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts today were 24 cars, with 5 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 539 cars, with 9 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 175 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 374 cars, compared with 377 cars last week and 303 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—Cash Wheat—No. 2 red, 93@93¾c; No. 3 red, 91@92¾c; No. 2 hard, 93½@96c; No. 3 hard, 91@94c; No. 1 northern, \$1.04@1.06; No. 2 northern, \$1.02@1.05; No. 3 northern, \$1.00@1.03; No. 2 spring, 94@1.03; No. 3 spring, 93@1.02; velvet chaff, 90@1.01; durum, 82@92c.

Corn—No. 2, 48@48½c; No. 2 new, 46½@46¾c; No. 2 white, 48@48¾c; No. 2 yellow, 50½@51c; No. 2 yellow new, 46¾@47c; No. 3, 47½@48c; No. 3 new, 44@44½c; No. 3 white, 47½@48c; No. 3 white new, 44@44½c; No. 3 yellow, 49½@50c; No. 3 yellow new, 45@49c; No. 4, 47@47¼c; No. 4 white, 47½c; No. 4 white new, 42c; No. 4 yellow, 48½c; new, 42@43c.

Oats—No. 2, 31c; No. 2 white, 33@33¾c; No. 3 white, 32@32½c; No. 4, 30c; No. 4 white, 31½@32c; standard, 32¾@33c.

Rye—Cash, 81½c.

Barley—Cash, 60@89c.

Timothy—Cash, \$8.00@9.75; March, \$10.25.

Clover—Cash, \$10.00@14.25; March, \$15.00.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, Dec. 17.—Flour — Market dull and about steady; spring patents, \$5.25@5.50; winter straights, \$4.15@4.30; winter patents, \$4.40@4.75; spring clears, \$4.15@4.40; winter extra No. 1, \$3.40@3.70; winter extra No. 2, \$3.25@3.40; Kansas straights, \$4.60@4.75.

Rye—Market firm; No. 2 western, 83½c.

Wheat—Market dull and practically unchanged early with poor continental cables and prospects of rain offset bullish world's shipments. May, \$1.02½.

Beef—Market steady; mess, \$13.00@14.00; family, \$18.00@18.50; beef hams, \$24.50@27.00.

Pork—Market steady; mess, \$20.50@26.00; family, \$22.00@24.00; short clears, \$20.00@22.00.

Lard—Market steady; middle western, \$10.50@10.60.

Sugar—Raw, market firm; Muscovado 89 test, \$3.50; centrifugal 96 test, \$4.00; molasses sugar 89 test, \$3.25; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, \$5.50; granulated, \$4.80; powdered, \$4.90.

Petroleum—Market steady; refined, barrels, \$7.40.

Coffee—Spot, market quiet; No. 7 Rio, 13¼c; No. 4 Santos, 13⅞c.

Molasses—Market firm; New Orleans, open kettle, 30@50c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Hogs—Receipts today were 6,400 head; shipments today were 3,040 head; shipments to New York today were 2,850 head; official shipments to New York yesterday were 3,420 head; market closing closing strong; heavies and mediums, \$7.90@8.00; yorkers, \$7.90@8.00; pigs and light yorkers, \$8.15@8.20; roughs, \$7.00@7.25; stags, \$5.50@6.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 9,000 head; market steady for sheep and lower for lambs, with tops at \$6.40.

Cattle—Receipts today were 275 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 200 head; market steady; beeves, \$4.45@7.35; Texas steers, \$4.00@5.10; western steers, \$4.00@5.85; stockers and feeders, \$3.35@5.70; cows and heifers, \$2.35@6.00; calves, \$7.00@9.25.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 10,000 head; market dull; lights, \$7.35@7.72½; mixed, \$7.35@7.75; heavy, \$7.30@7.70; roughs, \$7.30@7.45; good to choice heavy, \$7.45@7.70; pigs, \$6.70@7.65; bulk of sales, \$7.55@7.65.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 1,600 head; market steady; natives, \$2.40@4.30; western, \$2.30@4.30; yearlings, \$4.30@5.65; lambs, natives, \$4.25@6.30; western, \$4.50@6.25.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 17.—Receipts today were: Hogs, 6,000 head; cattle, ... head; sheep, 100 head.

... Best heavies, mediums and mixed, good to choice lights, common to good lights and bulk of sales, all \$7.80.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.—Butter—Market steady; creameries, 23@29c; dairies, 21@25c.

Eggs—Market steady; receipts today were 1,800 cases; at mark, cases included, 10½@22½c; firsts, 29c; prime firsts, 31c.

Cheese—Market steady; daisies, 14¾@15c; twins, 14@14¼c; young Americas, 14¾@15c; long horns, 14¾@15c.

Potatoes — Market steady; choice to fancy, 43@45c; fair to good, 38@42c.

Poultry—Market easy; turkeys, alive, 17c; dressed, 22c; chickens, alive, 10½c; dressed, 11½c; spring chickens, alive, 10c; dressed, 12c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 9@10c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 11@11½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 12c.

New York Market.

New York, Dec. 17.—Butter — Market easy; receipts today were 8,198 packages; creamery specials, 31c; creamery extras, 29½@30c; creamery third to first, 23@28½c; held creamery second to special, 24½@30½c; state dairy common to finest, 22@29c; process, seconds to specials, 22@25c; imitation creamery firsts, 23½@24½c; factory June make, 23@23½c; do current make, 21@22½c.

Cheese—Market steady; receipts, 1,726 boxes; state, whole milk, September quality, specials, 15¾@17¼c; do fancy colored, 15½c; do fancy white, 15½c; do choice, 14¾@15¼c; do October quality fine, 14@14½c; do current make, common to fair, 12@13c; skims, 2@13c.

Eggs — Market weak; receipts, 6,783 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white fancy, 52@55c; do gathered white, 40@50c; do hennery brown fancy, 38@40c; do gathered brown, 36@38c; western gathered white, 33@40c; fresh gathered extra firsts, 34@35c; do firsts, 32½@33c; do seconds, 29@32c; refrigerators special marks fancy in local storage, 25½@28c; refrigerator firsts in local storage, 24@25c; do seconds in local storage, 23@23½c.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Dec. 17.—North Lima, 82c; South Lima and Indiana, 77c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, Dec. 17.—Prices of the leading stocks at the opening today were mostly on a parity with yesterday's closing and transactions were unusually small.

The market maintained a buoyant tone despite the meagerness of the dealings. United States Steel, Reading and Amalgamated Copper were pushed up a point. National Biscuit gained 3 in expectation of an increased dividend. Western Union also gained 2 points and Southern Railway preferred 1. American Woolen preferred, Philadelphia Company and Wells Fargo Express were down 1 to 1¼.

The market closed steady. Speculation was quiet, but prices improved steadily. Reading jumped to above 149 and there was a large inquiry also for United States Steel. Amalgamated Copper and Lehigh Valley. Some minor stocks fluctuated sensationally. Federal Mining broke 1¾ and Chicago & Alton 5 points.

Long Island jumped 4¼. Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis 2¼, Norfolk & Western 1¾ and Distillers' Securities 1.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

[Furnished and Corrected Daily by E. W. Wagner & Co., Brokers, Rooms 5 and 7, North American Building.]

December 17.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Loco.....	36⅛	36½	36½	36½
Amer. Smelter..	74	74¼	73⅞	74¼
Amal. Copper..	63¼	64	63¼	63⅞
Atchison	101⅛	101¼	101⅛	101⅛
Balti. & Ohio...	106¼	106⅛	106	106⅛
Ches. & Ohio...	80	80⅝	79⅞	80⅝
Canadian Pac...	193¼	193¼	193¼	193¼
Erie	27¼	27¼	27⅛	27¼
Distillers Secur.	32⅞	32⅞	32⅞	32⅞
Lehigh Valley ..	180⅛	180½	180⅝	180⅝
Ontario & West.	41	41	41	41
M. K. T.	31½	31½	31½	31½
New York Cent.	112	112¼	112	112¼
Northern Pac...	115⅛	115⅞	115⅛	115⅞
Pennsylvania ...	128⅝	120	128⅝	129
Wabash	16⅜	16⅜	16	16
Press. Steel Car.	30⅜	30⅞	30⅜	30¾
Reading	148⅛	159¼	148⅝	149
Rock Island	30	30	30	30
St. Paul	122¾	122¾	122⅝	122¾
Southern Ry....	25	25¼	25	25¼
Southern Pac...	114⅛	114½	114⅛	114⅛
South. Ry. pfd..	61⅜	61⅜	61⅜	61⅜
Union Pacific....	170	170	169⅜	169¾
U. S. Steel	72⅝	73	72⅝	72⅞
U. S. Steel pfd..	116⅜	116⅞	116⅛	116½
Utah Copper....	45⅛	45⅛	45	45⅛
Vir.-Chemical ..	62¼	62¼	62	62
Wabash pfd.....	34⅛	34⅛	34	34
Norfolk & West.	99⅛	101¼	99½	101

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—91c bu.
Corn—Old, 50c bu; new, 40@45c bu.
Oats—31c bu.
Barley—55c bu.
Rye—70c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 30c lb; fancy Elgin prints, 34c lb; process butter, 28c lb; country butter, 24@28c lb.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 34c doz; fresh gathered, 32c doz.

Honey—Fancy comb, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes—40@45c bu.
Beans—\$2.35@2.40 bu.
Chickens—8@10c lb.
Turkeys—16@18c lb.
Turkeys, 15@18c lb.
Onions—45@60c bu.
Cheese—Cream, 17c lb; brick, 17c lb; Swiss, 20c lb; limburger, 18c lb; long horns, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 38@40c doz.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 35c lb; process butter, 30c lb; country butter, 28 ... lb.

Lard—Country, 12@14c ...
Honey—Fancy comb, 15@16c lb.
Potatoes—40@50c bu.
Apples—60c to \$1.00 bu.
Chickens—9½@12c lb; young, 12@13c lb.
Cabbage—50@60c doz.
Corn—50c bu.
Corn—New, 40@45c bu.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

[Quotations of Mayflower Mills]

Winter wheat, straight, \$4.60@5.00; graham flur, \$4.00@4.40; rye flour, \$4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, \$4.40@4.80 ton; bran, \$23.00 ton; shorts, \$23.00 ton; chop feed, \$26.00 ton; middlings, \$25.00 ton; cornmeal, \$1.70@1.80 cwt; cracked corn, \$1.30@1.40 cwt; cornmeal coarse, \$1.30@1.40 cwt; screenings No. 1, 75@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 70c bu; flaxseed, \$2.40 bu; corn, 50c bu; wheat, 91c bu; oats, 31c bu; barley, 55c bu.

[C. Tresselt & Sons' Quotations.]

Winter wheat, straight	\$4.40@5.00
Winter wheat, patents	5.40@6.00
Spring wheat, patents...........	\$5.40@6.00
Graham flour	\$4.60@5.00
Rye flour	\$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle	\$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton	\$24.00
Shorts, per ton	\$24.00
Middlings, per ton	\$27.00@28.00
Screenings, per bu, 65c; per ton....	\$22.00
Chop feed, per ton	\$32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt.........	\$1.80
Cracked corn, per cwt...........	\$1.70
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt.........	\$1.60
Street bid on wheat, per bu.........	91c
Street bid on corn, per bu..........	50c
Street bid on new corn, per bu....	38@45c
Street bid on oats, per bu...........	31c
Street bid on rye, per bu...........	70c
Street bid on barley, per bu........	55c

FUR PRICES.

Skunks—50c to \$2.25.
Mink—50c to \$5.00.
Muskrat—10c to 40c.
Raccoon—25c to \$2.00.
Oppossum—10c to 65c.

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

[Quotations by S. Bash & Co.]

Cured hides, 9½@10c lb; green hides, 8c; curde salf hides, 16@15½c lb; green calf hides, 13½c lb; horse hides, \$3.75; red cloverseed, \$8.50 bu; timothy seed, \$4.00 bu.

[Quotations of Weil Bros. & Co.]

Cured hides, 9½@10c lb; No. 1 horse hides, \$3.60@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13½c; No. 1 green hides, 8½c lb; tallow, 6½@7c lb; country mixed rags, 75c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arctics, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 23@25c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—\$18.00@17.00 ton.
Corn—Old, 50@55c bu; new, 40@45c bu.
Oats—30@32c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations by George H. Crouse & Co.]

Chickens, 8½c lb; dressed chickens, 13c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 13@15c lb; country butter, 18@23c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 30c doz; dirties, 20c doz; potatoes, 30@35c bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 20c lb; creamery butter, 29@33c lb; onions, 40@50c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[Corrected by H. L. Bell, of Fred Eckart Packing Co.]

Hogs—	
180-250 lbs.	\$7.50
150-160 lbs.	7.35
125-140 lbs.	7.20
Cattle—	
Steers, good	\$4.00@5.00
Steers, medium	3.50@4.00
Heifers, good	\$4.00@4.50
Cows	2.00@3.00
Bulls	\$3.25@3.75
Veal Calves—	
Good	\$7.00@7.50
Medium	5.00@6.00
Sheep and Lambs—	
Sheep	\$2.50@3.00
Lambs	\$4.50@5.50

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES.

[Corrected Daily by Union Grain Co.]

New yellow ear corn, per cwt......\$	.50
New white ear corn, per cwt........	.48
New Mixed ear corn, per cwt........	.48
No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu.......	.87
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu.....	.85
Standard white oats, per bu.........	.29
Yellow shelled corn, per bu..........	.42
White shelled corn, per bu...........	.41
Mixed shelled corn, per bu...........	.41
Yellow ear corn, per cwt.............	.61
White ear corn, per cwt..............	.59
Mixed ear corn, per cwt..............	.59
No. 2 rye, per bu......................	.73
No. 2 barley	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled), new....	14.00
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled), new	10.50
No. 1 clover hay (baled), new......	8.50
Mow hay, \$1.25 less.	
Grade discounts—	
No. 2, \$1.25; No. 3, \$2.50.	
Prime red cloverseed, new.........	7.75
Prime alsike seed, new	8.00
Prime timothy seed	4.00

OHIO ELECTRIC RY.
"THE WAY TO GO"
FAST LIMITED
—and—
FREQUENT LOCAL SERVICE
Modern Equipment, Smooth Track
Get folders and full information before planning your Holiday Trip.
See nearest agent or address
W. S. WHITNEY, G.P.A.
Springfield, Ohio

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Athey Sanitary Weather Strip, the only one, keeps out all the dust and cold. J. M. Stouder & Co.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

When buying Xmas gifts and decorations stop and see our line. Jorden's Drug Store, 626 Harrison St.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. B. R. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

RESTAURANTS.

There is nothing so distasteful as to sit down to a meal in hot unsanitary environments. Here everything is cool, homelike and clean. Take your lunches here when in town. Weinand Bros., 711 Court St.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for \$1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2188.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2281. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

SPORTING GOODS.

Never mind what it is—if its in the Sporting Goods line we've got it and its right in price and quality. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

H. W. Sigrist
AUCTIONEER.
Only licensed auctioneer in the city.
Phone—158. Office 611 Shoaff Bldg.
Green 1649.

FOR SALE
Two NEW modern houses, east end, very easy terms. See us immediately. Price \$2,500.00.
PEDDICORD & SIGRIST
Phone 158. 611-12 Shoaff Bldg. 11-1-tf

YOU SLEEP WELL,
If Your Insurance is Signed by
Federspiel & Thorny
623 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

Bargains
LOUIS F. CURDES
Real Estate.

X Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6379. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. X

FOR SALE—Good paying Barber Shop, on easy terms; good location. Inquire Goldstine, 10 and 11 Bank Blk. 6-14-tf

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse; fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 6-8-1y

Buy Daddy a box of A Novel Cigars for Xmas. Al Hazzard, maker.

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—A good reliable tailor, with small capital to invest in well established business. Address Box 2, care Sentinel. Dec. 13-15-17

WANTED—Dining car conductors; no experience necessary; we teach you; salary \$75, \$125. Write School Conductors, 252 Clark St., Chicago.

WANTED—Anyone, anywhere may earn good pay doing light work at home evenings. Send stamp. C. H. ROWAN, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—You are wanted for government positions, \$80.00 month. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. 84-B, Rochester, N. Y. 12-8-1m

WANTED—We want house to house canvassers for the sale of our new Patented Cabinet Receptacle for Souvenir Postal Cards. Home Specialty Co., 2137 Hanna St., City. Dec. 17-24

WANTED—Man; must be willing to learn and capable of acting as our representative; no canvassing or soliciting; good income assured. Address National Co-Operative Realty Co., 980 Marden Buldg., Washington, D. C. Nov. 19-26; Dec. 3-10-17-31

WANTED—Salesman, experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana. Unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Vacancy after January 1st. Commission with \$85.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—First-class salesman for Indiana to sell staple line on NEW and EXCEPTIONAL terms. One having successful specialty experience preferred. Attractive contract for 1911, containing liberal weekly advance clause. References required. Miles F. Bixler Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; three in family; no washing; no children. Apply 716 Rockhill St. 17-3t

PERSONAL—Ladies wanting hair work done, such as switches, puffs, curls, doll wigs, call or address 714 Van Buren St. 11-17-1m

WANTED—Anyone, anywhere may earn good pay doing light work at home evenings. Send stamp. C. H. ROWAN, Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOL OF CUTTING and Dressmaking—Winter term opens November 21 (day and night classes). Patterns cut to measure. A. M. Freeman, 1114 Harrison St. 11-17-1m

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Young men and women to learn telegraphy at the Fort Wayne Institute of Wireless and Railroad Telegraphy. Office room 6 Seidel Blk.

WANTED—People to know Bohn's Blood, Liver and Kidney Tablets makes them well. Great for constipation. At all druggists. 25c and \$1.00. 11-14-eod-1m

WANTED — Everybody suffering from Piles, write for free trial of Positive Painless Pile Cure. For sale at all druggists. S. U. TARNEY, Auburn, Ind. 12-6-1m

WANTED—Have you any Newspapers or Magazines that you will donate to THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS, to assist in uniforming the boys of this city? We will call for them if you will send us your address. THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUT. EDWIN T. JACKSON, Scout Master. Headquarters 802 West De-Wald St. Phone 6695. 10-10-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR RENT—Floral hall, every afternoon and Sundays, second and fourth Wednesdays and every Friday evening of each month; also first and second Saturdays. Inquire at 207 West Berry. Dec. 30

ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Three rooms furnished or unfurnished, on ground floor. 1318 W. Main St.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms; modern; phone and steam heat, for gentleman, at 119 West Wayne St. 12-10-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished large front room downstairs, for two gentlemen. 424 Third St. Spahr, Rooms 6-8 Swinney Blk. 17-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished front room suitable for two ladies; privilege of doing own cooking and use of phone. 1602 North Harrison. Phone 2003. 16-3t

FOR RENT—To one or two gentlemen, nicely furnished large, modern front room in private house; 220 West Washington. 12-10-tf

FOR RENT—\$2 per week, newly furnished outside rooms; board if desired. Hotel, corner West Main and Maiden Lane. 11-19-1m

FOR RENT—Furnished front room outside entrance, ground floor, use of bath, with or without board. 1025 W. Wayne St. 16-2t

FOR RENT—Second floor apartment at 801 West Wayne St., corner of Fulton St.; five large rooms, closets, bathroom, etc., hot water heat, both cistern and city water. Call at 814 Shoaff Bldg. Telephone 1670. 17-3t

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Modern six-room house 2817 S. Harrison St. Phone 6877. 30tf

FOR RENT—Modern 6-room house; 927 Crescent Ave. Inquire E. H. McDonald. 16-3t

FOR RENT—Eight-room house, with electric lights and bath, on Grace Ave. Breen & Morris. 16-3t

FOR RENT—Dwelling, 7 rooms, No. 2708 South Wayne Ave. Inquire at Nuttman & Co.'s Bank, 132 East Main St. O. S. Hanna. 11-28-tf

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; 6-room dwelling 1232 West Jefferson. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

FOR RENT—Six-room house with bath, gas, electric light and furnace, on S. Wayne Ave., south of Wildwood Ave.; woodwork and floor newly furnished. Apply 548 Home Ave. Telephone 6866. 12-3-tf

SEWING MACHINES.

H. C. HITZEMANN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.
No. 8 Arcade. Phones 2480-6880.
Dealers in Domestic Sewing Machines, Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Sewing Machine, Bicycles and Sundries.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

PERSONAL.

FREE—Love, health and wealth foretold. Send 3-2c stamps and birthdate. I will surprise you. Mme. E. LaBelle, Lima, Ohio.

DETECTIVE.

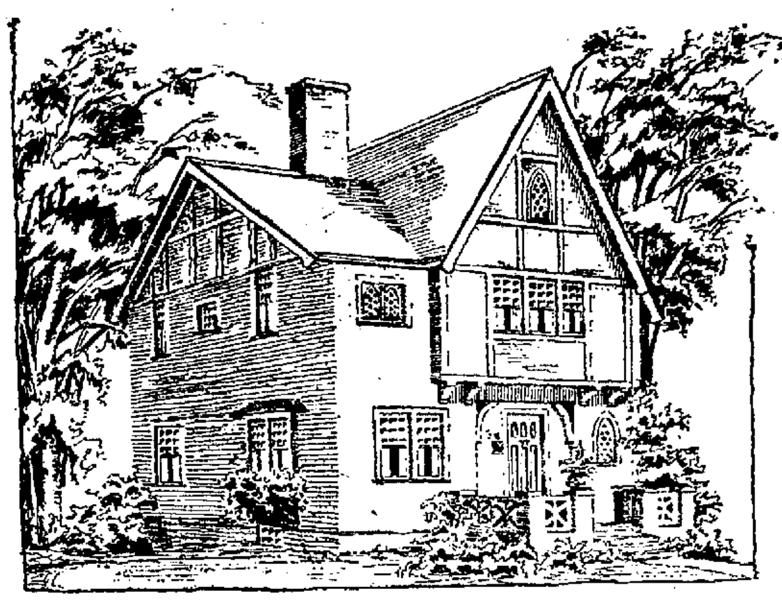
RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. O. B. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

CENTRAL HOTEL.

Now open; newly furnished rooms, 50c per day and up; \$2.00 per week and up. Board if desired. West Main and Maiden Lane. 11-19-1m



You Are Cordially Invited
To inspect this beautiful modern home on West Wildwood Ave. on Sunday, Dec. 18. The home will be open all day.
The Wildwood Builders
722 Wildwood Ave.
Phone 6533.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—190 acres in Marion township; improved; ¼ mile from interurban; 20 acres fine timber; only \$87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—A new 7-room residence with bath and electric lights; lot 40 ft. front, High St. Price \$2,500. Small cash payment; balance monthly. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A fine home in Bloomingdale, strictly modern, at a great bargain if taken at once; part cash and balance on easy terms. Call 1723 Andrew St. 12-6t

FOR SALE—New, modern residences in the Reidmiller square, Taylor St., west of Broadway. Will be sold for cash or payment plan. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A special bargain in oak finished 6-room cottage on Fisher St. \$2,600. W. E. DOUD, THIRD FLOOR SHOAFF BLDG. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—Modern houses and vacant lots in every part of the city. Either cash or payment plan. W. E. DOUD, THIRD FLOOR SHOAFF BLDG. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—To close up affairs of corporation will sell frame house South Barr St., \$850.00 cash. Payment plan if desired. Good investment. H. C. Tonsing. Phone 61. 17-3t

FOR SALE—A new modern house, southwest and near Broadway. \$2,600. Easy payments. W. E. DOUD, THIRD FLOOR SHOAFF BLDG. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—Nine-room modern house; soft water bath, furnace laundry, gas finest electric fixtures, paved street, south east, part city, house built two years; price \$3,250. Buy direct and save agent's commission. Address A. S., Box 12, Sentinel office. 12-17-tf

FOR SALE—We represent CITY AND SUBURBAN REALTY COMPANY, builders of new modern homes. Call at office for new book of plans. W. E. DOUD, THIRD FLOOR SHOAFF BLDG. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—One 5-room house, all modern, 6 minutes walk from court house. One 7-room all modern, East Wayne, 10 minutes walk from court house. One 9-room, West Superior. One 7-room, West Main. All modern, close to court house. One 5-room on Cherry, near Main. One 5-room, on West Main. One 7-room, all modern, and one 5-room near Wayne Knitting Mills. One 7-room with full lot on Runion Ave. Five homes close to Electric Lights. Three lots on Wheeler St, \$500 each. Three modern homes on Greenwood Ave. Have some good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me for a good bargain. WM. KLOMP, 113 East Main St. 7-23-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Child's bed, high chair and go-cart. Phone 6818.

FOR SALE—1 Baldwin Piano......................\$60.00 3101 South Calhoun St. 11-10-tf

FOR SALE—Some nice S. C. White Orpington Cockerels. Wm. H. Hachmyer, Jr., 320 East Williams St., City. 16-6t

FOR SALE—Or exchange, one 2½ h. p. gas engine; one 6½ h. p. marine engine; two 6-foot floor cases, new; one set tinner's mandrels. Address F. D., Box 102, Cromwell, Ind. 16-6t

FOR SALE—Rubber Stamp Works; two vulcanizers, 125 styles type, cuts, other numerous supplies; one 7x11, one 10x15 printing presses. 16 Arcade, Fort Wayne.

FOR SALE—Range, iron bed and springs, parlor lamp, student's lamp, organ, alto horn, clarinet, oak stove base burner. Phone 6279-blue. 319 West Williams. 12-16-1m

FOR SALE—Ten car loads of Hocking Valley coal to be sold at \$4.25 per ton. Also ten car loas of Jackson coal at \$5.25 per ton. Best grades, city weight. Take the chance while it's cheap. Phone 2558. Terms cash. 12-14-3m

MUST REDUCE my flock for winter; will sell choice Barred, Buff and White Plymouth Rock cockerels and pullets very cheap. Write sure. H. E. Weaver, Silver Lake, Ind., R. 2, Box 63. 11-19-1m

LIVE STOCK.

FOR SALE—Good cow. 2014 Walton Ave. 16-2t

FOR SALE—Jersey cow. Call phone 6961-red. 16-2t

FOR SALE—Fresh cow. F. C. Altekruse, R. R. 5. 15-3t

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Registered stallion Shetland pony, cash or trade on diamond. C. M. Spahr, Rooms 6-8 Swinney Blk. 17-3t

FOR SALE—Nice gentle family cow; was fresh November 29. Apply J. C. Johnson, Hoffman second interurban addition, ½ mile west of rolling mills. 16-3t

FOR SALE—Don't miss getting a California gold quarter or half, relics of pioneer days ....35c and 65c
L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—One white messaline waist in box. Reward if returned to 218 East Washington. 17-2t

LOST—December 14, by August Koeneman, of Bingen, Adams county, large leather pocketbook, either on East Columbia or West Superior; about \$3.00 cash and insurance papers and receipts. Finder leave at Sentinel office and get reward. 17-2t

OTTO HITZEMANN
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.
509-10 People's Trust Bldg.
Seven-room cottage, south side, at a bargain. Owner leaving city.

PALMISTRY.

MADAME LA TORO, most scientific card reader and palmist in the world. Call 211 East Main St. 12--16t

BULLETIN

FOR TRADE—A good southern Michigan farm with all equipment and stock, including a \$6,000 herd of Holstein cattle. Will exchange a part for smaller farm.

HOME on Buchanan street; pavement paid, for \$1,800

\$15,000 hardware stock and building; good business; will trade for farm.

FOR TRADE—100 acres near Monroeville; will exchange for city property or smaller farm.

5 PER CENT. MONEY ON FARMS.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons, Earth and Insurance Men
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE. OFFICE OPEN EVENINGS.

Walsh & Kierspe
GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

5-room house, 1900 block Walton Ave.; lot 25x150; big bargain.
Splendid 14-room house, East Lewis St.; bath steam heat; lot 75x150, large barn, big bargain, owner leaving city.
10-room all modern house, 1000 block West Jefferson St., lot 50x150; large barn; biggest value on west side.
5-room house, 2021 Nelson St., good condition. \$1,700.
See us for all your wants.

MAIN OFFICE, 134 EAST BERRY ST. —Phone 2476.—
SOUTH SIDE BRANCH, 1835 CALHOUN. —Phone 5592.—

Bargains—Investigate

Large line of city property for sale or trade in and around Fort Wayne, Ind., from \$550 up.
We have big land bargains, improved and unimproved for sale or trade in different states, such as Texas, Oklahoma, California, East Mobile, Alabama, Michigan, Tennessee, Ohio and Indiana. Merchandise investments and loans made as well.
We have now grocery stocks, shoe stocks, restaurants and live stock for sale or trade.
One registered stallion, Shetland pony, cash or trade on diamond. Would make nice Christmas gift.
Be sure and see us if you want to trade, sell or buy.
C. M. SPAHR,
Rooms 6, 7 and 8, Swinney Blk.

B. F. ROUSSEAU
REAL ESTATE.

3 acres rich garden tract, five minutes walk to city car.
Very fine 1 and 2-acre tracts also, close to city car line.
A corking good 55-acre farm CHEAP; good improvements and lots of fruit; 6 miles from city on gravel road.
7 acres, near city; good buildings; will exchange for farm property.
5 12% rental investment city houses to exchange for farm.
15 acres good garden ground near city at a great bargain.
10-room modern house and barn 14x24, Packard Ave., near Broadway; very reasonable at \$3,200.
Room 526 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 3083.

FOR SALE

Or exchange fine garden land with seven room house and barn; close to city on gravel road. Also one-half acre tracts near Taylor street; priced \$150. A bargain.

G. W. McKee
Phone 639. 8-9 Bank Block.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

FOR SALE

8-romo dwelling; electric light; southeast part of city; \$2,600.
WASHINGTON BLVD. 6 rooms, all modern, large barn; only \$5,000.
10-rom modern dwelling, large barn, on East Jefferson St.; offere wanted; owner non-resident.
Two houses on one lot in north side; want an offer.
8 rooms, modern dwelling, on South Wayne Ave.; \$2,800.
Acre lots near end of Pontiac car line.
LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

H. L. Van Meter
REAL ESTATE
Over Old National Bank.

6-room modern house, central, small payment, balance monthly.
Modern 8-room house, full lot, West Wayne St., \$5,500.
New modern 8-room house in Williams Grove, \$5,800.
Good investments in business property, on Calhoun and Columbia Sts.
New 6-room modern house, West Minister place, \$3,300.
PHONE 327

FOR SALE

5-room house, Delaware Ave.; electric lights, water in house, only a small payment required.
8-room house, good barn, corner lot 90x150, Kentucky Ave., only \$2,800.
Several good homes in Bloomingdale, only \$250 cash, balance same as rent.
5-acre tract small house and barn, four miles from city, \$1,600.
Acre lot with 5-room house, 3 blocks from car line. Will exchange for other property.
K. J. BAUER & CO.
717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

Dandro
Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty —It is a Real Hair Grower.
It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2002 Home.

PERSONAL.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing advertisements marriageable people from all sections of the United States, Canada, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. B. O. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio. 12-10-Sats.-5t

"LOOK THESE OVER"

Boone St., 7-room, good condition ....Price	\$2,300.00
Clifton Ave., 6 rooms, all modern, soft water bath, furnace, large grounds, 160x170 ....Price	3,800.00
Smith St., 6 rooms, nearly new, both kinds of water, electric lights ....Price	2,000.00
Holman St., 5 rooms, fair condition, both kinds of water and pavement ....Price	1,800.00
Taylor St., 11-room house, pavement, corner lot, fine condition ....Price	3,650.00
Columbia Ave., double house, modern except furnace, rents for \$50.00 per month....Price	5,250.00
Buchanan St., near Western Gas Construction Co., 6 rooms, both kinds of water, electric lights, gas and pavement.......Price	2,250.00
Home Ave., 5 rooms, pavement, water and good cellar....Price	2,000.00
East Wayne St., 9-room house, fine condition............Price	2,800.00
Belle Ave., double brick house, fine rental property, first-class investment. Will consider part trade ....Price	6,000.00
Corner Monroe and Colerick Sts., 7-room modern new house; furnace, bath, fine chandeliers and corner lot. Installment plan ....Price	3,250.00

GARDEN LANDS
In acre and one-half acre tracts. Five minutes walk from South Broadway street car. Finest bottom land soil. Installment plan if desired.
JOHN H. VESEY,
Phone 2736. 514-516 SHOAFF BLDG.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

7-room residence; absolutely modern, No. 1723 Andrew St., one-half block north of Huffman street car line. Owner leaving city. A bargain for some one.

7-room house, just completed. A strictly modern proposition. 1617 East Creighton Ave. Easy terms.

6-room cottage, 231 West Williams St.; both waters, electric light; very cheap for quick sale.

CARL J. WEBER,
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
723 COURT ST. Phones 1889-1902.

FRED LAMBERT
REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

Nice lot for sale; Fox Ave., 2600 square. 35 feet frontage.
Huestis Ave., 1000 square; 36 feet frontage.
East Pontiac, corner lot, 42x150.
South Harrison, corner lot, 50x150.
South Webster, 35x150.
Oliver St., close to Bowser's new home, 40x161.
A well improved truck farm, two miles east of city limits, close to interurban, \$2,500.
A good 7-room modern house, East Suttenfield, beautiful location, paved St., cement walk all paid for, this week only, at \$2,850.
Beautiful cottage, East Washington, party leaving the city, must be sold this week.
Good 7-room house, South Broadway, close to Electric works, \$2,900.
ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings. Phones—Office, 2624; Res. 7090.

Real Estate Wanted

WHAT have you FOR SALE or TRADE in CITY, SUBURBAN or FARM PROPERTY, either vacant or improved, in large or small parcels? In answer to this ad call at office or write, giving full description of property, location, size and price. Prompt service rendered.

OPEN EVENINGS.

John H. Vesey
Phone 2736. Rooms 514-516 Shoaff Bldg.

Look Here!

A business building, renting for \$25.00 per month, only \$2,600.
Stock of groceries is also offered.
Several business chances on hand.
Seven-room modern house, south side, \$2,800.
Many others too numerous to mention. Call for particulars.
WANTED
Down-town business properties listed here.

G. W. Boerger
302-303 BASS BLOCK.

FEDERAL SECURITIES AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
CAPITAL \$100,000
Invest your rent in one of our modern houses on our easy payment plan. Phone 910. Rooms 5-6, CITIZENS TRUST BUILDING, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS MADE on approved security. Bayless Swift. Box 247, City. 14-tf

FOUR LODGES IN JOINT CEREMONY

Officers of Lower Masonic Bodies Installed at Meeting.

PROGRAM A FINE ONE

Officers of the four Masonic lodges in Fort Wayne were jointly installed in a public ceremony at the Scottish Rite cathedral Friday evening, and the event was attended by a large company of Masons, their wives and their families.

The program was a fine one, including selections by the Anthony orchestra, John B. Archer and Richard Hartzler, and an informal dance later, with refreshments. The installing officers were William Gezke, past grand master; C. B. Stemen, past grand chaplain; Edward O'Rourke, past grand master, and M. M. Smick, past master. The committee in charge of the event consisted of the following: Henry W. Cohen, past master Home lodge; William S. Patten, past master Summit City lodge; Byron H. Somers, past master Sol D. Bayless lodge; Ernest F. Liebman, past master Home lodge.

The Officers Installed.

The new officers of the various lodges are as follows:

Wayne Lodge No. 25—Raymond F. Castle, W. M.; Albert E. Thomas, S. W.; Robert F. Harding, J. W.; Frank P. Wilt, treasurer; Ephraim P. Dailey, secretary; Robert J. Gaskell, S. D.; Franklin W. Pifer, J. D.; Franklin H. Gaylord, S. S.; Charles W. Grosvenor, J. S.; Benjamin B. Saunders, tyler.

Summit City Lodge No. 170—John E. Hall, W. M.; J. McBeth Smith, S. W.; John E. Marquis, J. W.; Con. F. Kettler, treasurer; Ephraim P. Dailey, secretary; Elson Brosius, S. D.; L. Heeley Lifik, J. D.; Charles E. Becker, S. S.; Harry L. Askew, J. S.; Frederick D. Rehorst, tyler.

Home Lodge No. 342—Charles A. Meigs, W. M.; John L. Sessler, S. W.; Leslie S. Tucker, J. W.; Frederick Hilt, treasurer; Fred B. Owens, secretary; George T. Pantazin, S. D.; Morton Peterson, J. D.; William R. Kilgore, S. S.; William Holabaugh, J. S.; Daniel Kintz, tyler.

Sol D. Bayless Lodge No. 359—George H. McFerran, W. M.; Cecil C. Kimmel, S. W.; Harry S. Eade, J. W.; William E. Hood, treasurer; Charles L. Carter, secretary; Allen Hamilton, S. D.; Joseph D. O'Meara, J. D.; Clifford O. Whearley, S. S.; Homer A. Hartman, J. S.; Frederick D. Rehorst, tyler.

Ben-Hur Court Elects.

Ben-Hur Court No. 15, last night elected the following officers for the ensuing term: M. W. Kemp, past chief; F. G. Rinard, chief; Ethel Rhoades, judge; Ida Herold, teacher; M. J. Clear, scribe; Charles Ashley, keeper of tributes; Harvey Slater, captain; George Sweet, guide; W. J. Chapman, keeper of inner gate; Ed Challenger, keeper of outer gate; Catherine Anderson, musician.

GENUINE ECZEMA REMEDY.

New Remedy That Cures Eczema Quickly.

Meyer Bros. Co. have sold hundreds of jars of Hokara in the last few weeks, and although they offered to refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied purchaser, not one jar has been returned.

While this is surprising in itself, yet the most marvelous thing to them is the reports of chronic cases of eczema that have been cured by this simple skin food. People who have suffered with scales, scabs and even bleeding itching have found relief and cure in Hokara.

No matter where the eczema, pimples or other breaking out occurs, whether on the face, hands, legs or body, the application of Hokara will give quick relief, and even the worst or most chronic cases will be cured in a short time.

You can buy a liberal-sized jar at the very low price of 25c and with every package goes Meyer Bros. Co.'s guarantee to refund the money if it is not satisfactory. Larger size 50c.

* * *

FRAUD CRUSADE IS PRESSED.

Philadelphia Concerns in Bad With Federal Government.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Six men, four of whom are officers in one company and the other two officers in another concern, were arrested today by postal inspectors in connection with the government's crusade against persons suspected of using the mails improperly. Those taken into custody are Louis L. Rice, president; A. C. Patterson, first vice president; Edgar Poplig, second vice president and treasurer, and George H. Brooks, third vice president of the Chain Shoe Store syndicate, and Robert G. McMorris, Philadelphia, and Harry F. Stanton, Ocean City, N. J., officers of the Pine Heights company, a land concern.

The first four were held in $1,000 bail for a further hearing on January 6 and the other two waived a hearing and were held in $500 bail.

GOVERNMENT TO RUN MINE.

Largest Scheme of Experimental Work Ever Undertaken.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 16.—With a big coal mine operated by experienced miners and other employes the United States bureau of mines is about to start experimental work on the largest scale ever attempted. The Pittsburg Coal company has turned over to the bureau an important mine at Bruceton, Pa., and the work will begin next week. Experts will experiment in the production of mine explosives, give lessons on rescue work under actual conditions, show the proportions of pure air needed for each employe, explain ventilation in its every phase but particularly as it applies to work following an accident, test mining machinery, and the elimination of dust as a possible cause of explosions.

HOMESEEKERS RATES WEST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Ticket on sale December 6 and 20. Liberal return limit. Ask agent or write F. P. Parmin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.

It's Merry Christmas Time Now at the

White Fruit House

The Chief Center of Holiday Attractions For All This Section of Indiana is Unquestionably

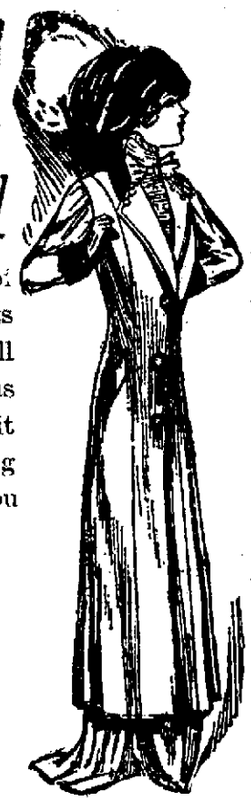
THE BIG STORE

FOUR VAST FLOORS TEEMING WITH BRIGHT, SPARKLING HOLIDAY WARES OFFER SUGGESTIONS TO EVERY PROSPECTIVE BUYER OF GIFT ARTICLES.

While we expect to be able to serve you well on every one of the days during this Holiday sale between now and Christmas, we are at our Holiday best right now. Our stocks are at their high tide of completeness and ready for the many shoppers. Our small army of extra salespeople has been at work long enough now to become acquainted with the stocks. This store is so large and well equipped that we are accommodating the already great crowds of Holiday shoppers without crowding or discomfort.

READ THE WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS IN SUITS, COATS, SHOES, UNDERWEAR, FURS, AND, IN FACT, EVERYTHING IN OUR BIG HOLIDAY STOCK.

Clearance Sale of Suits and Coats Now Instead of January



We are holding our clearance sale a whole month ahead of previous seasons, because we have too many Suits and Coats and prefer to reduce them for sale at a time when you still have several months to wear them, thus making the Christmas bargains so much more important. It is not necessary to wait for January or February sales. The values are more amazing now than they ever will be. Stop in here when shopping—you will agree the bargains are great.

Suits that were $15 to $1.50, now $8.95

Suits that were $19.75 now $13.95

Suits that were $25.00, now $17.00

Coats—A few numbers to give you an idea of the values which await the shoppers.

Other Coats as low as $5.00

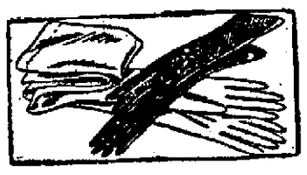
Women's and Misses' Coats, made of serge and fancy mixtures, some half lined, others lined throughout; Coats that sold up to $15.00, now $9.65

Women's and Misses' Coats, made of serge, cheviot and fancy mixed materials; Coats that sold up to $20.00, now $13.00

Women's and Misses' Coats, made of novelty, broadcloth and Scotch tweed, lined with Skinner's satin, Coats that sold up to $25.00, now $16.00

Gloves Make Nice Gifts

Gloves are popular as gift articles because they have the merit of universal utility as well as expressing the good wishes of the giver at Holiday time. Hundreds of pairs here for selection—men's, women's and children's Gloves of the best makes.



Gloves for men, silk lined $1.50

Men's Tan Gloves, prix seam, special value at $1.00

Buckskin Driving and Auto Gloves $1.50

Men's Imported Chamoisette Gloves, look like kid but are warmer; black and colors; pair ..... 50c and $1.00

Women's Glace Kid Gloves, the Royale, Chateau and Jouvin brands, finest French skins, colors and black, pair .... suede lining $1.00

Women's Street Gloves, mannish shapes and leathers $1.00

Women's Silk Gloves, silk and sucde lining, Kayser make 50c

FOOTWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

You save time and money when you make presents of Footwear—there is nothing easier to select, and we'll see that all who receive our Footwear are properly fitted—we gladly correct all errors in size after Christmas.

Neat, dress Shoes, or comfortable Slippers will please father, mother, sister or brother. We have a splendid line of Patent Leather Shoes for girls—they'll find favor with the little ladies.

Dress Shoes for Men ..... $2.00 to $3.50
Slippers for Men ..... 65c to $2.00
Felt Slippers for Men ..... 60c to $1.35
High Lace Boots for Boys ..... $2.25 to $3.00

High Lace Shoes or Gum Boots will reach the spot for the boy. And for Grandma—what is more appropriate than warm-lined Shoes or Felt Slippers?

Dress Shoes for Women (patent leather, gun metal, suede, velvet and cravenetee) ..... $2.50 to $3.00
Bed Room Slippers for Women ..... 90c to $1.25
Felt Slippers for Women ..... 50c to $1.50
Children's High Top Button Shoes .... $1.25 to $2.25

You will find this store full of everything that men and boys wear—articles that make

Useful Gifts

For Very Little Prices

Here are a few of them:

MUFFLERS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Knit Mufflers, either plain or with initials; quilted, lined Silk Mufflers, plain or initial 20c, 48c, 98c

Initial Handkerchiefs, any letter 15c

MEN'S KID GLOVES

Nothing makes a more appropriate gift than Kid Gloves. You will find them here—silk lined, fleece lined or unlined. All the latest popular colors, for ..... 50c to $1.00

Men's and Boys' Golf or Jersey Gloves 25c, 35c, 48c

Men's Fur Driving Gloves 98c, $1.98, $2.98

MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR

Good, Warm Underwear makes a substantial gift for father, brother or son. You will find the largest stock, the lowest prices and the best qualities at this store. Fleece lined, heavy rib,, merino or wool 38c, 98c

Men's Heavy Union Suits 98c, $1.50, $1.98

Boys' Fleece Lined Underwear 25c, 48c

MEN'S SOCKS

Good, Warm Socks, merino or cashmere wool; also heavy balbriggans in all colors and sizes, for 10c, 12½c, 20c, 25c

Men's Silk Socks 50c

Boys' Heavy School Stockings 12½c, 25c

NECKTIES.

Thousands of them, in every style and color, put up in fancy boxes, for 25c, 50c

FURS! FURS!

Be it single piece or matched set make gifts appreciated by every one We show the largest selection of Women's and Children's Furs in the city. Sets and single pieces from 98c up.

See our window display.

Some Practical Gift Suggestions That Always Please at Lowest Prices

Kimonas.
House Dresses.
Mercerized Petticoats.
Wool Undershirts.
Wool Shawls.
Tailored Shirtwaists.
Heatherblo oePmisettota
Heatherbloom Petticoats.
Gents' Outing Night Gowns.
Ladies' Outing Night Gowns.
Ladies' Muslin Night Gowns.
Corsets.
Lace Curtains.
Rugs.
Bed Spreads.
Table Linen.
Napkins.
Couch Covers.
Bath Towels.
Sideboard Covers.
Knit Shirts.
Dress Ginghams.
Striped Poplin for Shirtwaists.
Shaving Sets.
Smoking Sets.
Pipe Sets.
Manicure Sets.
Sewing Sets.
Necktie Boxes.
Sewing Boxes.
Wrappers.
Aprons.
Umbrellas.
Perfumery.
Hand Mirrors.
Stand Covers.
Purses.
Pocketbooks.
Pocket Knives.
Paper Knives.
Watches.
Alarm Clocks.
Brass Clocks.
Hair Ornaments.
Back Combs.
Misses' Beaver Hats.
Misses' Coats.
Canes.
Satchels.
Table Cloths at special prices.
Children's Hats.
Wool Toques.
Newport Scarfs.
Auto Scarfs.
Belts.
Necklaces.

HOLIDAY GIFT HINTS HOSIERY

Stockings make practical gifts and for that reason they are on many lists. You are sure of getting the good kind of Hosiery if you buy from our ample stocks, many numbers boxed for giving:

Women's Imported Lisle Stockings in a variety of pretty all-over lace patterns, pair ..... 50c to $1.25
Women's Pure Thread Silk Stockings in blac kand colors 50c
Women's Imported Lisle Stockings 75c
Women's Hand-Embroidered Stockings in self and contrasting colored designs ..... 85c to $1.25
Women's Cashmere Wool Stockings, in black and gray; two special numbers at ..... 25c and 50c

PRACTICAL GIFTS UMBRELLAS

Scarcely any gift affords the recipieent a greater degree of satisfaction than a good Umbrella. DOur Umbrella Section, on second floor, is showing an unsurpassed variety in styles of handles as well as the quality of the coverings. A few hints:

Men's and Women's Umbrellas, silk, silk-and-linen and fine yarn over taffeta coverings, close rolling steel frames in a great assortment of handles, ... 97c to $2.00

PIPES

Nine line of Briar and Meerschaum Pipes at closing-out prices.

CIGAR SPECIALS

Christmas box of 12 ..... 20c
Christmas box of 25 ..... 50c
Christmas box of 50 ..... $1.00 up

We also have special bargains in all leading Fort Wayne Cigars.

When have the people of Fort Wayne had an opportunity like this in December to save so many good dollars? Our last word is, do not let your opportunity pass you by.

White Fruit House

THE STORE WITH THE HOLIDAY BARGAINS

The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, 1910.

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WHY THE ALOOFNESS OF NEW YORK?

An Observant Provincial, Speaking for Millions of Others, Tells How They Regard the Metropolis—Also How the Metropolis Views Yap, Who, After All, Has a Big Advantage

Mrs. Josiah Soundso from Kenosha

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FOR the purposes of many persons a proper map of the United States would show a large black dot on the Atlantic coast labelled "New York," and for the rest a huge blank space marked "Great American Desert."

Geographical maps, topographical maps and many other kinds of graphical maps illustrate mountains, rivers, watersheds, towns, cities and other features of interest to scientists, with each State displayed in red, green or some other fancy color, but a sociographical map would show the Island of Manhattan in a deep crimson, fading off into pink and faint rose to include everything as far as New Rochelle and the near half of Long Island, while the remainder of the United States would wear simply some unitone, preferably a dull gray or a colorless khaki.

New Yorkers—not meaning a few brave, adventurous spirits, but the average man, as you would reach out and touch him on the streets—regard the rest of the United States much as the early Spanish explorers regarded America in general, simply as a place to go out and get gold, to spend, on return, in the mother country.

Provincials, on the other hand (and as this is written by one of them no offence is meant in the title), regard New York as a place in which to spend money; to look open eyed at Vanity Fair from a seat in the gallery, or as one in which they may wear stylish clothes without attracting undue attention.

This grand division of population into New Yorkers and others is a condition which has a parallel in no other country in the world, except perhaps in France, where they have Parisians and others. In England the prevalence of great country estates and the relics of the feudal system, the abundance of country families which were reigning before London was thought of, preclude any possibility of such a condition; while in the other countries historical conditions and the limited area of the whole territory have made it possible for the leaven of the great city to permeate the whole nation much more than it has ever done in the few years and the vast area of the United States.

What a sight it would be if some day there should sound on Manhattan a sort of trumpet of Judgment Day—blown, one might fancy, by the Lady of Liberty out in the harbor—commanding the sheep and goats to separate, the New Yorkers on one side of the line and the outsiders on the other! What, for instance, would be the proportion of numbers if such a trumpet should sound on a Saturday night during the theatre season? And what surprises such a call would unfold!

The New Yorker would find that the grotesque character at whom he had been laughing as a typical "rube" would take his place beside him, having been born in the shadow of the elevated and having never be[illegible] of the Hudson. The provincial would find that the elegant lady whom he had been admiring in the restaurant as one of the fabled Four Hundred was none other than Mrs. Josiah Soandso, from Kenosha.

And the way in which they eye each other, these sheep and goats! For no patriotic Hungarian ever regarded with deeper suspicion a Philistine German-Austrian than does the average New Yorker regard the man or woman from outside the pale.

New York in War.

In the summer of 1909 the United States government threw some 15,000 young men of various States into two heterogeneous masses for the attack and defence of Boston. On the surface they were the citizen soldiery of four States and the District of Columbia, all armed, equipped, directed and trained exactly alike, under the unifying process of the modern organized militia. At heart they were young men of every class, from banker to hostler, each representative of the State from which he came.

For eight days these young men on both sides of the mimic war marched, fought, lived and, as the issue proved, suffered together. And to a close observer there evolved one of the most interesting points on this very question which is being discussed.

Inside of a day the men of New Jersey, Connecticut and the District of Columbia were fraternizing together like brothers. The minute peace was declared they were over the line exchanging tobacco and canteen drinks with the "enemy" from Massachusetts.

And, alone in all this feasting and rejoicing, stood the camps of the New York city battalions, as closely marked as if they were hostile, in dignified aloofness from all the others. Lean, gaunt Yankees from Connecticut, jovial troopers from New Jersey and even grinning negroes from the District of Columbia were hailing each other in the streets of Hanover Four Corners like brothers in arms, passing in and out of one another's camps, exchanging tokens of the campaign, while behind the picket lines of the New Yorkers the city soldiers stared and glared in strange aloofness, and no Yank or bean eater ever unbidden crossed the line.

An officer of those days says that in the week's campaign he made firm friends with men from every other State, but not once did he speak to a New Yorker except on a single occasion when he had business at the camp of a New York battery and asked his way, to be met by exactly that same suspicious stare that the provincial gets when he asks his way in the streets of New York.

The New York regiments were perfect models of neatness and discipline, their officers were the best looking in the streets of the towns, but at admiration all intercourse stopped. On the second day out there was almost a fight when a detachment of the Second Connecticut infantry, acting as a provost guard, arrested a man from the Twenty-second New York who was trying to pass the lines without a pass.

The same feeling comes to the provincial in civilian life, felt most acutely on every visit to New York. For the odd part of it is that every visitor has a guilty feeling that the grim hostility of the great city is directed entirely against his little self. In all the bustle and gayety of the place he feels as if he were the one outsider, as if the whole city might rise at any moment and demand, with a glare, how he had dared to intrude.

Take the case of a sample man—from a city well outside of New York, far enough away so that his business does not make him familiar with the place and yet not so far that a trip to New York assumes the aspect of a two days' journey. He arrives in the city probably on Saturday afternoon—for a week's end is a great trip for the provincial, and on that very day when the New Yorkers are pouring out the provincials are pouring in. Let the visitor be a man of well to do circumstances, a man of culture and education, possibly familiar with Paris and the cities of Europe, but yet a stranger in his own city of New York.

Mr. Provincial's Experiences.

He arrives with a recommendation of a hotel, given him by some friend who has added exact directions for getting there, has possibly drawn a little map on the back of an envelope. At the very station the fear of the city begins to creep over him. Other passengers are tearing in a great rush for the gates; every one seems to know just where to go except himself; and finally, in the blankness of despair, he throws the map to the winds and drops into the clutches of the nearest cabman, the great maze of the city, which had seemed so simple on the map, becoming a hopeless jungle to him. Of course he neglects to go to the station cab office and hires a shouting Jehu, who charges him two or three times the legitimate fare, which he pays as a willing penalty for his own ignorance.

He arrives at the hotel a beaten man and takes any room offered him by the clerk, who appears to be the best dressed and most sophisticated young man whom he has ever seen. Heavens, if he could only know that this same clerk came from his own State and had been in New York less than a year! But he never will know. That is, the clerk will never tell him.

At this most hopeless minute of his life our visitor, if he is experienced in landing in strange places in the depressing hour of twilight, will do a very sensible thing. He will go to his room, shave, bathe and make a complete change. If the symptoms continue he should order a cup of coffee and read a few short stories from the magazine which he has bought on the train. If he is a drinking man he may follow his instincts, but the best authorities do not advise this. It savors too much of despair.

At dinner the world will become rosy once more, for "breathes there a man with soul so dead," &c. The first thing to strike the visitor will be the music in the dining room, and under its subtle strains he will realize without fail that he was made for city life and will wonder why he does not come to New York every week or two.

The men and women in evening clothes and the marvellous beauty of some of the red cheeks will also strike him, and he will wonder what is "going on" that night. The only flaw in his cup of bliss will be the gnawing perplexity as to whether he ought to tip the waiter before or after he is served. He has heard so much about the evils of the tipping system that it will be a distinct surprise when the head waiter falls to grab him by the throat as he leaves the room and demand a dollar bill. Being a well meaning provincial he will probably give the waiter the largest tip he has received that evening and will be quite surprised at the creature's open gratitude.

——And Having Never Been West of the Hudson

Little Old Milwaukee Is Good Enough for Me

Well fed and smoking a cigar almost as good as that supplied him by his honest little cigar dealer at home, he will stroll into the foyer with the admirable intention of "seeing a show." He may even ask some minor employe, like a bellboy or a chambermaid, what is "in town" that night. The fact that the employe knows less about it than he does will be the basis for surprise No. 2. His unconscious belief had been that the entire city of New York attended the theatres en masse every night in the week. If he only knew what bliss he could bring to the heart of the bellboy by giving him the price of the peanut gallery for the first time in six months where would charity cease?

The Queer Effect.

Having now a place where he may eat and sleep, the visitor again views the world in a normal light and strolls out with confidence unalloyed. At first glance there is something queer about the atmosphere of the hurrying streets which he does not quite understand. One provincial who has had the feeling often enough to analyze it explains that it is the lack of people stopping to greet each other, to cluster on street corners and in front of saloons, as they do at home.

With plenty of time to find his way Mr. Provincial will get along swimmingly, especially if he discovers early in the game that because Broadway is east of Sixth avenue in some places it does not follow that it occupies the same relative position all the way up town. The visitor will probably make good his resolve to "see a show," and alas, alack! ten to one it will not be "The Old Homestead," but a musical comedy of the sprightliest kind.

At the theatre he will discover with surprise how exceedingly simple it is to get to his seat and will also note, with some disappointment, that the house is no larger than the opera house at home. He had a preconceived notion that all New York theatres were built on the principle of the Hippodrome, and even that, sorrowful to relate, is not as big as the State armory in our town. Some metropolitan manager should build a house with an orchestra exactly one mile long as a special upholder of provincial ideals.

The metropolitan feeling will come back, however, once the visitor gets into the lighted streets. Being of an adventurous disposition, he will not return to his own hotel, but will seek some good cafe.

Here the eager spring of the waiters to show him a table will restore his feeling of self-importance, and, like as not, he will settle back, saying to himself, "Ah, it's good to be in little old New York again!"

He will then watch the incoming customers with eager eyes, painting the most glorious romances about them. Those women, gorgeous with jewels, regal in their low cut gowns, who can they be? he wonders. He envies the careless grace with which their escorts chat with them. Their talk must be the brilliant repartee that one reads in the novels, with snatches about horses and hounds and country houses. That stout woman, who chaperons, is undoubtedly one of the famous hostesses of the metropolis. Lucky is he that he is not near enough to hear what she is actually saying:—

"Well, I told George that if we came to New York it would be the last time. Little old Milwaukee is good enough for me."

Then that slim man with the silk hat and the bored air—a real New Yorker this time. Another leader of society—what a devil of a fellow he must be! But our friend from Homeville does not see the contemptuous glances of the waiters which follow the man as he glances idly from side to side, looking, as Mr. Provincial supposes, for some acquaintance with whom to lighten the ennui of an hour. The waiters know that he is looking for some good natured soul on whom he can graft the price of a supper and the drinks.

It is possible that one chance in a million will fall and that, in the stream of faces, our friend will see that of a fellow townsman. From the present point of view it is the most unfortunate thing that he could do, for, though they had but a bowing acquaintance at home, they would fall on each other's necks and the whole fruits of an evening's training would be lost. For when two people from Homeville fall together the atmosphere ceases to be New York and for all practical purposes they might as well be back on the corner of Main street and Homeville square.

All Days Alike.

The first day is a fair sample of all that are to follow. When he sums it all up, afterward, Mr. Provincial finds that he has done but three things—walk the streets aimlessly, watch the people and pour money into the cavernous pockets of the hotel and theatre proprietors. After a while he gets so that, in his morning walks, he can tell Fifth avenue without looking up at the lamp posts. He even sees people stranger to New York than he is and smiles with a quiet air of superiority.

On the second night he finds, to his surprise, that he has dropped into the same café as on the first night, and is rather proud of the fact that the waiters recognize him. He had had an idea that he would eat in a different place every evening, but habit, the strongest force in human nature, gets the better of him and he has soon marked out a tiny section of New York which is all his own. When he has done that he has taken the first step toward becoming a naturalized New Yorker; yet somehow he had never realized before that all New Yorkers do not live all over the city at once.

And now for the provincial, in the eyes of the average New Yorker. It can be expressed in one word, "Yap." This does not refer, of course, to the viewpoint of the New Yorker who has been educated outside of the city or who is constantly on the move in all parts of the country, but to the man and woman of the streets and restaurants. The Yap may own the very apartment in which the New Yorker lives, but as long as he continues to vote and buy his hosiery in Nashua the epithet is still applied to him. As one goes up the social scale the diction is finer, but the sentiment remains the same.

"She is a girl from out of town," says the young lady in society, referring to a friend who has been seen with her. The friend may come from Detroit or from Pensacola, but that makes no difference. The fact that she is "out of town" is the vital point of the statement.

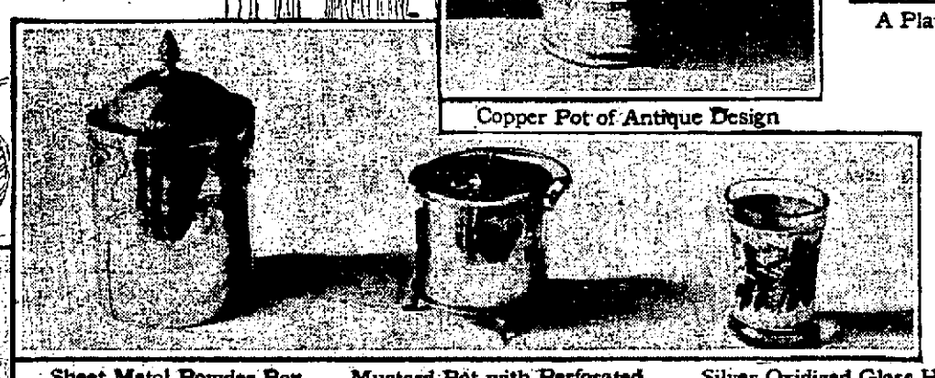
The Yaps have a good deal to say about this. George Washington was a Yap and Abraham Lincoln was from "out of town." So has been every President of the United States, with one exception. Jack Johnson is an honored Yap and so are most of the heroes of the national league, but instances have no appeal to the New Yorker.

It is about an even deal. The New Yorker continues to scoff and the provincial, when he reaches home, smiles safely from the satisfaction of honest food, good air and a friendly neighborhood. And the Yap has this big advantage, that, while New York is a mighty little place, after all, there is a good deal to the rest of the American continent.

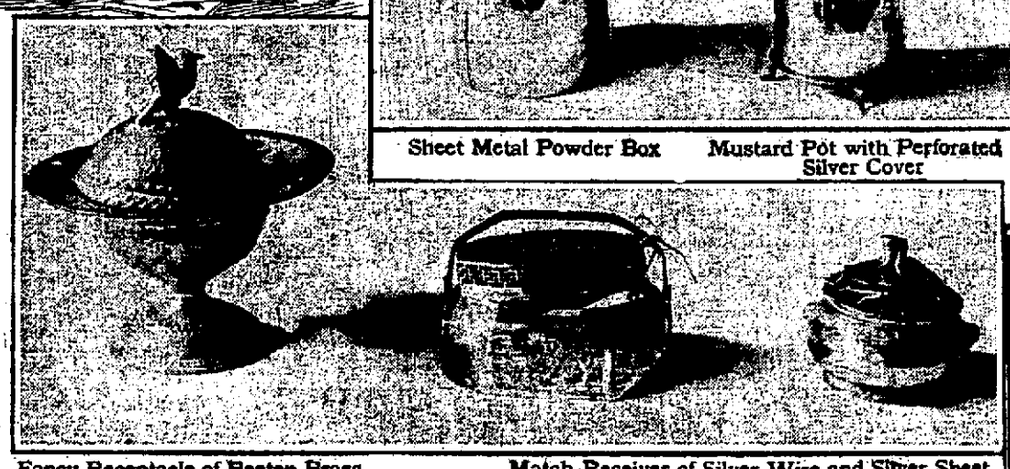
WORK IN METAL OR FASHIONABLE EMPLOYMENT

Copper Pot of Antique Design

A Plate in Repousse of High Relief Other Pieces in Simple-Line Engraving



Sheet Metal Powder Box Mustard Pot with Perforated Silver Cover Silver Oxidized Glass Holder



Fancy Receptacle of Beaten Brass Match Receiver of Silver Wire and Silver Sheet Bonbon Box with Perforated Cover

Simple Designs in Hammered Silver

WHEN the novice in metal working once tastes the joy of actually constructing some artistic bit of silversmithy then from that time forward the attraction of the shop made article for her is forever gone. Then, too, she begins to appreciate the value of becoming more and more familiar with the best methods employed by expert craftsmen.

She will see new beauties in hand wrought silver and gold and will delve with all the strength of her new born enthusiasm into the fascinating study of the work of the ancient craftsmen and will see with what small and simple equipment they turned out articles of rare workmanship and exquisite design. Take the rich silver flagons and other similar vessels of olden Rome and the ancient jewelry of Egypt and Greece, each specimen of which has in it enough of inspiration to carry even the more staid and unimaginative student into an appreciation of really good art.

Even a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, will prove a source of immense assistance, for since the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration there has been on exhibition there one of the finest collections of hand wrought silver of the Colonial and other periods in the country. Particularly is this collection valuable to the girl at the beginning of her novitiate, for many of the specimens are precisely the sort of thing that the average girl desires to make, such as bowls, porringers, spoons, ladles, boxes and all the small silver of the table dresser.

To start with, there are several broad principles to remember in doing metal work. One of the most important is that any amount of hammering on metal makes it hard and brittle, so that annealing at frequent intervals is necessary. Now this, as any other operation in metal work, seems rather complicated to the novice, but it is all very simple once the process is known.

To anneal means to heat red hot and cool slowly. This retempers the metal, so to anneal a silver piece on which the beginner is working, lay the metal on a red hot stove or hold in the flame of a gas lamp until brought to the bright temperature. Copper may be heated until it turns a bright red color, but brass should never be allowed to get beyond a cherry red. With silver heat to a dull glowing red. After annealing rinse in water and dry.

Don't get frightened at the sort of tools necessary for hammered silver work. They are distinctly masculine, in that they are distinctly associated with the work of men, but when familiar with them they seem quite as harmless and simple as darning needle and bodkin.

A work bench is advisable, though not absolutely necessary, as a heavy table, shelf or window ledge will do, but as one such as is used in the schools for manual training can be bought for only $6, it is wisest to invest. It is especially constructed for the convenience of the worker, having a semicircular piece cut out to allow the body of the craftsman to get close to her work, while it is fitted with a vise and blowpipe, both of which are constantly in demand.

WHERE will I get my silver? is one of the first questions asked by the beginner. This can be bought at a shop where metal workers' tools are sold, and it comes already rolled, for the convenience of the worker, in about thirty different gauges or thicknesses.

These vary from that of ordinary writing paper to the thickest cardboard. For ordinary work, such as bonbon boxes and small bowls, a 22 gauge is best. Silver changes its price with the fluctuations of the market. Just now it is about ninety cents an ounce, while copper used for large bowls, jardinières and decorative plates is sold at something like twenty-five cents a pound.

To work with there must be a set of files, round, flat and square; several small hand chisels, a draw plate, pliers, snarling iron, several stakes to hammer the metal over and binding wire for tying the work together when soldered. A sand bag, wooden block and pitch block, on which to place the metal while working on it, are indispensable, and borax crystals to form a flux in soldering.

No doubt all this sounds like Greek to the average girl, who has heretofore known only embroidery scissors, stiletto and needle, but their use will be shown a bit later on.

A girl should not attempt too elaborate a piece for a beginner, for the simpler piece well done and painstakingly ornamented will form a basis for nearly all the more complicated work to be attempted later on. Bowls and porringers and bonbon boxes are all things that appeal to the average girl, and the method of making the first two and others of their ilk are very similar.

Say a porringer is selected as the initiatory piece to be constructed. For this take sheet metal, about 22 gauge, and on it outline a circle which shall be larger than the vessel's profile. Within this circle mark with a compass many smaller circles, one within the other, graduating in size from the outer circle to one an inch in diameter in the centre, each circle being one-quarter of an inch from the other. The beginner will find these lines of inestimable help in hammering the metal, for by following each concentric circle in turn the work is bound to be more or less uniform.

ANOTHER one of the salient points to be considered in hammering metal is that whenever sheet metal is struck by the hammer the result is that it is either stretched or contracted, and the previously flat surface becomes more or less round, according to the hammerman's ability to direct the blows aright. Continual beating around in increasing circles will cause the metal to become almost round. Experience will tell when the desired shape is secured.

To make the porringer, place the circular disc of metal over a wooden beating block which has in the centre a cup shaped hollow. With a round headed mallet beat the metal until it resembles a shallow bowl. Now turn the bowl over the end of a wooden stake, which, shaped like a pair of horns, is held firmly in the vise. A common poker held firmly to the floor is sometimes used for a stake. Following the lines of the circles, hammer the metal all around until it exhibits a springy feeling. Now it is time to anneal it. A point that will help the beginner is to remember in beating the metal to hold the elbow close to the side and let the movement be from the wrist.

After annealing and cooling turn the bowl and beat from the inside, working from the centre out, but stopping short of the brim. If the bowl gets out of shape during the process, put it on the beating block and make it uniform.

Once again heat the metal from the outside, following the concentric circles, as with the left hand the bowl is constantly being turned. To finish the surface planish it with a hammer made for the purpose over a polishing stake also constructed especially for this operation. This leaves the surface covered with brilliant facets which reflect the light in an exquisite manner.

The handle of the porringer may be as ornate as desired. For this take a piece of thick metal a trifle longer than the design in mind and gradually hammer the silver out on the anvil until it assumes a fan shaped appearance. File away any cracks that may appear to prevent them from spreading. Divide the fan shaped end into a number of long slender parts, an odd number preferred. Bend these outward into half curves, anneal and continue bending into some ornate but symmetrical design. Lastly solder the divisions together.

To attach the handle to the porringer broaden and flatten the opposite end, bend at right angles to the handle and solder to the bowl.

To solder is a simple process, but certain rules must be observed. Borax crystals ground up with water are used as a flux to assist in firmly soldering the parts together. The edges of the metal to be joined should be scraped clean and painted with a solution of the borax. A camel's hair brush may be used. Tie the parts together with binding wire. Pick up small pieces of solder, dip in borax water and place at intervals along the joint. Heat in the flame, using slight heat at first, gradually a hotter flame, which none of the time should be directed to any other part of the metal except the joint. When cooled the metal, to be cleansed from oxides, must be dipped in what is called a pickle, a mixture of one part hydrochloric acid and ten parts water.

TWO very interesting and one very curious instrument are used in metal working. They are the snarling iron and draw plate. The former is a Z shaped piece of iron, one end of which when held in the vise and struck by a hammer just above this point allows the other to vibrate gently. By inserting this end into a long necked bottle or other vessel which could not be reached by the hammer any amount of bossing can be obtained.

The draw plate is a plate of iron pierced with a series of holes of varying sizes, through which from the largest to the smaller the silver is drawn to the required thickness.

If a small bonbon box is the design to be attempted by the beginner then the method of working is quite different and something simpler. It is certainly less work unless the ornamentation is very elaborate. In this event a strip of sheet metal the length of the circumference of the box is cut and two circular pieces for top and bottom, though the piece for the top must be a shade larger than the bottom in order to slip over the box. A narrow strip of metal for the bend of the cover is also necessary. First solder the body of the box according to the directions given for soldering, add the bottom and complete the top in the same way.

Of course the matter of ornamentation is one of favor, some preferring the plain polished surface of the metal, others repoussé work in high or low relief, chasing or engraving. Without a doubt the repoussé is most admired. This means—in high relief—that the design is pushed out from the back, not driven in from the face, and naturally this can only be applied to more or less flat surfaces where the worker can hammer out his design from the back.

Some sort of a substance not too hard and not too yielding is needed on which to lay the work while treating the design. Pitch offers the moderate resistance best liked. This can easily be prepared at home or can be bought at a place where metal workers' tools are sold. If mixed at home use one-half of Burgundy pitch and one-half brick dust, and if this is too hard add a little linseed oil and rosin.

UNLESS the article is too large a common frying pan may be used for a pitch block. Pour the mixture over it to a depth of one inch and over this place the metal on which the design has been applied with impression paper, pressing it down well and drawing the cement up over the edge with the finger so as to hold it firmly when cooled. To prevent the pitch from sticking dip the fingers first in water. With a ball headed tool and mallet beat out the design before the pitch has wholly cooled. To remove when finished heat the pitch and clean the work with petroleum.

If low relief is desired, then the pattern is brought into relief by beating down the background. In the case of a vessel which cannot be laid on the pitch block it must be filled with pitch and the work done on a sandbag.

Nothing is more effective for the tops of powder boxes or for trays of various descriptions than the perforated designs which entered largely into the old German work, especially that done in Nuremberg. In the case of soft metal the designs can be cut from the silver by simply using common shears or a boy's fretsaw. If difficulty is experienced in cutting out the corners simply lay the metal on a small anvil—a common flatiron may be used instead of the anvil—and with a cold chisel cut out the difficult places.

With care and patience there is no reason why a good piece of work should not be turned out at the first trial. If a girl wishes to get grounded in the principles of metal working there are schools where she can do this, though, as one expert says, it is by thinking and trying, not by being shown, that one learns to produce anything valuable. If a girl is contented to begin by doing the simple things well she will really need no teaching whatever. As in design a complicated pattern is only the repetition of a simple motif, so in the actual fundamentals the simple things thoroughly well learned give one the knowledge by which the more elaborate are accomplished.

There are teachers, however, and there are text books that can be relied upon by those who feel they need guidance at the start.

Individual Reference Books.

INDIVIDUAL reference books are now of so large and varied a character that in order readily to lay the hands upon the needed volume each one of the collection should be bound in a distinctive way. Whether a college girl is giving a recipe book to the head of a household or is herself collecting recipes against the time when she is married, that practical volume should have a most substantial binding and be provided with at least two adjustable covers of heavy natural colored linen, suitably embroidered in wash silk.

This is because the recipe book comes into contact with greasy and oily substances while in the kitchen, and only frequent laundering of its covers will prevent it from becoming a repulsive article to handle.

Enamelled black trunk leather is the best covering for travel books, as that material withstands moisture and does not soil. These volumes should be about eight by ten inches in diameter and of not more than five hundred pages. Otherwise they will be inconveniently bulky. A good plan is always to have in reserve several moderately sized books, and so soon as one has been filled to label and date it in gold, silver or a bright color and express it home for future reference.

If photograph and post card books are to become a real enjoyment to their owner they should be started systematically and each one of them bound in so distinctive a shade of morocco that at a glance the volume needed for reference may be located on its shelf. The binding colors are easily determined. Irish green, Spanish yellow and French army blue are recognized readily and white stars on blue promptly suggest "Old Glory."

The girl whose duty it is to make inventories of the household napery, bed linen, furniture, silver, china, cutlery and library will find it easier to have a separate book for each department, as twice a year she can then check off whatever article is discarded or lost and on a fresh page enter the description and cost of whatever has been newly purchased. As household and library inventories are not roughly or frequently handled they may be handsomely bound in lizard, kid or any fine pelt. On the contrary, family expense books, being almost constantly in service and always depressing volumes to look into, are best in dark sealskin or morocco, while the telephone address book may be in some substantial pelt of a cheery shade of green, blue or red.

Visiting list, engagement and check books have so prominent a place on the writing desk that they should be covered in an ornamental manner. Orchid tinted moire silk paper bound volumes are charming for a young girl's desk, but if any of those shades clash with the color scheme of the room the same material may be obtained in any desired tint. More substantial covers—and also extravagant, because they are not easily cleaned—are of ribbon or silk thread embroidered woven moire, taffeta or satin. But of all fabric book coverings the most artistic and durable are those of French tapestry, furniture brocade or figured pongee.

SOCIAL AMENITIES FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL

ONE of the first duties of the daughter of the house should be to see that the guest room is always ready for occupancy at a moment's notice. A visitor can more quickly be made to feel that her presence is really wanted in the household if on every side her apartment shows a careful forethought of her comfort than by any other means.

Kind words of greeting of course play the first part in making the guest feel at home, but be her welcome ever so cordial its effect will soon vanish if the guest is ushered to a room which shows only too plainly that not a moment in the day has been spared in planning for the visitor's arrival.

There is no need that the spare room should be the best chamber in the house, nor when there is an extra room are there many cases when it is advisable for some member of the family to move out of her own room for the visitor. The average guest would infinitely rather put up with small quarters than feel that she is putting any member of the family, even the youngest child, to inconvenience. She will be far more apt to enjoy her visit if she can feel her coming and departure have not occasioned a general upheaval in the arrangements of the house.

The average guest chamber is unpleasantly like any hotel room, although often not so complete. It contains all the necessities and not one of the luxuries or little touches that go to make a room attractive. There is always a bed, a bureau and table, a washstand or wash closet and generally a desk; but how often there are no paper and writing materials for the writing table, no new books on the shelf and no toilet requisites on bureau and washstand for the guest whose trunk is delayed in its arrival.

The really thoughtful hostess will try to call to mind all the little luxuries that her friend delights in, and will provide them in her room if it be possible. If she is fond of reading there will be books on her bed table—poetry, new novels, histories—whatever she cares most for.

If she is leaving home for long there will be many letters to be written to her family, and the desk should be carefully stocked with pen, pencils, ink, writing paper and stamps. To keep a book of postage stamps in the guest room will not amount to more than a dollar or two at the outside in the course of a year, and though this may mean the greatest convenience to the visitor it is an item which the most generous hostess seldom provides for. Just why so many extraordinarily generous girls—and older women as well—are consistently small in giving postage stamps it is hard to say, but it is certainly the favorite and perhaps the only real economy of the age, as it is about the only form of economy that is really foolish.

In fitting out the guest room there are certain articles that should always be there ready for the guest who comes unexpectedly to luncheon as well as the visitor of a week or month. On the dressing table there should be the necessary articles—comb, brush, manicure set, button hook and hand mirror—but no great collection of useless boxes and flasks. On the washstand should be a fresh cake of soap, a neatly ironed face rag, a jar of cold cream perhaps and a bottle of bath salts, so that the guest shall not miss her baggage should it be delayed even over night. If the tastes of the visitor are well known there will be a bottle of her favorite cologne on the dressing table and the kind of powder that she prefers will be found in the powder box.

There must always be a light within easy reach of the bed. Not every house is equipped with the luxury of electric lamps by every bedstead, so the old fashioned candle and box of matches will have to answer in most cases. Attractive little sets are to be had in pretty china, consisting of a tray, candlestick and match safe, with a small water pitcher and glass for the ice water that must be left in the guest room each evening.

It is not always possible to pack in a trunk or suit case the tiny pillow upon which the modern girl or woman is so dependent. A small pillow in dainty linen case must therefore not be forgotten, but must have its place among the larger pillows on the divan or bed.

Each guest room should have its own breakfast tray and set of china. Even a school girl is often allowed the luxury of breakfast in bed after a holiday dance, and her guest must be allowed all the hours of the morning if she desires them for sleep. But as soon as she wakens she must be given her breakfast, and no matter how simple this meal is it will be twice as delicious if eaten off a pretty white tray and attractive china which is of the same color decoration as the room itself. And the maid must be shown just how the tray should be set, for an untidy breakfast tray with linen, not absolutely fresh is worse even than a poorly served dinner.

There is no greater mistake than the feeling that the regular routine of the household should be in any way changed because of the guest who has been brought back from school or college to spend the vacation. If any of the daily arrangements of the family has been interfered with she will quickly perceive the state of affairs and be rendered uncomfortable at once. The scale of living to which one is accustomed is certainly good enough for one's friends—and if they are really friends they will have infinitely more respect and affection for the hostess who offers simply what she has, be it ever so little or so much, than for the girl who pretends to live in a way quite beyond what her father could possibly afford to keep up.

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts.

EVERYTHING that can possibly be worked out in brocade is made from that material this year. Music rolls and muffs, opera bags and hats, march boxes and sofa cushions—there is no end to the list. A girl who has many Christmas gifts to make would do well to purchase a large square of Oriental brocade and from this piece she can fashion any number of attractive presents for those to whom only small remembrances are to be sent, as well as to the few who are to receive the larger gifts.

The Oriental pattern is to be had in bright colors, with threads of gold or silver, with a subdued tone at the same time which gives an illusion of the antique. This brocade is only to be had in double width, but, while expensive at first thought, there are so many different things that can be evolved from the one piece that in the end the cost is very little.

For an older woman nothing is so acceptable as a large workbag. Lined with old gold or bright blue satin, a brocade bag will be used for keeping the different parts of a knitted afghan or a piece of tapestry that is being worked upon at odd moments. A smaller size will do nicely for a piece of embroidery and there should be pockets in the lining for the different silks and needles. With the scraps that are left when the corners for the large bag are cut there can be fashioned a most attractive small bag or box for the knitted ties that all girls make so unceasingly.

A large, ordinary shaped sewing bag when made from brocade should be trimmed with gold metal lace and the strings should be of dull gold ribbon, finished with tassels of dull gold metal.

The best bag in which to keep the two balls of knitting silk for a tie is about six inches long, with round cardboard or even wooden ends about three and a half inches in diameter. These end pieces are covered on the outside with brocade and on the inside with satin, the same as the rest of the lining. There is an envelope flap for this little round box or bag. To finish it a band of dull gold braid or of gold metal lace may be stitched on all around as a border.

The favorite and in fact the only embellishment for brocades of the Chinese patterns is the dull gold braid and the gold metal lace. Old gold silk or satin is, as a rule, the best color for lining, but with some pieces bright blue, dull green and often deep salmon pink will tone in exquisitely.

An opera bag with a little mirror fitted in at the end is extremely pretty worked out in brocade. Ordinary dress brocade also makes an attractive opera bag, and for a friend who wears a cloak or evening gown of brocade a bag of the same material bordered with silver lace and tied with silver ribbon and tassels will surely be an acceptable gift.

Metal frames can be bought in all sizes for every kind of bag, and instead of the ribbon and gold strings to fasten the newest bags many have a stiff frame. For an opera bag or any kind of a shopping bag the stiff frame is often preferred.

Powder boxes, hatpin cases, hairpin boxes, appurtenances for the writing table, book racks and book covers, veil cases, handkerchief cases, even card cases, are now all made in the Oriental pattern brocade, with its threads of gold and silver interwoven, instead of the ordinary silk brocade which was used so widely only a year ago.

And this brocade, which formerly was used only in the field of house decoration, has now invaded the world of dress. A large pillow muff bordered all around with a band of fur can easily be made by any girl who will take the time to fashion a prettily shirred satin facing for the brocade and a nicely finished small flat satin covered muff, over which the wide brocade piece is laid and sewed only across the centre of the brocade, which falls down over the muff on each side. For an older sister such a muff with a collar to correspond would make a most attractive present.

Small round muffs with a border of fur at the wrist openings are also very smart in brocade, and as they require much less brocade and fur they are consequently less costly to make.

To fashion a collar for a brocade muff it is only necessary to make a ruche of the material, line it with satin and border it at each end with fur, finishing the collar with a ribbon rosette over the hooks and eyes or else ribbon streamers to tie the collar beneath the chin. Instead of fur marabou may be used and is equally effective and quite a little lower in cost.

PIG PICTURES—NEW GAME.

NO end of amusement may be extracted by a group of young people from a Pig Book containing blank pages on which each member of the party, while blindfolded, sketches his or her idea of what a pig is like.

The books are of two sorts. One type contains pages of ordinary paper on which the drawing is done with lead pencil. The other kind has sensitized leaves and upon them a meat skewer is used to trace the outline of a pig.

Prizes are awarded for the best and the worst drawings and every member of the party fills in the space reserved on his page for the name, address and date.

CHANGING FROM A "GETTE" TO A "GIST"

BEING the Story of One Woman, Who, Bent on Procuring Suffrage for Her Sex, Tackles the Militant Process and Becomes a Backslider

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WHEN I am asked how I came to adopt the cause of woman suffrage I invariably answer:—

"Why, I was born a suffragist." And that is literally the truth. Mother, father, aunts, uncles, and even more distant relatives had adopted the cause long before I came into their sphere of action. My two brothers equally with me listened to and imbibed the doctrine of the vote for women, and, as a matter of course, we three became suffragists.

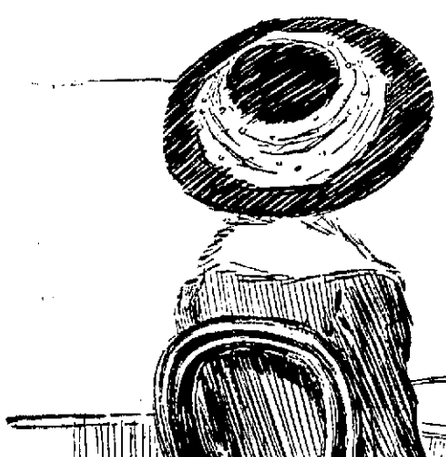
Despite this fact we were on the whole a conservative family. We were suffragists with the "gist," as it is accepted in popular parlance, accented—that is, we believed in votes for women as a matter of justice in consideration of woman's place in the community and her usefulness to society.

About the results of the vote when placed in the hands of women we troubled but little. There was time enough when the vote was placed to consider that. We believed this, I say, until I was twenty-one. On that day my father presented me, with a twinkle in his eye, with a latch key, duplicates of which my two brothers had received some years before, upon their twenty-first birthdays, and with the acquisition of the latch key came certain other changes.

As my mother's health was failing, I was asked to consider the position of housekeeper at a generous salary, far better, I knew, than I could manage to get in the outside world. I accepted the position at once, and then, as became the incumbent of so important a position, I began to regard myself as a woman grown, ready to take a part also in the affairs of the world at large.

One of the first things I did was to join the local branch of the suffrage society. My family seemed rather pleased at this. Mother had been a member for years, although she had not been able to attend many meetings. I at once began to attend meetings regularly, and I must say that the meetings were a revelation.

Here were women who believed in woman suffrage,



indeed, but chiefly, it seemed, upon the ground of what woman suffrage would accomplish. To the majority the millennium was scheduled to begin upon the day on which women secured the ballot. I listened to these impassioned orators who depicted in such glowing terms the marvellous changes to be wrought when women had the vote, and every time my thoughts returned to what seemed to me two pertinent facts which had apparently been unnoticed.

The good, kind husbands and fathers of the women who made the impassioned speeches had the ballot and they did not seem to have brought any millennium. Were their wives really better than they? And then my errant mind kept reverting to Katie, our Irish-American cook, with her ignorance and superstition; to drunken Liz, who made night a terrifying time in a tenement court not far from my own home, and the query persisted, Would Katie and Liz be sufficiently overpowered when it came to a matter of voting to secure even a portion of the millennium? And there were reasons in our own little local for querying even further.

On one occasion, a celebration of Miss Anthony's birthday, we were all assembled patiently awaiting the coming of our president. It was a blizzardy day, with a sharp fall of sleet, but there was to be a special programme, and the meeting room was well filled. The president was very late, but she lived in the suburbs and we knew what difficulty she must have experienced in trying to reach town. After a prolonged wait, however, the members began to grow restless, so the vice president took the chair. In a neat speech she regretted that she had no knowledge of the programme prepared, but offered to do her best. Suddenly a murmur arose. "Here she is!"

Up the aisle came the president, her coat wet, her nose blue and her cheeks red. Straight to the platform she proceeded and before the vice president had an opportunity to retire announced:—

"Ladies, I am sorry to be late, but you know what the weather is, and in addition to that I have just moved and (here a note of tragedy entered her voice) Mrs. A—— had drawn up a beautiful set of resolutions upon the birthday of Miss Anthony and in the moving I lost them—and—and they cannot be found."

Pass Them Anyhow.

The conclusion of the speech was in tones of appeal calculated to move the sternest heart. There was a moment of silence. Then a woman in the rear of the hall arose.

"Ladies," she said, "I move that we pass the lost resolutions."

"Second the motion," cried a dozen voices. Two newspaper reporters and I hastily sought the refuge of the hall in the rear, where, choking with laughter, we watched the applicants for the ballot pass that set of lost resolutions!

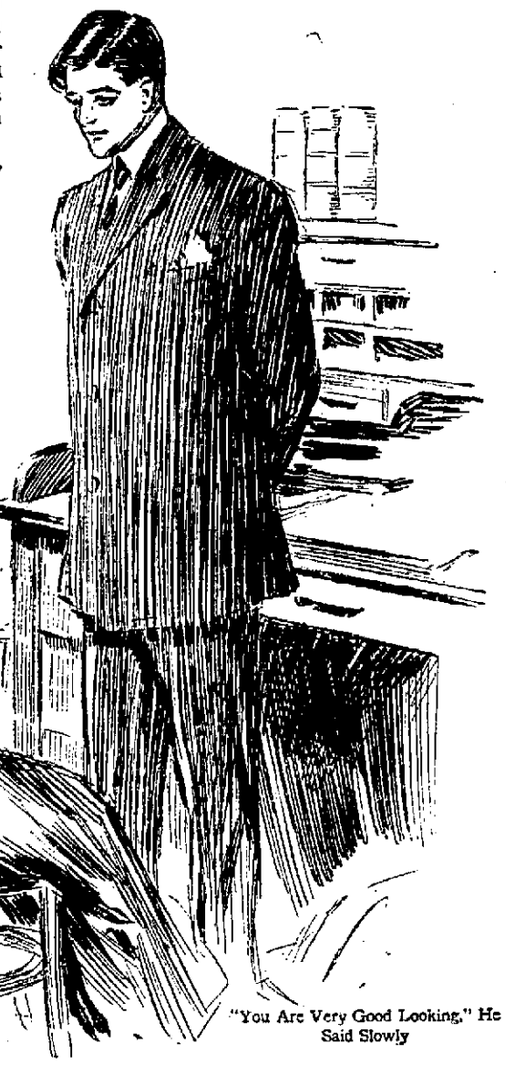
For four years I attended suffrage meetings, but did little else for the "cause." To be sure, I talked suffrage from my own viewpoint, and even had a record of several converts, both men and women, to whom the logic of my stand appealed, but otherwise I was an inactive member.

Then last winter our little local was awakened by the tremendous activity in suffrage circles in all New York. Even the inactive members felt a stir in the blood and started to do something. Inspired by a very able speaker who visited our society I joined an association of working women. I felt not a little proud of my claim to membership. I was a genuine working woman myself and eager to claim kinship with all my working sisters.

They were a splendid lot of women, most of them professional, well educated, up to date, alert, in every way far beyond the women in my branch of the suffrage society. They welcomed me in spirited fashion, and ere long drafted me into service at one of their street meetings. As this particular association was composed of working women their street meetings were evening meetings. I was a little dismayed at the prospect, but the chairman of the committee was reassuring.

"Not a thing to do," she said, airily, "but to hand out literature."

I arrived at the street corner appointed promptly



"You Are Very Good Looking," He Said Slowly

No one of our party was visible. A little nervous, I hung about for some fifteen minutes. The notice had said eight sharp. I looked at my watch a dozen times until it registered eight twenty, and then I sighted the chairman and two of her helpers. From a nearby grocery store we hauled an immense soap box, donated by the grocer to our persuasive chairman, and guaranteed to stand the weight of any of us. Three small boys who certainly should have been preparing for bed at that hour and two stray dogs watched this performance with interest. I armed myself with bundles of "literature," as I saw the other helpers do, and wondered when the audience would arrive. But the chairman did not wait. Upon the box she mounted, and, addressing the three small boys and two stray dogs, began:—

"Fellow citizens!" At this one of the small boys looked over his shoulder in a startled manner, and finding no one there turned tail and ran away in alarm, emitting a wild whoop as he went. The whoop was effective. Two laboring men who were passing turned. The chairman fixed them with her eye and began again:—

"Fellow citizens!"

"Gee, it's one of them suffragettes," remarked the first man to his companion, "come along." They edged their way slowly in toward the soap box, and then, miraculously it seemed, there was a small group, and then a large group, and then a crowd, and the chairman was giving forth in her silvery tones her best arguments for woman suffrage. A pinch on the arm aroused me.

"Hurry up," said some one, "and get out the stuff." Mechanically I rubbed the arm and started. The pamphlets disappeared as rapidly as the crowd had gathered. I was returning empty handed for a fresh supply when the voice of the chairman arrested my attention.

"The next speaker," she was announcing, and then my knees sank beneath me, for the name she gave was mine! Somehow I found myself up on that soap box. It shook a little beneath my weight and I had a fleeting hope that the guarantee of the grocer would prove a false one. But no, the box held, and I looked out over expectant faces, hard faces, curiously lit up by the double glory of a full moon and an electric street lamp. Almost without volition I began talking. I had no idea what I was saying, but after an interval I heard my own voice repeating:—

"The economic status of woman," and at the same time I felt a tug at my gown. I looked down. The

Upon the Box She Mounted, and Addressing the Three Small Boys and Two Stray Dogs

chairman had arrested my wild speech and was trying to bring me to reason.

"And do you think that suffrage would help the economic status of woman?" she inquired, sweetly.

"I do," I replied, emphatically.

"And in what way would suffrage help?" she suggested.

"It would raise wages," I volunteered uncertainly. I was repeating some of the favorite arguments which I had listened to for four years.

"And what else?" she persisted, in the manner of one teaching a kindergarten child her lesson.

"It would give her shorter hours," I faltered.

"What else?" began the chairman again, but a big voice out in the crowd interrupted.

"There, you've said your lesson, baby, get down!"

Learning the Lesson.

"Get down, you goose," said a voice behind me, and I got down. Up mounted the indefatigable chairman.

"You know this is Miss B——'s first speech," she said, smiling, "and you know also that it takes experience and courage to do things like this."

"That's so," murmured the men sympathetically.

"She was all right, but we like you better," called a man on the outer edge. The chairman smiled and went on. I listened dully. I was aflame with anger. I had failed, miserably failed, before those ordinary men; I, who had been born a suffragist, had been apologized for. It was not to be endured. I forced myself to listen to the chairman. It was not such a good speech she was making. After all, I could do as well as that; no, I could do better than that, and I was going to do it, too. I edged up to the soap box. After the chairman had talked ten minutes she glanced down. I had been waiting my chance.

"I want to get up there," I said imperatively. She yielded without a word. I mounted the box.

"Learned your lesson yet, baby?" inquired a facetious voice. There was a suppressed laugh.

"Yes, I have," I retorted. Nervousness had fled. I made a speech—oh, I made a speech. I talked for over twenty minutes to a spellbound mob. I painted suffrage as I had heard it painted in those four silent years. No argument was missed, no impassioned appeal forgotten. Then I descended, flushed, triumphant, to a chorus of handclapping and cries of:—"Baby's all right!"—descended into the arms of the chairman, to be petted and flattered and admired—descended a suffragette!

I had gone upon that box a conservative, I came down a radical. I had gone up a "gist," I came down a "gette." And to avoid any misconception as to my change in sentiment perhaps those two terms should be defined. "Suffragist" is a term including those who desire votes for women, but who employ conservative, dignified means toward working for that end. "Suffragette" defines those who use aggressive methods, who demand votes rather than ask for them, and who stop at nothing, using all means, whether dignified or not, to gain the goal.

When I announced my transition from "gist" to "gette" to my family they were mildly interested—so mildly that it was annoying. My father inquired the reason for my changed attitude, and to my surprise and confusion I was unable to tell him. I certainly could not admit that the applause of a street mob and the admiration of three suffragettes had made me alter lifelong views, so with a view to convincing myself as well as him I advanced all the best suffragette arguments of which I knew. They were politely received and evidently rejected.

This increased my irritation and augmented my zeal. If my family did not appreciate my talent there were those who did. I plunged into suffragette demonstrations as rapidly and as thoroughly as my daily business permitted. Soap box speeches became a regular evening performance. I always enjoyed them hugely. The flickering lights, the upturned faces, and particularly the growing popularity of my speeches intoxicated me. I looked forward anxiously to my next great day, a day in which a detachment of suffragettes were to parade in a monster labor parade, and I was to carry a banner.

I dressed carefully for the occasion in a pretty frock of yellow—suffrage color. When I joined the group waiting on a side street to turn in I noticed a peculiar look upon almost every face. I felt a bit queer myself and very conspicuous in my bright gown. The women clustered in groups about doorways. They looked anything but militant—indeed they were a shy and shrinking lot. Our indefatigable chairman passed me with her lips pale and her hands trembling. I wondered, then suddenly the explanation dawned upon me. These women were accustomed to night meetings. For most of them this was the first, or possibly the second, day demonstration. The broad glare of the sunshine made them nervous. There was a seemingly interminable period of waiting. Every one grew weary. Finally we mustered into line and "fell in." As the light caught my yellow banner there came a burst of shouting.

"There's the suffragists!" Then came a prolonged "Who-oo!" Then a series of cat calls, interspersed with:—

"Where's yer baby?" "Who's a doin' yer old man's washin'?" "Look at her in yellow"—my frock had arrested attention—"She's a young un lookin' for a husband, she is." A burst of laughter.

The Weary Duty.

Some faint applause greeted us from the clubs which looked down from windows above us, but from the crowds which lined the sidewalks came little but adverse criticism. Before we had marched ten blocks the banner became heavy. After twenty my arms ached and my feet burned painfully. At the twenty-fifth a ripe tomato, well aimed, struck the front of my yellow gown, burst, and dribbled to the hem. A mounted policeman started after the offender as we moved on. At the fortieth block one great voice rose above the others:—

"You tired women," it demanded, "what do you expect to accomplish that way?" Through the remainder of the march that question rang in my ears. At the forty-fifth block the women began to drop out. Finally our contingent was so small that we withdrew, and the parade moved on.

At dinner that evening my father asked, "And how did the parade go, daughter?"

I stretched my aching feet in their most comfortable slippers and answered vaguely, "Oh, pretty well."

"Was there much enthusiasm?" he persisted.

With a little start I considered. I thought of the shrinking waiting groups at the start, of the ceaseless fusillade of banter and insult, of aching feet and tired bodies, and of the final weary withdrawal.

"Not very much," I answered truthfully.

It was about a month after this that I was appointed to watch the polls at election. I was assigned to an outlying district where presumably affairs would be rather quiet, and my only accompanying sister managed to develop a severe cold, which left me alone in their field. The election was held in a tiny tobacco shop. The proprietor was very civil, supplied me with a cushioned chair in honor of my sex, and repeatedly offered me a glass of water. I had a vague notion that I was to watch carefully for repeaters and to estimate the number of ballots cast, but, as I was not to be on duty at counting time, I anticipated an easy task. The morning passed quietly. As I had no relief I had to forego luncheon. I sent word to headquarters and received a promise that some one would relieve me at four o'clock. Between twelve and one the shop was almost deserted, and, seeing a chance to breathe a little pure air, I moved my chair just outside the entrance. I must have fallen into a half doze, for I suddenly started, conscious that a man was standing at my side.

"Whatcher doin' here?" he demanded. I looked full at him. His flushed face and bloodshot eyes told their own story.

"Say, whatcher doin' here?" he repeated, grasping the back of my chair as he lurched violently. I tried to rise. The man swayed forward toward me and would have fallen upon me but that, with my senses in revolt, I thrust out my arms and pushed him violently from me. His hold on the chair relaxed and he fell to the pavement.

In a moment the street was full of people. Closer and closer they crowded, foul breaths and voices still more foul. A white gloved hand came down upon my shoulder and I was in the hands of the law. Down the street to the patrol box we filed at the word of the policeman, the wounded man, aided by a bystander, on one side, while a chorus of shrill young voices from the rear brought fresh followers at every moment.

"Oh, look at the lady pinched!"

The patrol wagon came at last. Into it we all piled. Then I roused myself from bewilderment and faced the situation. I was evidently being arrested—I wondered if the man was much hurt—arrested. At the word I felt elated. I should be a real heroine after this, arrested like those English suffragettes, of whom we Americans felt so proud. I smiled in anticipation of my father's anger, of my brother's realization of the real position of woman in this benighted country.

Insult followed by arrest as a reward of a civic duty done! I was in exultant mood when we reached the station house. We alighted and filed through a narrow corridor into a great square room. Upon a platform at one end, toying with a cord, his feet high upon a chair, sat a fine looking, gray bearded man. He put his feet down and surveyed us in amazement. Then he rose and spoke to me. "Will you kindly step up here, madam?" he asked. I mounted the platform, wondering if they would put me in a cell. The wounded man, somewhat recovered, slunk on a bench at the side of the room and applied a dirty rag to his forehead. I could hear the gray bearded man and the bluecoat talking in low tones.

"There was no reason, absolutely no reason, for bringing that young woman," said the gray bearded man, sternly.

"But," pleaded the policeman, "you ought to have seen that mob. It wasn't fit to leave her with. I had to get her away."

"I see," said the other; "well, take that fellow in." The officer and the wounded man went out. Then the gray bearded man turned to me.

"I am so sorry," he began kindly. I sat listening, dazed. This man was apologizing to me for the insult, for the officer's misplaced zeal in bringing me there, and offering to send me back or home under escort! This was not the way in which arrested persons were treated. My exultation vanished. It was a very meek suffragette who asked:—"Will you please tell me who you are?"

"Oh," replied the man, rather embarrassed, "I'm one of the magistrates. I just happened to be here, you know."

I went, escorted by the policeman, back to my post. My relief, or rather my reliefs, for there were two of them, had arrived. They had heard something of the fracas and were exceedingly curious. I vouchsafed no explanation. It wasn't a real suffragette story.

Becoming a "Gist."

Last month our chairman had an idea that it would be a good plan to do some personal canvassing on the suffrage question among the minor politicians so that we might have a record for and against, and of possibilities for converts. The idea was received with enthusiasm. Since the election there had been little active work and the more energetic among us were languishing in enforced idleness. In a very businesslike manner we divided the work by lot, every member of the committee promising to see three politicians before the next meeting. Then our chairman set our task in plain language before us.

"The majority of these men," she said, "will not want to see you and will refuse to talk with you. But this is your opportunity. Use it if you have to adopt militant methods; use it if you have to seem rude and unladylike; insist upon a chance to present your cause!" We applauded with vigor and started out fired with a conviction that at least one of our three must succumb to our attack. The first one of my three was a lawyer, with offices in a building not far from my home.

Aglow with the inspiration engendered by the chairman's speech I set the date for my first call on the day following. I entered the office with a light heart and surveyed my victim. He was a handsome young man, evidently boasting of ancestors from the Isle of Erin, with deep blue, merry eyes. He looked up rather abstractedly and inquired.

"You wish to see me? What can I do for you?"

"I have come to talk about woman suffrage," I announced. My lawyer opened his blue eyes.

"I am afraid that you will have to excuse me," he said, civilly, "I have an important appointment in a few minutes."

"Postpone your appointment," I said, quickly. The man looked at me in amazement. His color rose.

"I assure you," he repeated, in crisp tones, "that I need this office. Will you be so good as to go?"

"Nothing can induce me to leave without your attention for a few minutes," I said, firmly. By this time the lawyer was very red, indeed. He glanced at his watch. Then he turned to me and actually smiled.

"You are very good looking," he said, slowly. I rose. He followed. With a gasp I turned and fled to the corridor, only to hear the key turn in the lock behind me and a low chuckle.

Somewhere down the corridor another door opened. Then voices floated over the transom.

"Thought I'd have to call the police. Had a suffragette in here who refused to go."

"How'd you get rid of her?"

"Told her she was good looking," chuckled my lawyer, "scared her to death and she fled fast enough." There was a burst of laughter.

"Better be careful," cautioned the second speaker, "she might believe you."

"It was true," returned the lawyer, "she was a peach, a regular peach"—— the voices trailed off into mere murmurs.

There were two big tears running down my cheeks and I crouched on the stair opposite the door to stem them and the tide that followed. I was humiliated as well as outwitted. There was no name for the shame that possessed me. I cried and cried until my nose was red and sore, and just in the middle of one big sob the door opened and my lawyer stood upon the threshold.

"What in the"—— he began. "Why, it's the little suffragette, and crying!" Very gently he persuaded me up, and actually took out his big handkerchief—mine was drenched—and wiped away the tears, while I sobbed out:—

"I'm so sorry I was so rude"——

"There, there, that's all right," he returned soothingly. "I was rude enough myself in all conscience. Why, I believe in woman suffrage, anyhow, and I would have told you so at first if you hadn't been so chipper." But this proved the last straw. To my own and my lawyer's dismay my tears flowed faster than ever. Finally the second man came from the office and between borrowed handkerchiefs and a glass of water and much friendly sympathy I at last calmed down. And then one look at my swollen nose and inflamed eyes convinced my lawyer that I could not go home in a car. So he found a taxicab and rode with me all the way. I gave him my hand at the door with a wan smile.

"I am afraid I make a pretty poor suffragette," I said sadly. The lawyer fixed his merry eyes on me most seriously.

"I assure you that I think more of the cause for your espousal of its merits," he returned with a most profound bow.

Some time during the course of that ride I backslid. When I awoke next morning I was a suffragist, and a "gist" I have continued and a "gist" I shall remain. No longer shall I share the glories of street meetings and parades; for me the lesser honors of mothers' clubs and of women's associations. And yet—and yet—I owe much to my suffragetting. I am the wife of the lawyer with the deep blue eyes.

SAVED FROM BEDOUINS BY A COWBOY

THE Story of an Adventure in the Nedjed Desert, Which Begins in Treachery and Ends in the Discovery of Treasure.

AMONG the adventurers who roam the earth, sword, rifle or prospector's hammer in hand, Alan de Gracio Markham is known as one of the men of widest experience. He was born in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, and educated in Dublin, leaving college to join Sir Evelyn Wood's expedition against the Zulus, and receiving among other wounds a stab from an assegai, which peeled the flesh from his forehead, leaving a peculiar white line all the way across just above his eyebrows that caused him to be nicknamed among his fellow adventurers "Horizontal" Markham.

He was the military officer of the Ningchow, recently wrecked in Alaska under the name of the Princess May, when she set out from Amoy with a crew of Oriental adventurers enlisted to fight the pirates of the South China Sea.

He was the leader of the expedition to rescue Ian Perdicardis when that gentleman was held captive by Raisuli, but the Spanish authorities would not permit the bold band to take ship from Barcelona, and before the matter was adjusted the captive was freed.

He chanced to be in Amalfi at the time of the earthquake at Messina, and, gathering a chosen few on board a fishing boat, he put into both Reggio and Messina, and did valiant work among the toppling buildings, rescuing the unfortunate victims.

BY ALAN DE GRACIO MARKHAM.

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SOMEWHERE in the Southwest of the United States there is a cowboy by the name of Taylor Tolliver, whom I would like to rejoin. He and I faced death together, night and day for two weeks, in the heart of Arabia, and but for him I would not be alive to tell this story.

Beyond the fact that he had emigrated from the mountains of Tennessee to Texas, worked there as a cowboy and enlisted to go to the Philippines in one of the volunteer infantry regiments raised by the American government in 1899. I know very little about him. He had been honorably discharged when his regiment was mustered out, and instead of going home as most of the volunteers did, by the military transports to San Francisco, he chose to come around the other way so that he might say he had been around the world.

I met him in the smoking room of the P. & O. steamship from Singapore and we played cards together.

At Colombo there came on board an Armenian jewel merchant by the name of Dinadjian. He had caught a cold in crossing the Himalayas that had developed into consumption and he was trying to get home before he died. The man had been in some of the corners of Asia where I have always longed to go, but his days of gem gathering were over; that was plain. Because we did not shun him as most of the tourists did he spent every possible hour of the quiet trip with us, and when we were passing Socotra Island the day before we were to reach Aden he told us a bit of knowledge which he had been treasuring for years and was now glad to give to us, as he hoped we might make some use of it.

Back of Jidda, on the coast of the Red Sea, lies Mecca, the Mecca of the Great Prophet, and southeast of Mecca, in the southern end of the Nedjed part of the great Arabian desert, is a bitter lake, called by a number of names, but, as I found, referred to among the Arabians as Jehayel. Dinadjian said he had been there and that the sands were rich in turquoise matrices and in free gold, but that he had always been too intensely engaged to return. Furthermore, his being an Armenian would interfere very seriously with his obtaining any satisfactory proprietary rights.

To organize an expedition on short notice was no easy matter, and though the British Resident advised us very strongly against going into the interior without a strong bodyguard, both Tolliver and myself were of the opinion, after looking over the available bodyguard material, that we would be better off entirely alone. That, however, was impossible. We must have attendants, and after we left the coast guides to take us over the mountains, so we began by hiring a half Greek, half Egyptian dragoman named Ben Matoulous.

The Outfitting.

Next we took on a cook who was familiar with the Mohammedan religious calendar and food prohibitions accordingly, as well as how to present a white man's mess. There were three former Abyssinian infantrymen in Aden, having been brought there among the people saved from a sloop that foundered in the Straits of Bab El Mandeb, and something prompted me to take the three along. I was very glad afterward that I did.

As for the transport men we thought it best to proceed to Jidda and trust to finding something very excellent in their line among the men who did the work of carrying Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca. On arrival at Jidda we found an abundance of Arabian camels and horsemen well mounted and fairly well armed. I had obtained twelve Remingtons in Aden, with abundant ammunition, and to such of the Arabians as were armed with jingals I gave Remingtons instead. Tolliver and I had our own weapons and we used four of the twelve for Ben Matoulous and the three Abyssinians.

The second day beyond Mecca, where we hurried through the usual throng of fanatical pilgrims, glad to escape the knife of some one of them gone amuck, I found that I had made a slight mistake in picking my men at Jidda. I had taken them for size, appearance and equipment. I had avoided the wilder ones. The result was that I had representatives of four different tribes that hated one another, and, also, if they had been wilder it would have been better. To their original wildness the "tamed" ones had merely added a little coastwise cunning and treachery.

The principal trouble maker was a rawboned, square shouldered El Hasa man, who rejoiced in a name that translated means Memory of the White Rosebuds. I dubbed him Rosebud, and, permit me to say, he was a rare flower. His body was lean but powerful, but his legs from the knee down were thin as laths, though shapely, and his foot was small. This thing is often seen among people who live in the saddle almost from childhood.

The day of the first trouble we had made a dry halt shortly before noon to prepare to make two rapid night marches to abundant water, which the guides said could be found in some gorges southwest of Lake Jehayel. Rosebud came swaggering by and rudely jostled one of the Abyssinians, almost knocking him off his feet. The Abyssinian, named Robert, turned around to see who had done it. Rosebud spat in his face. Robert was unarmed and Rosebud had both pistol and short sword in his girdle, but the ex-infantryman, calling to mind his British boxing lessons, let drive with his right in a swinging uppercut that laid Rosebud fairly across the neck of a kneeling camel.

The El Hasa man was not unconscious, but for a few seconds he was helpless, very largely from surprise, perhaps.

Robert snatched the short sword and would have finished him had not Tolliver run in and stopped the fight.

All afternoon bad blood grew. It was plain that we were going to have trouble among our own men. The men from Oman and Asir were few in number compared to the Hasans and Nedjedans, and though they were spoiling for a fight they remained passive in word and act, only little things showing that they were allied with the Abyssinians, not because they liked the black men, but because they realized their drilled efficiency.

Trouble Is Breeding.

Very plain indeed were the strained relations when the caravan set out at moonrise. The free mingling of the men, the rough, good natured jibes, had given place to a silent grouping of the parties according to their affiliations. It even seemed that the camels understood that the happy family was such no more. We made good progress, however, and a half hour after sunrise camped on the western side of a pillar of rocks which rose like a business block out of the sandy waste.

By keeping close to it we should have shade till noon and could then move to the northern side and on around to the east, the sole disadvantage being our necessity for living on our shortened supply of freighted water and of being showered with sand every time the wind stirred.

It was late in the afternoon and I was sound asleep under my fly when I heard the crack of a rifle and sprang to my feet in time to see a big Nedjedan called Kouf staggering back, back from before Tolliver, tearing at his burnouse. Cartridges dropped from him every step he took. He had been stealing ammunition from three sleeping Omans, and Reb-jedel, an Asir man, had seen him and wakened Tolliver, who stopped to ask no questions, but shot him in the neck. I caught up my magazine rifle and swept my eye over the other men.

Most of them were still asleep, and the sight of the two of us on the alert prevented any demonstration. Kouf was hard hit, but not mortally so, and striking a horse came to a short stop and seemed to recover his faculties. He saw Tolliver standing rifle in hand twenty yards away, and the expression of maddened devilry that came on his face was something well worth seeing. Whirling to the other side of the horse, he began calling hoarsely to his companions. He caught up a jingal and, levelling it over the animal's back, was in the act of firing when Tolliver, throwing his rifle to shoulder once more, sent a bullet through Kouf's head. The jingal went into the air. The slug clattered among the rocks overhead and Kouf fell dead under the hoofs of the prancing mare. Not another man in the now awakened company made the slightest hostile demonstration, though the faces of many were black with hatred, anger and vengeance.

"Markham, I reckon we better round up the ammunition and sleep one at a time after this. Think so?" drawled Tolliver.

Without further ado we stripped every man Jack of them at the muzzle, did it half laughingly but quickly, all save the Abyssinians, and packing each kind of ammunition separately we made special loads and moved on as the sun went down, the Abyssinians in charge of the animals carrying the cartridges.

It was a unique situation and far from a comfortable one, but it was the only thing to do. Shortly after midnight we were on the crest of a ridge three or four hundred feet higher than the surrounding rough country, when Ben Matoulous called my attention to two lights off to the northeast. At first glance I thought they were stars low down at the horizon, but very soon one of them was blotted out for a moment and then shone again. We had company of some sort or other in that inhospitable country.

Now we began the descent of a long, dry gorge, where the entire caravan was strung out over at least a quarter of a mile, and the going in the darkness was very precarious indeed. Just as daylight was breaking I heard a cry from the head of the cavalcade and the camels began to act peculiarly. When I came up the men and animals who had preceded me were grouped about a fine pool, fifty feet in diameter, in the bed of the gorge, fed by some spring under the rocks. A few minutes' work with a pick served to open up the hidden duct, and we had water in abundance, as cool and sweet as any Berkshire spring.

Deserters Speed Away.

When we had made camp and the sun was up Tolliver and I were taking our first comfortable smoke in days, when one of the black men came up, saluted and said:—

"Three boy, three camel go 'way."

It was the truth. Three Nedjedans had deserted in the darkness, and though I questioned every one of their tribesmen and Tolliver and I pondered the matter over carefully we could come to no explanation of it. If only one had been missing I would have thought that he had lagged and gone over a cliff in the darkness, but the number missing made the disappearance purposeful and perhaps ominous.

We were now within striking distance of our objective point, and, for that matter, might be in rich ground even then. Satisfying ourselves that all was quiet and leaving the Abyssinians on guard we proceeded down the gorge, and Tolliver panned several high bars, finding gold in every one, but not in the quantities we had anticipated. There was no trace of turquoises, and the formation around us was certainly very different from that surrounding the Persian wells, according to the descriptions I had obtained of them.

Resting for the full twenty-four hours, we set out to follow the gorge, breaking camp with daylight the next day. I learned later how fortunate we were to have made this move just when we did. About six miles further on we came to a transverse crevasse that looked very slightly water worn, and just beyond the gorge widened into what might once have been a small lake. On the southeastern side of this was another pool at the base of a clump of rocks separated from the main cliffs. Around this hole were many signs of old encampments. Tolliver left the camp while I was disposing the caravan with some idea of defence, since it was now certain that a wandering band of Bedouins had been in the vicinity. He was gone about half an hour when I heard a shout from him and raising my eyes saw him standing on a rock at the far eastern side of the enclosure, waving his arms, pan in one hand and something clutched in the other.

I hurriedly completed my work and went over to him.

"Look at these, Markham! Look at these!" he cried, displaying some very fine fragments of turquoise matrix. He had found them in a rift in the sand of the bar at the very base of the barrier.

The working conditions were awful. Sand storms, hot winds, days of blazing stillness, when the temperature reached one hundred and twenty-five for hours at a stretch! The sixth night there was a great stir among the animals first and the men thereafter. Our Arabs were positive that we were being reconnoitred by a party in the darkness. They had come up in our wind on the cliff tops, as they thought, but the swirl inside the depression had brought their wind to our camels' noses. Nothing was seen, nothing was heard—that is, positively—but the camp was in hubbub the whole night.

At daylight I took a clever Asir boy and skirted the cliffs. On the north side were the fresh tracks of a large party of Bedouins and the boy was sure from the camel spoor and other signs that they were marauding Nedjedans.

In Ten Minutes We Had Driven Them to Cover Completely

Strategy and Force.

An English platoon on the cliff tops could have handled us exactly as Piet Cronje and his men were handled, but the range was too long for the Arabs from the north, east and west, and we were protected by a clump of rocks on the south. The strategists among them would figure out two things if we were to be attacked. First, they could descend the gorges and fight us on the bed of the dry lake; second, they must know that we could not remain where we were more than a few days longer and they could fall on us when we moved. Our sole defensive measures were to keep the camp in a state of preparation and to post guards at the two entrances to the enclosure from the gorges.

The second night after the reconnaissance Tolliver wakened me at one and I took up the watch, we having divided the twenty-four hours into four even watches, breaking at one o'clock and seven o'clock night and day. It must have been an hour before sunrise when I heard an odd sound from the vicinity of the western entrance to the gorge. It was like a shout ending in a groan. I ran rapidly toward the spot, moving as silently as possible, and nearing the entrance was aware that something was crawling toward me. It was a dark body—a man on all fours, one of the Oman men on guard, with a terrible cut in his neck and shoulder. An effort had been made to decapitate him on post. Clutching my neck, he rolled over dead.

I blew my whistle and its shrill summons went echoing among the rocks. Two sets of shouts and cries answered. One came from the camp behind me and the other from the gorge.

The Bedouins had sent several men to creep up on the guard of three men and murder them. The Oman had escaped after being struck and tried to crawl to the camp, since he was so terribly hurt he could not call out more than the one sound he had uttered. Doubtless the shouts came from the main body moving on to the attack. Dropping on my knee, I began pumping away into the entrance of the gorge, and instantly there came that terrible sound—the shriek of a wounded, frightened horse. The whole gap began to blaze with flashes as they replied, and from the camp came the cackle of the guns of Tolliver and our wakened men. I, being squarely between the two bodies, was in a most dangerous position.

The air seemed to be alive with bullets and slugs, and ceasing fire I ran south to get out of the line, turning in time to see a large body of mounted men emerge from the mouth of the gorge and bear down on the camp. I emptied my magazine into them and then ran with all speed to keep from being cut off. A terrified camel came swinging toward me and I barely got out of his way. It struck me that the cries of the attacking party were echoed in kind by the men in the camp, and suddenly as I drew near I saw that a body of our men was leaving the shelter of the camp's defences and charging the enemy. No, the cries were tribal calls! The whole Nedjedan Hasan faction was deserting to the enemy.

A pretty state of affairs indeed! I shoved another clip into my rifle and stopped running long enough to send every bullet into the treacherous crowd, then I ran for my life. As I leaped over the piles of goods we had arranged as a permanent breastworks one of the Oman boys drove viciously at me with his knife but missed me, and then, seeing who it was, would have fallen on the ground at my feet if I had permitted him. Tolliver was having a hard job getting the proper ammunition distributed. Thank our stars the deserters had left with only a few charges each.

The juncture between the attacking party and the deserters was an unfortunate manoeuvre for them, as it broke the force of the raid long enough for us to get started into really effectual firing and we made it so hot that the whole party with wild yells dashed off to one side, and as it was now too dark to make them out we stopped firing.

Tolliver's Courage.

The three men who had been at the other entrance had vanished. That left us nine men in camp against a possible fifty or sixty. Sighting the Remingtons to the exact range for the Abyssinians and doing very careful work ourselves, Tolliver and I led off, making it hot for the band. They were not well enough armed to reply effectively, the best fire they had coming from my own men in their midst, and in ten minutes we had driven them to cover completely. They could not shelter their animals among the rocks, and, though we disliked to put down such fine creatures, we began on them. That settled the matter. They saw their position was untenable and at a signal cry the whole band dashed into the open skirting the north side of the dry lake and vanished into the gorge whence they had come, with the loss of but one man.

There was no question about what we must do. It was only a matter of time till they could finish us. Tolliver and I did not even consult. Picking our best animals and packing only expeditionary necessities we abandoned everything else.

"Shall we try to take the stuff?" said Tolliver, pointing to the result of our work.

"We certainly will," said I, and we did.

In less than fifteen minutes after the last shot was fired we were off for the entrance to the other gorge. The Bedouins could not follow us and overwhelm us with their numbers without paying a heavy price for their victory. At the first sign of attack all we need do was stand and let them come on in slender column, the only way they could attack in the dry gorge. If they meant to harass us from above they would have to mount the cliffs and circle the dry lake. The natural thing for them to do would be to follow along the cliffs until we were forced to camp in some spot where their circling raiding methods would be effective.

It was a miserable flight, straight into the very heart of the desert. We had taken all hands into council after we were safely started and the unanimous decision was that it was best to push a little to the north and strike the caravan route to Katal. The tribesmen were of the opinion that since we had inflicted so heavy a loss on the Nedjedans they would go to extremes for vengeance. Also our arms, animals, the gold and matrices would make fine loot.

The first day I had a bad riding fall among the rocks and dislocated my felt shoulder. Tolliver and one of the Abyssinians got it back, but the suffering in conjunction with the heat was something frightful.

The second day we made dry camp out on the undulating waste of sand between two low clumps of rock. Better ground for which we had been aiming had proved to be a retreating illusion and, completely exhausted, both men and animals, we were glad to reach even the rocks. Before sunset three different bodies of Bedouins had appeared on the horizon and then vanished, and as the dark came down I said to Tolliver:—

"I should not be surprised if to-night will wind up this game."

"No. It looks that way. I don't care much, but let's give them hell from the handle as long as we can hold out. It has been good fun so far."

The Big Attack.

About midnight came the expected attack and it was most cleverly planned. No American Indian manoeuvre could have surpassed it. At least one hundred men rode over the western sky line, mounted on camels and horses, as we could see with the glasses, and that they were fully aware what sort of marksmen and rifles we had was shown by the respectful distance the troop kept. Coming as near as they dared to come without drawing our fire, nine distinct groups separated one by one and circling up took up positions to the west and north, the last one even being in the northeast.

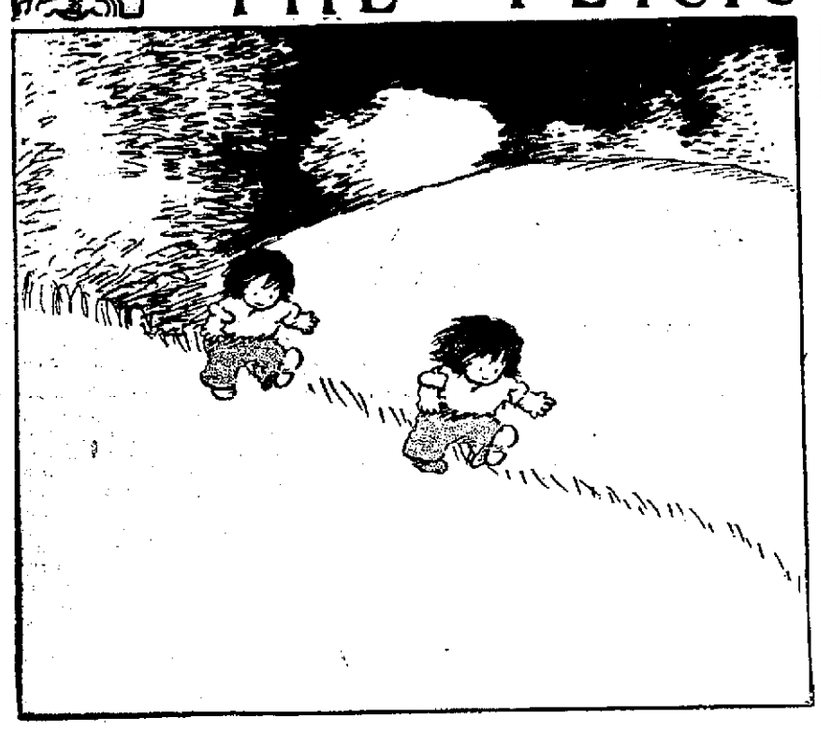
At a signal, shrilled from the centre, each little troop of about ten men dashed down on the camp. It is needless to say that we could not fire on all of them nor, worn out as we were, could we keep our heads and nerves steady enough to concentrate on one group. Our fire was very ineffective and when they were near enough they poured in a hail of slugs and bullets. In two minutes' time one of the blacks and one of the Omans were badly wounded. Tolliver had a rip down his thigh and several of the animals were disabled. Suddenly Ben Matoulous cried out that he saw Rosebud, at least recognized his horse. Tolliver caught up his rifle once more and, following the dragoman's finger, made out the Hasan. The rifle cracked and Rosebud threw up his arms and rolled off over his horse's hips.

As the groups concentrated they began to feel our fire and at a signal they whirled and galloped back to their former posts. In an hour they repeated the manoeuvre, and this time they got two more of us and I had a half spent ball buried in the muscles of my bad shoulder. Things looked very bad indeed when suddenly there was excitement on their right, a grand shift of front and Ben Matoulous pointed out a large body of men approaching from the southeast. They were riding like the wind and when near enough for their cries to be distinguishable the last of the Omans with us announced that they were his countrymen. Apparently it was merely a matter of whether or not one or the other party murdered and looted us, but Ben Matoulous leaped on a horse and was away toward them, answering their tribal calls. They swerved in our direction and in ten minutes we were surrounded by them. It was pleasant to find that we had been in no danger of being raided at their hands. Two of the guards who had vanished from the eastern entrance to the gorge four days before on the occasion of the first attack were Omans and had made their way to their fellow tribesmen, so that the expedition was practically a rescue party.

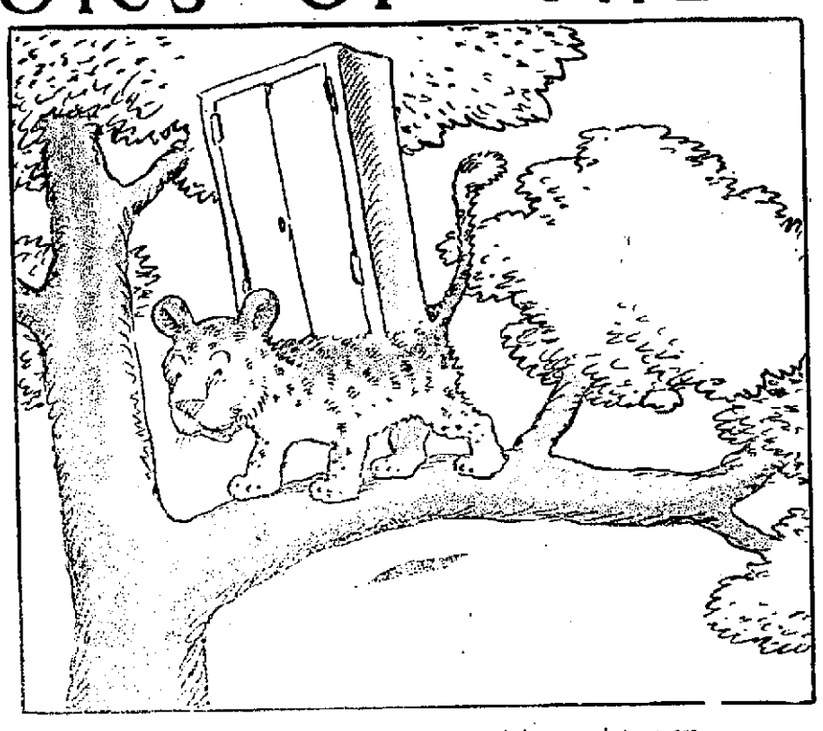
It was a rather costly one, however. After a brief brush with the other band the Omans returned and an hour before daylight we moved on with them to the southeast. It was two weeks before Tolliver and I could leave them to proceed to the coast, as the sheik seemed bent on keeping us with him. What his purpose was we had no idea, but we were helpless, and, anyhow, we were in sad need of recuperation. At the end of two weeks he signified that he was willing we should depart and suggested that we halve with him our gold and matrices. I was amazed at the alacrity with which Tolliver accepted this, without even giving me a glance or consulting me in any way. I had been laid up in the camp by the springs, where the sheik always made his headquarters at that season of the year, and so I did not know all that had been going on.

When the stuff was brought in from our effects for division I was amazed to see how it had shrunk. Half the matrices were gone and four-fifths of the gold. Tolliver did not seem to mind in the least and as soon as we were on our way told me the secret. Bit by bit he had reduced the piles himself, distributing the stuff among our things so that the sheik got only one-tenth of what we had.

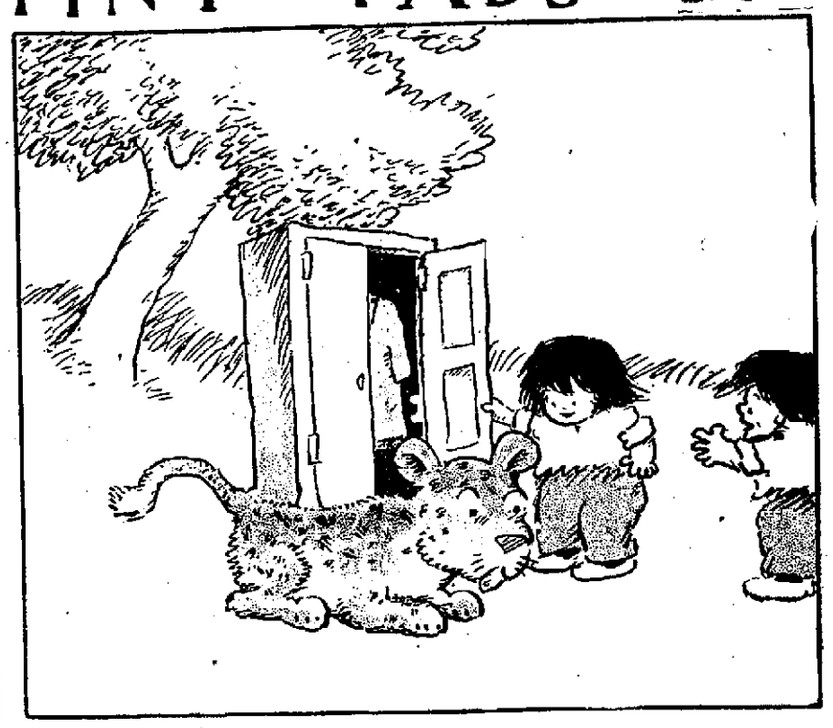
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



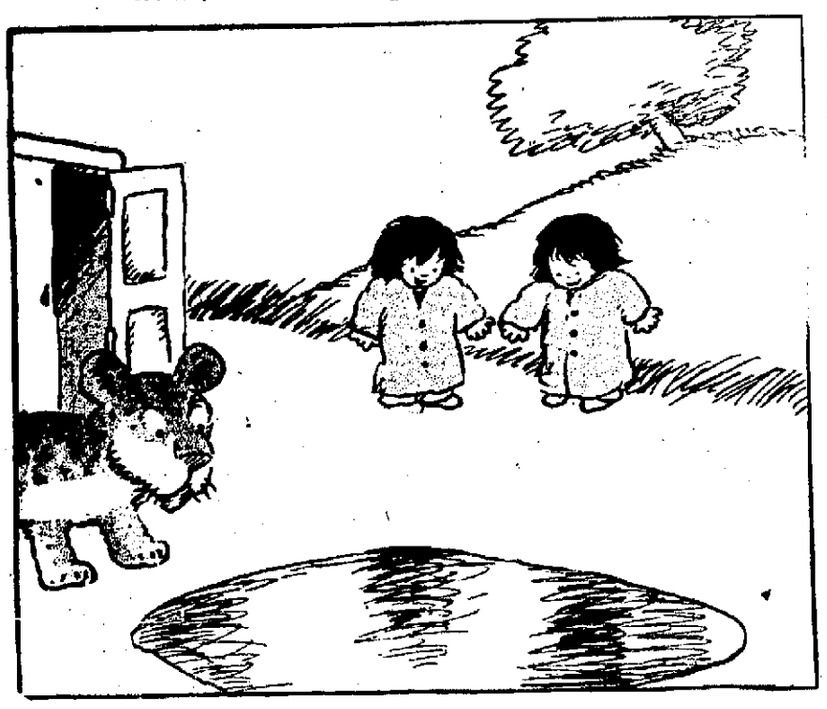
3—These Tiny Tads are walking 'round when all at once they see,
A most peculiar animal a-sitting in a tree.



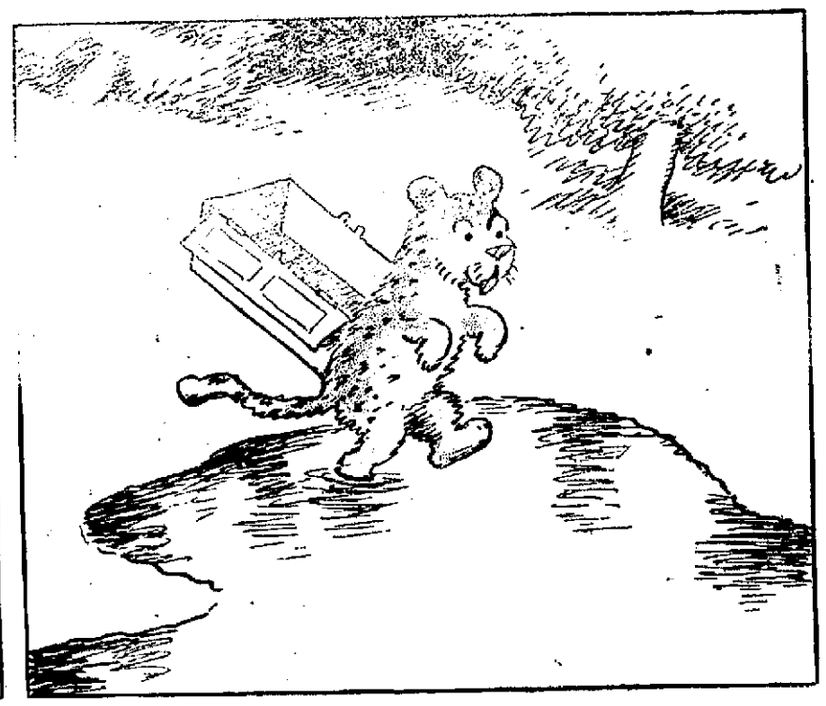
2—"Come down to us," the Tinies cry, "and show us what you are,
Whether a piece of furniture or whether a jaguar."



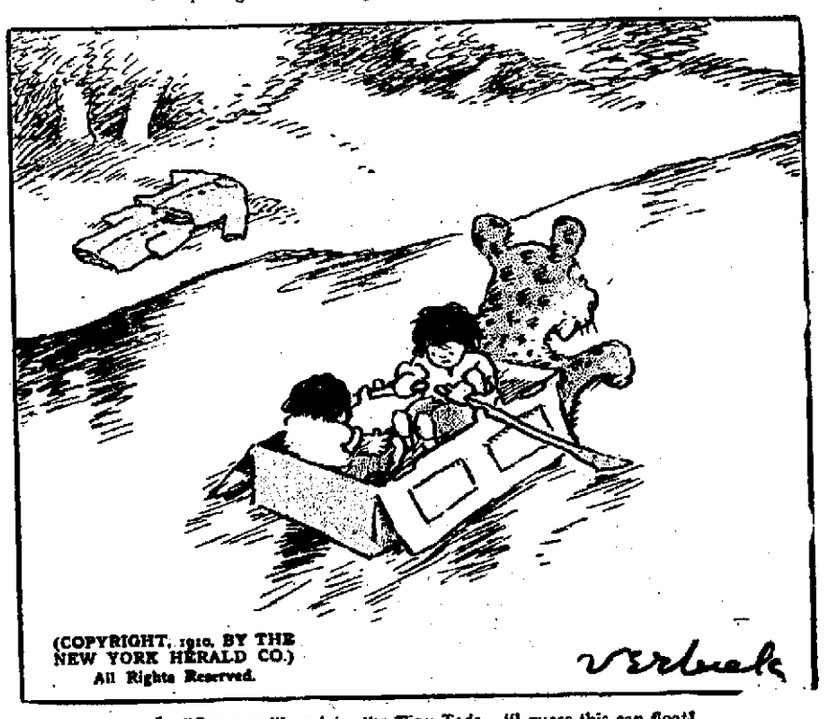
3—The animal comes down to them, and what do you suppose?
On opening his doors they find that he is full of clothes.



4—"You darling old Jaguardrobe!" cry the Tiny Tads in glee,
"We thank you for these overcoats; they fit us well, you see."



5—But what in all creation is the old thing doing now?
He's getting in the water and he's floating too, somehow!



6—"Come on!" exclaim the Tiny Tads. "I guess this can float!
"Oh, here's a pair of oars. I guess he is a Wardrowboat!"

BUSTER BROWN'S WHEEL OF WOE.

RESOLVED

THAT EACH ONE OF US IS RIDING AND GUIDING HIS OWN WHEEL OF FORTUNE. THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF THE SPORT IS THAT EVERYTHING WILL GO RIGHT SO LONG AS ONE KEEPS ON THE LEVEL. THE WAY DOWN HILL IS SWIFT AND EASY, BUT IT'S MOSTLY THERE THAT THE TROUBLES OCCUR. IF ONE BREAKS DOWN ON THE LEVEL THERE'S A CHANCE FOR GETTING OFF SAFELY. BUT WOE BETIDE HIM WHO FALLS WHEN HE'S DOING FAST WORK ON A STEEP GRADE. MORAL—STAY ON THE LEVEL, IT'S THE BEST POLICY.

Buster Brown.

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THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ✣ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—The Swami Bungaloola was the rankest sort of fraud,
But he'd organized a "cult" which almost fancied him a god.
He had a "cosmic temple," where he prated trash and lies,
And among his stanch disciples was the foolish Widow Wise.

2.—Her friends soon saw the Swami's game and warned her for herself.
"Ah, no," she cries, "the good man does not seek for sordid pelf;
His only thought is for my good and how to save my soul."
"Beware!" they said; "he's thinking more of how to get your roll!"

3.—At length one day he said to her, "Last night there came to me
A message from Mahatma which decreed that you shall be
My Priestess High. So marry me, and when you are my wife
Your wealth we'll use to spread the cult of everlasting life!"

4.—"You're sure," the Widow asked in doubt, my "wealth you do not seek?"
"How could I use it?" he replied. "I eat but once a week.
My food is thought, and thought alone. I could not use the stuff.
"I trust in you," the Widow said, quite captured by his bluff.

5.—So after that each day or two the Swami came around
And got a roll of yellowbacks the new "cult" to propound.
And when he stayed away a week the Widow grew so blue
That she donned her things one evening and to find her Swami flew.

6.—The "temple" was a brown stone house. The door was open wid-
The Widow never stopped to knock, but softly stepped inside.
She heard the clink of glasses and "Hurrah for Widow Wise!"
And in the dining room she saw a sight to shock her eyes.

7.—Around the table sat a crowd; the Swami, too, was there.
The table groaned with food and wines, and laughter filled the air.
She saw the Swami raise his glass and cry, "Come, drink a lot!
And never mind the cost, because my Widow pays the shot!"

8.—The Widow in a burst of rage dashed in among the crowd.
"So, this is how you spread the cult!" she cried in accents loud.
"High Priestess! Bah! I'd not look well, I fancy, in that guise!
A DUNCE'S CAP WOULD FIT ME BEST!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.

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A Girl From Kentucky

By EVA WILDER BRODHEAD

IF Colonel Wiggin's successor cherished any fond view of the West as a part of the country peculiarly given to large, warm-hearted, liberal sentiment, he must have been somewhat chilled by the really glacial reserve which greeted his arrival in Aguilar; but if he fancied that the little Colorado town always manifested to strangers an attitude so exclusive and forbidding, he was quite as far afield as in suspecting himself to be the object of exceptional social disfavor. In point of fact Aguilar had nothing against Jason Gilmer; what it would have called his "record" was entirely unknown; it merely wished to demonstrate, by means of a frigid indifference to him, its loyalty to Colonel Wiggin.

Colonel Wiggin had, indeed, of his own will resigned charge of the Company's store, but this circumstance did little to temper his admirers' resolute aversion for the newcomer. The Colonel was a man of exceeding popularity, and when, after examining certain specimens of ore from the Red River country, he announced his design of putting his fortunes to the test of proof in the new camp, deep gloom fell on the town which had so ungrudgingly paid tribute to his social gifts.

"I hate the worst kind to leave y'all—but when a man's got stuff in his veins like I got, a life of adventure is just naturally all he's fit fo'," said the Colonel, in that rich Southern dialect which, together with his title, he had acquired during a year's sojourn in Georgia.

The Colonel's little pretensions in this sort were quite innocent, being grounded in nothing more reprehensible than his childlike admiration for life in the State of his adoption. But for that twelve month in the South, and the food of romantic tradition with which it had nurtured the Colonel's starved Connecticut fancy, there is no telling whether Aguilar would have found its idol's fascination so irresistible. Certainly his recitals must have lacked something had they been shorn of the magnolias and moonshine and mint juleps which gave them so much local color. And as to the elegant profligacy and impassioned love episodes furnishing life and movement to the Colonel's stories of himself, these things presuppose, it will be seen, a fervor of the blood most probable in a land not only favorable in point of climate, but having time for the cultivation of fine behavior.

In this cranny of the scorched foot-hills the Colonel's romanticism had been too rare and exquisite a thing not to be widely appreciated. When, therefore, the town realized that it would hear no more of those "dark-eyed daughters of the South" who had figured so sweetly in the Colonel's narratives, vowing fealty in burning accents to a gentleman whose paunchy figure and bald head did not seem ever to have detracted from his fatal charm for women, then indeed there was nothing for Aguilar to do, except to stand with pocketed hands and, slouching chin refusing any comfort save such as lay in hostility toward the interloper.

In this attitude Jason Gilmer found the scene of his new labors, and regarding it, seemed unaware of anything queer in the moral atmosphere. The perception of queerness, indeed, appeared shortly to be on the part of his reluctant neighbors; for assuredly there was none among them so dull-witted as not to catch at something decidedly odd in the new clerk.

He was a little man, thin and elderly, of whom nothing was known, except that he had kept a country store somewhere in Kentucky. No glowing hint of this State, however, clung to his pale gray personality. His eyes were vague and wide, and there was in his face a strangely impressive vacancy, that was like the ghost of a fear and a sorrow foredone. He told no tales, sang no song, drank no drinks, gave no credit. Yet, as days went on, though he won no hearts, all the rancor which had been reserved for him slowly vanished, and those who had most loyally denounced him lowered their accent to a tone of at least passive friendliness.

When it became known that Gilmer had a wife and daughter who were shortly to join him in Colorado, the last lingering of resentment in Colonel Wiggin's adherents departed forever. Girls, excepting a heavy Mexican variety, were remarkably scarce in Aguilar; if a real Kentucky maiden were about to come to town, nothing in way of gallant attention would be withheld from her or her kinsfolk. For Kentucky, though not immediately contiguous to that "South" which Colonel Wiggin had painted them in large scenic effects, was nevertheless removed by a river's breadth from the absolute and hopeless social vapidity which he had figured forth as inevitable to the North. It had besides, in certain well known details, a picturesque and enlivening pre-eminence, which, being quite well understood by every one, added not a little to the fervor of excitement prevailing in town on the day announced for the coming of Gilmer's family.

An hour before train time idlers began to gather about French Giuseppe's place, which, commanding an unobstructed view of the station at Lynn, two miles away by the winding prairie road, had in this instance a tremendous advantage of its five competitors. The men stood scanning with vivid expectancy the sealike stretch of grama, in which like a painted buoy the distant red station seemed to be anchored. When presently, with the effect of a vessel below the horizon, a fluff of smoke curled above the northern levels, a general exclamation burst forth.

"She's right on the dot!"

"To the second.—'Y Gee!—and a new road-bed an' all!" Then the Denver express could be seen dragging its tiny wormlike length from the edge of the way station, and a moment later a black speck on the plains resolved itself into the rapidly approaching mail wagon, with its two fiery broncos.

"Kind o' queer Gilmer didn't go over to meet the folks," remarked a man. "Hi, there, Ramon! stick your head in the store and tell Gilmer the folks er come. Tell him he wants to git a move on himself."

At this a Mexican boy rushed to the porch of the Company store and projected from his bosom an excited shout. 'Senor! Ohe, senor! the family is arrive! It will reach the bridge even by now! Senor! Senor! it is that you shall rustle," and as Gilmer came forth, blinking a little in the glaring light, the boy moderated his tone to a confidential note, adding: "You behold Apodaca's wagon, eh? He will haf two passenger, eh? Look senor, a senora of much fat—"

"Heh, Ramon!—ah, that's my good wife. She is a little fleshy, yes. My good wife, Ramon, who comes to make me a home in the desert." He rubbed his thin hands and a kind of tender smile flickered in the dimness of his visage.

"Oh, the wi-i-ife!—and the other? There will be two passenger, senor?"

"Heh? Oh yes. The—the other is—the other is my—daughter."

The throngs in surrounding doorways had only a passing interest in the large, fair, faded woman whom Gilmer assisted from the mail wagon. All its eyes were on the girl behind her—a girl young and slight and wan, with a sick pallor in her apathetic face and a forlorn drooping of the lips. She had great eyes of a mournful blue which seemed to give its color to the transparent flesh about them. Sunken and sad they were, and appeared to take incuriously the alien quality of the scene about her, with its range of yellow hills, its cluster of mud walls, its herds of home-coming goats.

There was about her a pastoral tinkling of bells, a barking of herders' dogs, a ripple of wind in the cottonwoods, a cooing of wild doves; but it was as if none of these sounds reached the girl. She stared down upon Gilmer's head with fixed eyes. He reached up silently and helped her over the wheel. They did not speak, but passed into the store at once, through which lay the entrance to the rooms

FOR ONCE HER BLUE EYES SEEMED AT LEAST AWARE OF HIM.

fitted out by Gilmer for his family.

No outburst of comment among the spectators followed this undramatic meeting. Something in the blighted beauty of Gilmer's daughter had bewildered and awed them. Her looks had the piteousness of a flower which frost has touched, of a bird with a broken wing, of everything young and helpless, and lovely and despoiled.

"Nuestra senora!" said Luis Lucero, suddenly breaking the silence, "it was like the passing of a soul, a lost soul!"

There was a murmur of appreciative assent. Every one looked admiringly at Luis, who, leaning on the fence before his father's good 'dobe dwelling, still turned his handsome face upon the porch of the Company's store. A great respect for Luis Lucero prevailed in town. He spoke every tongue that was spoken in this place of many tongues, and held, in consequence of his untutored facility, a position of importance in the office of the mine. Moreover he was the only son of a Mexican who, since his cornfield had formerly occupied the length of Aguilar's main street, had reaped some advantage from the arrival in town of commerce and civilization in the form of one colliery, two shops, and six saloons. Also, Luis was young and straight and slender. His eyes were as beautiful as a girl's, but bolder than a girl's should be. He held his head imperiously, though this bearing may have been due to an informing spirit of dominance less than to Luis's conviction that he was not so tall as he should have been. He was not, indeed, a man of much stature, for all his presence; to remedy the defect he wore boots with mincing cowboy heels, which contributed to his gait a certain effect of dashing jauntiness.

"A lost soul, yes!" said Luis, tossing the vision aside with the gesture of one who fears longer to gaze upon it "But, Ave Maria! it iss there, the beauty. It iss there, hid like the beauty of a dead woman, in a shroud."

The chilling force of this flower of rhetoric proved so depressing to most of his listeners as to send them forthwith to the cheer of adjacent bars. But Luis himself stood for a long time thrumming dreamily on the fence rail, and regarding the light in a window above the store.

"She is like the night of Colorado," he mused,—"starlight and cold, and the smell of alfalfa blossoms and the moaning of doves."

Those who had hoped that Miss Gilmer would prove a charming addition to the social life of Aguilar were fated to a complete measure of disappointment. For as the summer wore on no one could boast of more than a mere word with her; and the picnics and various peach and melon days, and apple and flower festivals of surrounding towns, attracting as they did the youth and age of the community, were never graced by the pale presence of Gilmer's daughter.

"Loreny ain't what you'd call no way a lively gyrl," said Mrs. Gilmer to inquiring neighbors. "And she ain't been right peart for some years back. Some of our folks 'lowed that Colorado air'd likely give her back her sperets. But seems like it ain't good for nothing but lung trouble, and they ain't a sign of that in our family either side. She's just kind of mopy-like, though," added the mother quickly; "gyrls are often that-a-way! I can remember when I was young how I used to hev fits of just naturally crying my eyes out fer nothing on the face of the earth!"

It chanced that Luis Lucero, having overheard a number of statements similar to this, felt a growing interest in Gilmer's girl and the cloistral seclusion she kept and her causeless melancholy. There was to him something rare in her depression; it indicated a spiritual fineness inapt to burgeon in the harsh climate of the material world. He, Luis Lucero, had himself known moments of disgust with the grossness of the human scene. Few, indeed, were delicately enough adjusted to catch at a sentiment so subtly expressive of superior parts, but he understood perfectly—only too well he understood!

Continuing to dwell much upon the subject, Luis began to find many errands to the Company's store. He went out of his way interestedly to examine the stock of "slickers," and found it necessary to discuss frequently with Gilmer the quality of the oil sold for mine use, as well as other subjects not immediately in his province as mine clerk.

Lorena, however, if he managed to catch sight of her, only nodded absently in passing. He seemed unable to lift himself above the threshold of her lethargic consciousness, and the sense of futile effort heightened the fever in his veins.

One night, as he argued the question of improved picks with Gilmer, his attentive ear caught a footfall on the stair leading to the family rooms. The door was open, and in a moment he could see Lorena coming slowly down, clad in a dragging white garment, and holding in her arms a heavy geranium pot. The weight of the thing made her step cautiously. Luis could see her frail wrists trembling with the strain, and he sprang forward to aid her.

"Senorita! but this iss too heavy for you."

She regarded him over the velvety leaves and for once her blue eyes seemed at least aware of him.

"Oh, thank you," she said, in a toneless voice. "I was going to set it out in the rain. It's sprinkling."

"I will set it out," said Luis. The conversation had no effect of being dramatic and convincing, certainly, but Luis's heart beat fast; he felt as if a relation were establishing itself between him and this fair, inexplicable creature. "But if I put it here on the porch the goats will eat it, you know, senorita. They eat all but railroad iron! I will put it safely in our yard. There iss there a fence. I am your neighbor. The Luceros of next door."

"Oh, if it isn't too much trouble?"

"Trouble!" cried Luis, passionately. After all, passion needs no established medium of expression. Any word will do to convey it if the flood is high. "It will be a joy, senorita; we will make this little tree blossom out all in a glory of red—"

"But it's a white one, Mr.—Senor Lucero."

"White? Better so! Me—I love not red. It iss the common color. It iss bold. I love white the much more. For the white flowers will be like you, senorita, without mark or stain, as the snow of heaven iss."

Gilmer's daughter surveyed him with widening and somewhat bewildered gaze. There was a fervid light in the young Mexican's eyes. He returned her look with a kind of tranced intensity. And as the girl regarded his dark face, skilled in this eloquent ecstasy, a sudden quiver touched her lips. To her cheeks rose sweetly a living color, and in her eyes an abashed consciousness shone, while, as if to conceal it, the eyelids slowly fell. She appeared to catch her breath a little sharply; and then she turned and went with dignified slowness up the bare stairs.

Lucero, holding the flower-pot like a trophy, emerged into the wet gloom of the night, pulsing in a dizzy rapture. Hola! how it was strange! he had thought of her only with pity, and in a moment it was all changed, and the pity was gone. This in its place was surely love, though it had come so strangely. Strangely? Holy saints of God, who can tell how love comes? It was here in his heart. That was certain. How sweetly she had looked at him! How softly blue her eyes were! How freshly the blood had spoken in her cheeks! He did not know exactly why he should be so glad; why hope should quicken his bosom so. There had been little to engender certainty. But the spirit of man is primarily aware of the significance of tokens too slight for his mind to rest on; and Luis's innermost core of being had read destiny in Lorena Gilmer's face.

Nevertheless he would have found less security of comfort in the rainy winds outside her dwelling if he could have foreseen the tragic gloom in store for him. Succeeding days, as it fell out, afforded him almost no chance of seeing Lorena, and when he did make out to intercept her, he was aghast at the girl's demeanor. Blush? Santo Cielo! had she ever blushed? Her cheek now turned upon him the unresponsiveness of ivory. And her eyes, truly her eyes were more remote than on the day when she stepped first on the soil of Aguilar. She was ice. She was marble. When he brought back the geranium and she took it with a changeless visage, barely speaking, Lucero's heart swelled in a kind of resentful anguish.

"Senorita!" burst forth the unhappy young man, "does it not please you? Behold the blossoms! I have striven—yes, like a peon I have labored with it!"

"You've been mighty kind to take so much trouble," said Lorena, looking coldly back as she went up-stairs. "I'm right grateful."

She was grateful! that was all. And he, Luis Lucero—for him decidedly there was nothing to do but put an end to himself forthwith.

It chanced that soon after, while he was still grimly debating upon the least distressing means of doing this, a relative from up the canon came to town upon a splendid young bronco, which exhibited the fiery quality of its spirit by ploughing up the earth outside the Lucero house while its master sat at meat within.

"He has mettle," observed Luis, watching the mustang careering round about the hitching-post.

"Mettle! Yo me rio de oso!" said the kinsman, proudly. "He will not be more than half busted yet."

"Si! si!" smiled Luis. "I should like to mount him. Have I your permission, cousin?"

After dinner the two men went out to inspect the horse, which showed his friendly sentiment by laying back his ears and exhibiting a very red mouth.

"Ha!" said Luis in response to this greeting, "you dare me, then, my beauty, eh?" And he vaulted into the horned saddle. The bronco, gathering its hoofs together, made a convulsive movement. "Cuidado!" cried the kinsman, warningly; but already the animal had wheeled like an eddying wind, and Luis lay very white and still beside the ditch in front of the Company's store.

In an instant a crowd surrounded him. The nearest and quickest of the throng was a woman who had sped from the store like a thread of white lightning, and who crouched over Luis now, uttering his name wildly.

When Lucero opened his eyes, as he did presently, and saw the face bent on him in anguished tenderness and heard his name on lips which had like to have killed him with their silence, he seized cunningly at the opportunity which fate had sorted him.

"Lorena! Querida! You are my own?"

There was a feverish look in her deep eyes. "Yes, yes, yes," she breathed. But she said it as one who registers a vow involving more dreadful issues than the nuptial hour.

After this episode life about the Company's store began to manifest a wonderful difference. Pallor and apathy no longer marred the young liveliness of the girl whom Luis Lucero loved. As a flower from its colorless sheath, so her beauty sprung fresh and sweet, with a radiance which astounded every one.

"She's getting the good of the altitude, I reckon," said her mother to those who remarked Lorena's altered air. Whereat Mrs. Holding, the postmistress, laughed.

"Bein' in love has a good effect on the circulation," said she. "I ain't ever been infected that way myself, but they say that when it don't pull you down, it builds you up. Seein' it's so uncertain in its workin's, I prefer to stick to quinine for myself!"

"Lord knows one gits in your head as bad as the other," repied Mrs. Gilmer, taking the matter seriously. "Her and Luis 'll make a handsome couple, won't they?"

"They will so. They ain't a better liked young feller nowhere. He's a little what you might call shaller, but you got to take men as you find 'em, Mrs. Gilmer. If you find 'em sober it's all you can ask. It's a wonder to me, what with six saloons wide open, as a male man-Jack in the place ever has a head the size it was created!"

"'Tis so. Well, I do hope everything 'll be for the best. If anything should happen—"

"Happen? What's going to happen? Lovers' quarrels is only ile on the fire. And I don't see as they's any quarrellin' liable to come betwixt them two."

"Y' never know," said Mrs. Gilmer, sighing.

One afternoon when Lorena came home radiant from a stroll over the hillside with her lover, Mrs. Gilmer, viewing her child's joyous face, yielded to her sense of apprehension and burst suddenly into weak tears. "Oh, law me, Loreny, seems like I can scarcely take it in, you being so happy and all! I been so harried and distracted these several many years to see you so pale and pining! And now everything's changed. Of course Luis is a Mexican, and at first I had my prejudice against furren blood, not knowing how much Injun was in him, for they say these natives ain't pure Spanish, but mostly Nevvyho; but now I'm reconciled to him, Loreny. For he's well thought of and has property coming to him, and the loveliest manners I nearly ever see, be the other who they may. And when he bats his eyes at you I declare I d'know how any person could stand against him, so I don't! I hain't a word to say, Loreny, only I'm just a fool a-thinking how't you're going to be happy—after all!"

Lorena let herself sink laxly into her chair. Her eyes narrowed. "Yes," she said very slowly. "I am going to be happy, after all." She knotted her hat-strings for a moment, and then cried out: "Oh, mother, he is so noble, my Luis? So high-minded, so honest, so—so—" She paused, shivering, and hid her face.

At sight of this Mrs. Gilmer's brows wrinkled anxiously. "Now, Loreny!" she besought, "don't you give way so. You're all het up with walking. Go'n lay down a spell."

But though Lorena docilely obeyed this command, her manner continued to show some constraint. The rosy light seemed to be slipping away from her. Her bloom waned; and one afternoon a week before the wedding, as she and her mother together sewed upon the fair breadths of the wedding gown, the girl, having quilted her needle into the stuff, leaned back in the chair and began silently to wring her hands.

"It's no use," she moaned after a little. "I can't do it."

"Lorena Gilmer," quavered her mother, "don't you be foolish! Think of your poor pa and all he's went through! He's give up everything—yes, everything. And in spite of his being acquitted and all, I've never believed he'd hold his head up again like he's done lately. If you want to kill him you can!"

The girl was rising dizzily and with no appearance of hearing her mother's words.

"My Luis!—if he wasn't so noble, so honorable, so proud, I might—go on. But I can't go on. I must tell him.

"I must. We were going to look at our new little house—this afternoon. I'll tell him then."

It was not long after this woful hour that Luis Lucero came airily up the street on his high heels, trilling a bolero as he came, and waving a gay hand toward the window at which Lorena usually sat.

"But—amadora!—why art thou so white?" he asked, as she joined him. "Or is it only the shade of thy broad hat, dearest?" She said it was nothing; but Lucero perceived something ominous in the haste with which she urged him up the canon road, and across to a moderate slope, in the shelter of which new walls were rising. Lorena did not stop beside those new and naked walls, but went on up the hill to the mesa above, where the village herd graze all day in the smooth pasturage over the tilted coal measures.

"We will sit here," she said, dropping at last upon a little knoll. "Luis," she went on in a kind of hard voice, "I have something to tell you. I'd sooner die than have to. Luis, I'm not good like you think. Back in Kentucky—long ago—five years—I was only sixteen and he—I don't know how it was. My father killed him. But he never forgave me. I—I—oh, *God!* Luis! you understand, don't you? I'm not *good* enough to be your wife. Oh, you look as if you didn't understand! Luis—"

Lucero had been holding her hand as he sat beside her. He dropped it as she spoke, not harshly, but as one whose mental effort detaches him from material things. He was staring. He stumbled to his feet and stood gazing emptily away to the southwest, where the Raton Mountains heap their sapphire blocks against the sky.

Her face, drawn into an unfamiliar form with the suspense of every feeling except anguish for Lucero's hurt and shame, was set on his straight slight figure in a tense expectancy. For a while he stood motionless; when he let his eyes fall upon her again, he shuddered at the fixed horror of her look.

"I wish you hadn't told me," he said simply.

At this she leaned forward, she held her breath.

"Luis, would you have a wife so untrue to—everything?"

"What good iss it to tell?" he flung out. "I'd sooner not know."

"Oh, Luis!"

"I'd sooner not have to think of it. But, Dios!—after all, what iss the difference? No one will know."

She was slowly dragging herself to her knees; she paused, and with a hand clutched in the tough fibres of the hill grass she asked, "Do you mean—that it makes no difference to you—what I've just told you?"

Lucero snapped an impatient finger. Something was abroad which he did not comprehend. He was being generous and fine; what, then, was this strangeness in her manner?

"Haven't I said it? No one but I will know. Next week we will be married." He held out his hand. He stepped toward her, but she lifted her arm to stop him. A moment passed. Then she said:

"No, Luis. We won't be married next week. Or ever. There is something in my life that I am ashamed even to remember. Oh, God knows how ashamed! But I could be more ashamed of another thing—to have a husband whose wife's disgrace made no difference to him—so long as other people didn't know about it."

Lucero flung himself passionately toward her, but again her lifted hand deterred him. He fell back with a little cry, mute, bewildered, resentful; and with his foot upon the knoll where she had sat, he watched Lorena go down the hill and disappear in the shade of the shrub oaks and pinons.

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NEXT WEEK: "Mrs. Van Nostrand's Night of Triumph." By ELIZABETH JORDAN

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

WEATHER OBSERVATIONS ON FARMS

A Common Thermometer, Properly Sheltered Very Useful In Ascertaining Weather Conditions.

By Dewey A. Seeley.

Realizing his dependence upon weather conditions, the farmer should know what warmth of soil is necessary to start germination and the amount of heat and moisture required later to bring the crop to successful maturity. Beginning with this knowledge, the need of actual observations through the use of accurate instruments follows in natural sequence, that he may be able to determine how nearly the weather conditions experienced are measuring up to the ideal.

Such records cannot be made, however, without the aid of good instruments, since the senses are more or less unreliable as weather recorders. Even out-of-door workers are often

Thermometer Shelter and Rain Guage.

misled regarding the temperature of the air or the amount of rainfall during a shower. Some days seem warm when the thermometer reads comparatively low, and others cool, although the temperature may be much higher. The thermometer alone can be depended upon to give the true temperature.

No matter how good a thermometer may be, it will not indicate the true temperature of the air unless it is properly exposed. The variations in temperature reported by neighbors in discussing how cold or how warm it was at a given time are more frequently due to lack of uniformity in the exposure of the instruments than to errors in the instruments themselves or to actual differences in temperature at the various locations.

In a proper exposure the thermometer should be protected from the direct rays of the sun as well as from the reflected heat of pavements, walls, etc., and at the same time should receive a free circulation of air all around it. If the sun shines upon the thermometer, the glass portions and the mercury are heated above the temperature of the surrounding air. In the same way the heat from the side of a building or from the surface of the ground may make the thermometer warmer than the free air.

The best place to expose a thermometer is in the center of a slat-sided box, two or three feet on a side, with a door opening to the north and having a double roof with an air space between, as shown in the illustration.

In case such a shelter cannot be secured or constructed, the next best exposure is on the north wall of a building where the instrument will be protected as much as possible from the sun's rays and from the heat of surrounding objects.

The farmer may derive great benefits by the use of such an instrument if coming weather changes can be foreseen. An afternoon shower has often seriously damaged a crop of hay that was mowed in the morning, but which could have been left standing another day without injury had the rain been expected. At critical times the knowledge that a frost is imminent on a coming night may enable a farmer or gardener to save his entire crop by immediate harvesting, if it has reached maturity, or, if not yet fully matured, he is often able to reduce his loss to a minimum by burning smudges or resorting to other protective measures.

ROCK OR STEEL BRIDGES?

Stone Structures Cost About the Same As Steel And Are Practically Indistructible

By Isaac Motes.

Nothing is truer than that the best is cheapest. Especially is this true in road and bridge building.

A small rock bridge that costs a thousand dollars or so and lasts a hundred years, with almost no repairs, is a great deal cheaper than an iron one costing about the same that lasts twenty-five or thirty years, with expensive repairs during the latter period of its life.

There is a sense of endurance and permanence about stone bridges that is lacking in iron bridges, for a good stone bridge may last five hundred years, while an iron bridge that remains in good condition for twenty-five years is doing well.

Naturally good roads and good bridges go together, and it is extravagance for any county to put a great deal of money into rock roads unless the bridges are both good and enduring.

When you put money into an iron bridge ("tin bridges," they are called) over a small stream, you are investing the people's money in a make-shift.

The country that has good building stone convenient would far better build substantial rock arches over all its small streams.

By this means the work can be performed by local people, and the money for labor of masons, and the hauling of material, would be left in the country where it would circulate.

If made sufficiently massive and the abutments were as secure as they should be, with run-round spaces for high water to get by without flowing over the bridge, it might remain there in good condition for hundreds of years.

It might be impracticable to build rock bridges over wide streams, certainly without the help of masons qualified to superintend and direct such construction work, but nine-tenths of the bridges in every county are small ones and might safely be built of stone by those masons of average efficiency, using home material and home labor for all the work.

I have recently been talking with my pastor, who is just back from a long trip to Europe, and he says the greatest contrast between America and Europe, especially in England, France and Germany, is in the roads and bridges.

Over there every road is a good one, and every bridge is a good one, and almost always of stone. The roads are wide and well macadamized and laid out on scientific lines, and they add greatly to the charm of the scenery and contribute to the wealth of the farmers and the nations.

But the value of the roads would be greatly reduced if the bridges were not equally enduring, and the maintenance of these bridges would be quite an item if expensive repairs were necessary at frequent intervals, as in the case of old iron bridges, not to mention renewals.

In England nineteen-twentieths of the bridges are of stone, and the farmers and gardeners can market the products of their farms, orchards, vineyards, gardens and dairies in any kind of weather and at one-fourth what it costs in this country.

CARE OF SHEEP.

It is poor business for sheep to drink ice water, because it lowers their temperature and affects their digestion and requires more feed to bring them back to a normal condition.

When you see a sheep going down on its knees frequently, you may be pretty sure that its hoofs are affected and need prompt attention.

If the dirt floor of the sheep barn cannot be kept perfectly dry, a plank floor with plenty of straw is necessary.

A hundred feet of drain tile laid under the floor of the sheep pen will keep it perfectly dry all the time.

Whenever ticks are found the sheep must be dipped at once. There are a number of excellent dips on the market which can be obtained in every town.

If sheep become lacerated on wire fence or other objects, watch the wounds carefully, and if maggots appear, wash the wounds with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. If the wounds are deep and difficult to reach, inject the solution with a small glass syringe.

Remember that one treatment of wounds or of any disease will never cure. Look after the wounded or sick animals every day until they are entirely well.

THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER.

Try a measure of kindness for a balanced ration.

Honestly, now, how many men did you ever see salt their horses in winter?

Give the horses more care and warmer quarters, thus saving high-priced feed and horseflesh.

All roughage and no grain makes Jack a full horse—stuffed with feed and little enduring qualities.

Raising children and keeping a kicking horse about the place, have caused many a heartache and vain regret.

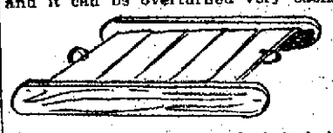
TRAINING A SHEEP DOG.

A puppy should always be broken with an old female dog. One that is thoroughbred collie pup should never be touched with a whip, and if he is of the right sort will never need to be. A little scolding is all that will be necessary to correct his faults. As a rule, a puppy will do what is asked of him as soon as he understands what is wanted.

A good way to train a puppy to guard a coat or other object is to chain him with a short chain near a feed box to which animals are accustomed to come. His fear of being trampled on will prompt him to defend himself, and a few lessons of this kind will make him a first-class watch-dog.

SELF-DUMPING DRAG.

This sled works either side up, and from either end. It is handy for hauling stones and other heavy materials, and it can be overturned very easily



and quickly. By putting a clevis in both ends it can be drawn both ways, and be adapted to a variety of uses.

Statistics prove that those who own no land occupy a place therein sooner than those who do.

SMALL FLOCKS OF SHEEP PAY WELL.

A neighbor of mine had 38 high-grade ewe Shropshires last spring. The business was new to him, and he studied the sheep and the available bulletins upon their care as he went along, learning the way over one difficulty as they arose. Only 33 ewes produced lambs—47 lambs—and only 40 of these lived to a marketable age.

These ewes sheared 380 pounds of wool, which brought 29 1-2 cents per pound, netting him $112.10, or $2.95 per ewe.

The farmer determined to save 17 of the best ewes and thus enlarge his flock to 55 for next year. This left him 22 lambs to sell. These had been contracted for in advance at 6 1-2 cents per pound at home, and they weighed 1,480 pounds when sold in June.

This makes an average of weight of 64 1-3 pounds, a price of $4.18 per head, and a total of $96.20. The 17 lambs which he kept, at $4.18 per head, would add $17.06 to the account. The total income was thus $279.86.

These sheep have done some excellent work in cleaning weeds out of the farm, to say nothing of the value of the manure, which is worth at least $25.

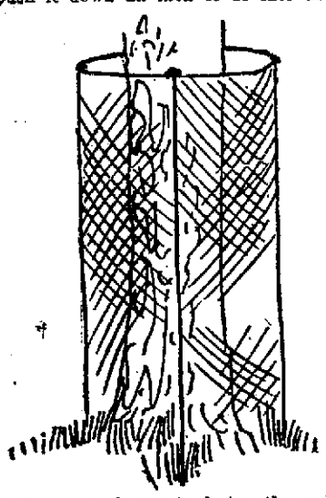
My neighbor did not keep a separate account of the cost of keeping the sheep, but the reader can form a fair judgment as to whether there is a good profit at these figures.—C. W. Coffe.

BURBANK'S NEW FRUITS.

The development of several new fruits and flowers has been announced by Luther Burbank from his home in California. Mr. Burbank has been working steadily for many years with certain fruits, and it is expected that more announcements of interest to the owners of orchards will be made within a comparatively short time. In some of the tests thousands of new varieties are developed, but all are discarded except the two or three that promise especially well.

TO PROTECT TREES

To keep rabbits and mice away from the trees, take a length of plain wire screen; form it around the trunk of the tree, fasten the ends together and push it down an inch or so into the



soil. A good way to fasten the ends of the screen is to lap them over about an inch and run a straight wire down through the openings, like making a seam with a needle in a piece of cloth. This can be easily removed.

SEVERAL CROPS A YEAR.

An enthusiastic writer on farming in the extreme Southern States says: In the extreme north the farmer is fortunate if he gets one crop a year—down South he is lazy if he does not get three. It is possible, of course, that through drought he might make a failure of his first crop, but he does not have to stick it out several cold months to keep going, but he can start at once on his second and can clean up on his third, and if he has real, red blood in his veins he can clean up on his fourth crop.

LET THE WIFE AND CHILDREN HELP.

Husbands and fathers are largely to blame for the poor arrangement of many places where women expend their vital force and energy. This is noticeably true of country homes, the wife being seldom given a voice in the planning of the house where she is to spend the greater part of her time.

This, too, in face of the fact that almost any ordinary woman has given more thought to the matter than has the man who never had any housework to do.

Children, too, have their rights, and one right is to assist in the work about the home systematically, in order that the wheels of the domestic machinery may run smoothly. These duties should be faithfully exacted not only for the sake of helping, but for the good of the child.

It should be a criminal offense to raise children in ignorance of the practical things of life—the little things upon which very much comfort and happiness depend.

WINTERING SWINE.

Who has not seen the hogs piled upon each other in cold weather, shivering, fighting to get into a warm place?

Under such conditions it is impossible for a hog to put on flesh, and there are nine chances to ten that he will take cold, which may develop into serious lung trouble.

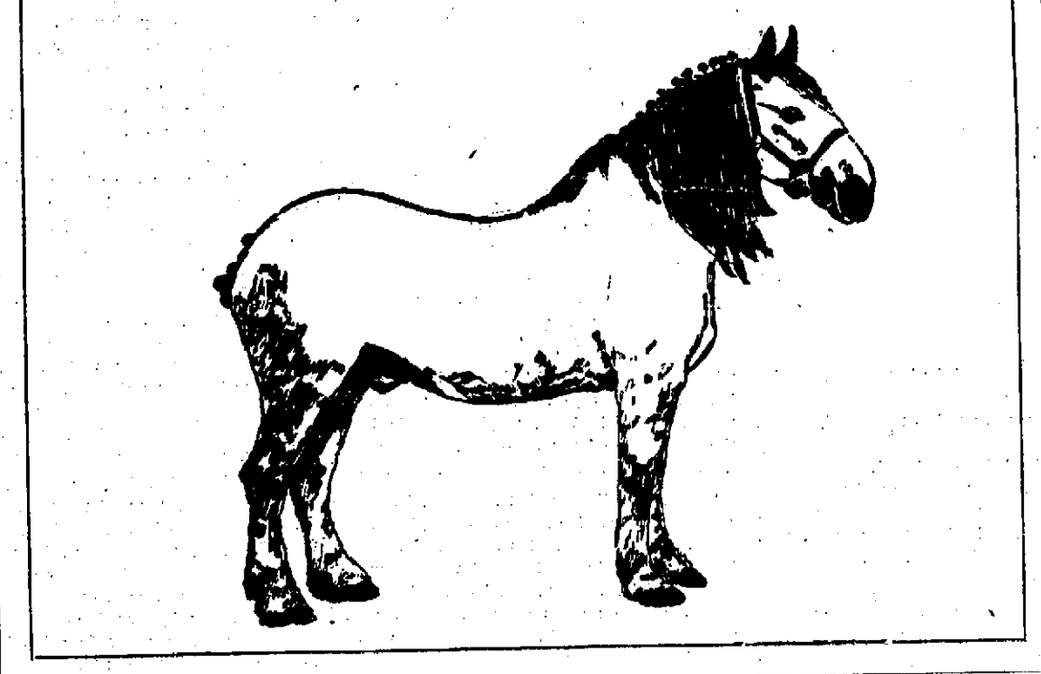
Overhead ventilation is easily secured by leaving an open space of, say, six inches between the top of the outside wall and the roof.

An English farmer of our acquaintance who has had great success with hogs, builds his houses with a section of the wall hung on a swivel-pin in the middle, which can be flung open whenever sunlight and air are needed.

When the section is released, it swings back into an upright position by gravitation.

"JIM"—CHAMPION GELDING

Owned By Armour Co., Chicago.



THE FARM GIRL'S CITY SISTER

BY S. M. CLINTON.

Farm girls who envy the girls of the city and imagine that they lead lives of comparative ease and pleasure, would have their eyes opened if they really knew what city life means to the working girls. The girl who has to earn her living with her hands in a great city is doomed to a life of drudgery. The great army of scrub women who swarm down town at evening to clear up the great office buildings and stores tell the story of disappointed lives of city working girls.

Most of these women come from the great army of young women who, having become too old to serve as cooks or maids in the smart homes of the rich, or who have married poor men unable to support them and their families, and are obliged to take up the hardest and most menial work that falls to the lot of women. They toil all night long scrubbing, cleaning cuspidors, dusting rugs and furniture, and earn only a poor, bare living. To this bitter end thousands come every year.

Working girls in a big city taste little of the sweetness of life, but much of its bitterness.

In order to live cheaply they must rent rooms in the suburbs—a long distance from their places of work. They rise at daylight, ride many miles in crowded cars, after standing, pushed and jostled by rough men and after long hours of hard work are pushed, jostled and crowded in the fight for standing room in the homeward-bound cars at evening.

Many of them are but little better than slaves. The men who hire them get every ounce of work out of them that they are capable of wringing. They are obliged to register the time of arrival at the workshop and their departure. They cannot leave the workroom without permission. They are often compelled to work with men and boys, and in many cases the surroundings are often decidedly unpleasant and even revolting to girls of good morals and clean minds.

No factory girl can hope to earn more than a bare living. Her clothes must be of the cheapest quality and her food limited to actual necessities. Her pleasures are few, because wherever she goes she must pay, pay, pay. She must count every penny for living expenses, and when they are counted there are none left for pleasure.

She has no social advantages, and her acquaintances are limited to her mates in the shop, who live miles apart and can never be seen outside of working hours.

If she marries, it must be to some man who, like herself, earns his living with his hands, and seldom little more. The day she marries her wages stop, or even if she keeps on at the factory for a few months, the first baby stops her earning capacity. Then there are three mouths to feed with her husband's earnings only, and the condition is worse than before. Poverty is the evil of the city, and falls heaviest on the women and children.

The country girl may well contrast her own condition with that of the city girl, and she will find it vastly better. She has a home with good food and bed and clothing, and enjoys the society of her relatives and neighbors.

She is independent and free from the terror of old age and poverty, which clutches the heart of every city working girl who has passed the innocent and hopeful stage of youth and realizes what the future holds for her.

The country girl's opportunity for marrying well and rearing a family in comfort and independence is vastly better than that of the city girls. She has to work hard, naturally, but not as hard as the city girl, and her surroundings and conditions of life on the farm in every way are healthful, hopeful and full of the possibilities of usefulness and happiness in old age

NOTES OF THE FEED LOT.

Sugar beets make very good feed for cattle, but some grain and clover and alfalfa should go along with them, as they contain too much water to be fed alone.

Beet pulp and alfalfa make about as fine pig meat as ever found its way to market—but, alas! we do not all live in the beet pulp and alfalfa belt.

Cold pressed cottonseed cake should be fed at the rate of about one pound to nine pounds of corn.

With western corn land selling at $200 and even more per acre and corn at present prices, it takes a mighty clever feeder to show a profit at the end of the season.

Keep the paint brush going until every implement on the place is covered.

The high-class farms, orange groves, and apple orchards of today are in charge of men who are fully trained and equipped for the special tasks that confront them. Such men are thoroughly educated agricultural experts, and it is probable that they are more carefully trained than the average man who enters business in the city.

A farmer near Brookdale, N. J., was awakened by the frantic crowing of a game rooster, and on turning out discovered a thief making off with a bagful of prize chickens. After a hard fight the thief was captured. A gamecock never fails to give an alarm by crowing loudly whenever a stranger or dog approaches the chicken yard.

We never think of the value of the gift if we love the giver.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

The cow's ration must be governed by her ability to eat, digest and assimilate her food and convert it into milk.

The common cow is the outgrowth of conditions that prevail on the average dairy farm. If she is to be replaced by a better cow, the average dairyman should be replaced by a better dairyman. In other words, the cow with a 150-pound butter capacity should be in a herd owned by a dairyman with a like capacity, while the 300-pound capacity cow should be in the herd of a dairyman of the 300-pound class.

Never allow a duckling to get wet until they have a good coat of feathers.

SWARM MANAGEMENT AND INCREASE

Success In Bee Keeping Not Now Measured By The Increase By Swarming As Formerly.

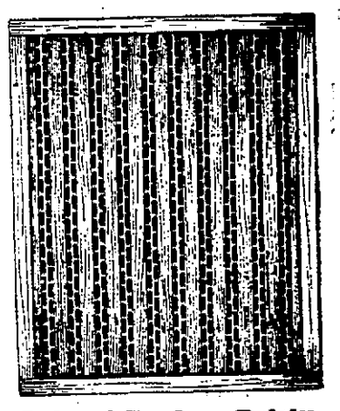
By E. F. Phillips, Ph. D.

The excessive rearing of brood at the wrong season or increase in the number of colonies greatly reduces the surplus honey crop by consumption. The ideal to which all progressive bee keepers work, when operating simply for honey, is to stimulate brood rearing to prepare bees for gathering, to retard breeding when it is less desirable, and to prevent swarming. Very few succeed in entirely preventing swarming, but by various methods the situation can be largely controlled.

When a swarm issues, it usually first settles on a limb of a tree or bush near the apiary. It was formerly common to make a noise by beating pans or ringing bells in the belief that this causes the swarm to settle. There is no foundation for such action on the part of the bee keeper. If the bees light on a small limb that can be spared, it may simply be sawed off and the bees carried to the hive and thrown on a sheet or hive cover in front of the entrance. If the limb cannot be cut, the swarm can be shaken off into a box or basket on a pole and hived. If the bees light on the trunk of a tree or in some inaccessible place, they can first be attracted away by a comb, preferably containing unsealed brood. In these manipulations it is not necessary to get all the bees, but if the queen is not with those which are put in the hive the bees will go into the air again and join the cluster.

It is desirable early in the season, before any preparations are made for swarming, to go through the apiary and clip one wing of each queen so that if a swarm issues the queen cannot fly and the bees can be easily returned to the old stand. This should be done before the hive becomes too populous. It is perhaps best to clip queens as they are introduced, but some colonies may rear new ones without the knowledge of the owner, and a spring examination will insure no escaping swarms.

When clipping the queen's wing is not practiced, swarms may be prevented from leaving by the use of queen traps of perforated zinc. These allow the workers to pass out, but not drones or queens, which, on leaving the entrance, pass up to an upper compartment from which they cannot return. These are also used for keeping undesirable drones from escaping, and the drones die of starvation.



Perforated Zinc Queen Excluder.

Queens sometimes die during the winter and early spring, and since there is no brood from which the bees can replace them, the queenless colonies are "hopelessly queenless." Bee keepers in the North can frequently buy queens from Southern breeders early in the spring, and naturally this is better than leaving the colony without a queen until the bees can rear one, as it is important that there be no stoppage in brood rearing at this season.

SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE

One Of The Prime Necessities Throughout The Entire Country Is Better Farming.

By James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

(From an address delivered recently in Chicago.)

To stop a growing decrease in the yield of the average acre, the government has made provision for the establishment of agricultural colleges and experimental stations. Within the last few years the acre has been responding better and the yield is increasing. Conservation of natural resources has had a great deal of attention lately. I think broad-minded men will have no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the soils of the country are the greatest asset the nation has, that progress in all directions depends upon the condition of the soil, and that there is no material inquiry of such great value as what pertains to the soils of the United States. The notion is not worth being entertained that any of our soils are beyond redemption.

The people of the older nations of the world took care of fertility of the soil as a matter of prime necessity, and long ago ascertained the proper succession of crops and their relation to the soil, the food of man, and the food of animals.

They knew the soil must be fed, that proper physical conditions must be maintained, and they learned from experience how to do it. They learned that the decaying plant returned to the soil is the best food the growing plant can have. They became aware that the removal of the crops from the farm resulted in soil deterioration unless the equivalent was returned from some source. They had discovered the value of the legume in farm management long before Hellriegel discovered its office in fixing nitrogen in the soil.

The Southern States are making great progress in agriculture, and instances of production, indicating what the soil can be made to do, might be cited. Boys under 16 years of age in South Carolina grew 223 bushels of corn to an acre. Even in the great corn belt nothing of that kind has ever been done. The average in the corn belt is quite low; that average might be greatly increased.

Each of 46,400 boys under 16 years of age, has grown corn or potatoes or tobacco or some other crop during the season just passed. Whatever the boy is doing interests the mature man. The Southern States are offering prizes to boys who have organized themselves into clubs for the purpose of bringing up to full activity the productive powers of the Southern soil.

That might be done in other sections of the country with great profit. The boy of 16 who has grown two or three times the average amount of corn grown on an acre in his State, begets an interest in the farm. He sees the profit resulting from good management. He learns his first lesson with regard to fertilizing and with regard to cultivation, the proper selection of seed, and all that; and he also learns the most valuable lessons he will ever get in his life.

Work similar to this need not be confined to corn, tobacco and potatoes, but might also be done with regard to all other farm interests.

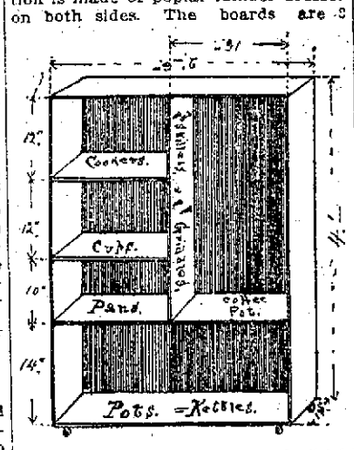
HANDY FOR THE FARMER'S WIFE

This kitchen article, everything considered, gives more real comfort than anything about the house.

The same thing over and over, three times a day, the year around, cooking may be made a pleasure instead of a piece of drudgery.

There is nothing more annoying than to have to look into several places for a pan, kettle or cup, when in a hurry. "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

The cabinet shown in the illustration is made of poplar lumber dressed on both sides. The boards are 3



inches wide and ⅞ of an inch thick, two widths making the depth of the body.

The shelves are all the same depth as the sides.

The figures in the drawing show the distances between the shelves, the width and the height of the cabinet.

Oilcloth, pieces cut out the exact size of the shelves, covers them. The inside of the back and side walls are covered with newspapers. These are changed for clean ones once a week.

In front hangs a curtain of silkoline. This is changed every other washday.

POULTRY MUST HAVE SOME GREEN FOOD.

In climates where the frost comes early and most green things are cut down, we must not neglect to continue to give the fowls some green feed in some form or other.

I believe that many flocks receive a serious setback at this season by reason of being suddenly shut off from green feed and their laying qualities affected during the winter.

Even after the green stuff has disappeared from the range, the birds ought to be allowed to run at large until the cold and wet weather sets in, because exercise should not be denied them at any time in good weather.

They will pick up a great deal of green feed in their rambles about the place, and except for fowls that are being fattened for market, the nearer we can come to keeping them in their natural surroundings the better.

If the laying hens are very fat at the beginning of the laying season, it is well to check up on their feeding for a little time until they are somewhat reduced in flesh. A good diet is only an ounce of lean meat per day for a week or ten days, and a teaspoonful of millet seed in the litter to make them take exercise.

An over-fat laying hen is an abomination, but at the same time a hen that is too lean cannot be expected to produce as many eggs as one that is in good, fair shape. In this matter common sense must rule always.

SOME BIG CROP STORIES.

A farmer of Indianola, Fla., planted a single tomato vine a year ago and it now extends for a distance of 100 yards along the river bank.

Benj. Cowen, of Harrisburg, Pa., raised Japanese string beans which have pods 36 inches long, many of them containing 15 to 20 beans.

A fruit grower in Southern Georgia says he raised a cluster of grape fruit consisting of 13 separate fruit, which weighed 36 pounds.

THE MAGIC OF MICROTOMY

AN Ancient Enthusiast Dilates Upon the Beauties of Even Repellant Things When Seen Under the Lens That Magnifies.

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NEW YORK, Saturday.

IT is not necessary to go beyond East Fourteenth street to become convinced that New York still contains much of the strange and wonderful. You enter an old fashioned, red brick building in the section which is very east, and up three dusty and perilously shaking flights of stairs, and into a small and dusty room with a steeply sloping roof, and there you may find the man who proves that there is such a thing as an unusual occupation.

He is a round shouldered old person with a ruddy face, a white apron, a whiter brush of a beard, and he is usually bending over a bench like some old wood engraver in the blessed days before photo-engraving was heard of. In front of him are two or three curious, scientific appearing machines with blades and levers. At his side are little saucers, filled with vivid, varying colored stains, and about him, everywhere, at his left and right, and behind him are whole regiments and battalions of bottles—meagre and plethoric, squat and slender—labelled with many saving graces in the matter of expression. "Skin of toad," "orange pips," "kitten's lung" are some examples. Upon a shelf are bottles bearing the strange label, "Mrs. Daniell."

There is undoubted mystery in these bottles, there is fragrance in the air, for the little room is filled with the heavy aroma of ether, and whiffs come sometimes reminding one oddly of pine trees and mountain slopes rich with scents of the Canada balsam.

And this old man is worthy of all the regard you may give to him, for he is the disciple of the unusual. He is the exponent of an exceptional occupation. He is a microtomist, and will talk by the hour about the finer shades of his art with the sort of enthusiasm which one expects in a scientist or a baseball fan.

Perhaps it will be better, however, before he does so, to explain what a microtomist is. He is a person who is devoted to cutting inconceivably thin slices of almost every conceivable thing. Moreover, each slice must be cunningly mounted upon a glass slip that it may be finally observed under a microscope.

The old microtomist explained these things carefully during the exact operation of pressing the lever of one of his scientific appearing machines. His eyes always light with the blaze of enthusiasm as he explains the range of his art.

Slicing Up Coal.

"You wouldn't think it," he said, observing a fine shred minutely under the microscope, "but just about everything may be sliced, and so fine that the naked eye can hardly see it. It's curious to think of slicing stones, isn't it? Slice 'em so fine that you can see through 'em. Well you can. Look here."

He produced from a corner, and from among a pile of small glass strips, one in particular which he put under the microscope. In its centre was something grayly perceptible and round and about the size of a tack.

"Now, that's stone," he said. "Look!"

The visitor looked through the microscope, and there before the eyes was a wonderful composite of colors. The tints of mother of pearl were there and the colors indicated by a glass prism, and a fire opal, and rich Persian rugs, and stained glass windows, blended with the warmth and color of the masterpieces of painted art.

The old microtomist chuckled.

"Yes, that's just stone," he said. "You wouldn't think so, would you? It looks something like a picture, eh? Most things are beautiful, do you know, if you only slice 'em up. You wouldn't think a slice of coal was pretty, would you? Well, it is. I wish I could show you a piece, but I haven't got any here. Ah, now, coal is a fine subject; it's hard to slice, you know. It's brittle and it breaks. You look at it under the microscope, a bit that's a really nice job. Why, it isn't black at all. It's got lots of little orange cases of streaky orange color or lemon yellow about it. That's the spore of trees which perished long since to form the coal seams of to-day."

"Yes," he continued, "you can slice most anything, and there's beauty in everything you can slice—the section of the stem of some plant, the section of the branch of some tree, a piece of the human scalp, a bit of the human brain."

He ceased for a moment, as if to thoroughly digest his delightful tally.

"To the microtomist," he continued, "everything comes. He has a broader art than any of the others. Under his microscope comes everything on the earth, all that lives in the sea and all that flies in the sky. And most of 'em are in the bottles there.

For Private Collectors.

"Some of my work—a little," he went on, "is done for private collectors. There are a few in this country, but not many. That's strange, too, because it's the most interesting kind of collecting you can do. Take stamps, now; lots of people collect stamps, and what is there in that?" His nod signified disapprobation. "Walking sticks!" His shrug indicated contempt. "Pipes! Well, they're a little better. But the examples of my art—why, the possibilities are limitless. Look at the chances for special collections!

"Why, a gentleman that I worked for once—he had a fine idea now. He collected examples of the human brain. He got 'em in his travels. I suppose he visited every big hospital almost in the world. It was a wonderful collection, too, I can tell you. There he had 'em all on glass slides—the brains of Indians and negroes and Frenchmen and Germans and Scotchmen and Japanese—all on the little slides, underneath the microscope."

The visitor could not precisely have expressed enthusiasm, so the old microtomist immediately proceeded to qualify.

"Of course, you needn't collect things like that if you don't want to," said he, with obvious regret at the want of appreciation with which his star instance had been received. "You can make special collections of anything—plants, or different sorts of woods—anything at all. I knew a lady in England once—there are more private collections there than anywhere—who had a collection of insects' legs. Now, that was very interesting."

He took up the illustration of his work then and explained the machines and where each played a part. That at his left was the freezer.

"Every piece of organic matter," he explained, "is made up from living cells—from different classes of living cells. Some of these can be acted upon by acid solutions, others cannot. The contents of each of those saucers visualizes a different sort of cell. You'll see 'em presently."

He took the slice on which he was experimenting out of the first stain and immersed it in water. It came out a faint violet tinge. He placed it successively in other stains, dried it with the air of his freezing machine, gummed it upon its neat glass strip, covered it with its thin circle of glass and finally put it under the microscope.

And viewed through that instrument it appeared a wonderful transformation. Beneath the glass shone a tracery of wonderful colors. Small purple tinted spots appeared upon a base of iridescent green. Violet spots appeared to stray among the purple. It was no longer a piece of organic matter. It might have been some unique garden of a singular planet.

"That's about four hundred times enlarged," said the microtomist; "here's four thousand times."

He regulated his instrument and it was seen that the spots were composites of smaller ones. The phenomena of another world were beneath the eyes, part of one and yet remote as the furthest star.

"That's how they study diseases," said he practically. "With a drop of blood nowadays you can tell what disease a person's got before that disease has localized. You see the value of that? Modern medicines can treat disorders which, in a way, have not arrived. That is, of course, the great value of microtomy; but"——

His shrug betokened that he was just as firm in the belief that persons should positively collect. He led the way round the small room and past the interesting labels displayed. One was "Muscle," another "Sciatic Nerve," another "Scalp of a Child," and a fourth "Cat's Liver."

Cat's liver sounded propitious, so the old man rummaged for the glass slip containing it. Underneath an exceptionally thin circular disc appeared a little slice of matter so thin that it was almost transparent. This was the cat's liver etherealized by the microtomist. Under the microscope it had the air of a circular stained glass window. The "cells" of the liver were a dazzling and interlacing tracery of golden pink. The blood vessels were branching shapes of blue and crimson—pure as the colors which the Madonnas of the old masters used to wear.

The Beauty of the Scalp.

They stimulated the imagination and the instinct for collection commenced to make itself personally evident. They implanted a desire to see the human scalp—that rather unpleasant actuality of everyday life—as it might be under the wand of microtomy. So it came to be placed under the microscope, too, and fulfilled all expectations. It was a wondrous tinted object, with hairs like stout brown masts rising majestically out of a greenish cuticle with a lustre of sunset tinted sub-dermal tissue below.

There was one thing, however, which the visitor was anxious to know. It hinted of mystery. It was the bottle marked "Mrs. Daniell." The old man laughed when it was mentioned.

"It is rather a mystery," said he. It appeared that she was an old landlady of his in London, who died at a time the microtomist pursued his calling over there. She died suddenly, "poor old lady," and was post-mortemed by a confidential friend. "So I took these little mementos," said he, waving his hand at the shelf.

It seems, however, a somewhat grim and sordid fate for a landlady that she should be peculated by her own lodger and retailed at prices according to the choiceness of the parts. But I suspected our microtomist of having obtained his material in a legitimate way from the dissecting room and having created his Mrs. Daniell for literary effect.

So from Mrs. Daniell the old man went on to discuss the science of microtomy and to bewail the want of public appreciation that was indicated in it.

"It is remarkable," said he, "that the art of microscopy is not more popular, by which I mean the art of viewing things under a microscope—not of slicing them up; that is microtomy. Of course, my art is more interesting still. It broadens your view of life. Everything comes under your microscope. There will, I am sure, however, come a time when it will become a fad and slides of what you could call 'the early masters' will have great prices set upon them." Though their examples tend to decay, he let it be known, for the early masters worked in Canada balsam, and, of course, could not be preserved as would be possible to-day.

"But isn't it rather an expensive hobby?" I asked, pointing to the elaborate instruments which stood upon his bench.

"Professionally—yes," he said. "But for the person who merely wants to start a private collection—no. Of course, if you want to slice stone you've got to come here or go to some laboratory of mines to get that done, for it is rather an elaborate process. First an instrument like a lapidary's wheel is used. Then the fine section of stone is ground down by emery powder and afterward by rouge. But everybody can be his own microtomist—if he has a microscope.

"You can cut some things with a common razor. Of course these must be firm, neither flabby nor brittle. Some again—larger things—you can cut with a plane. Little things for which the amateur has no instrument and which he cannot hold he can imbed on wax or carrot. Some soft substance he can harden by immersion of a lump of it in some suitable fluid. Yes, anybody can become a microtomist if he only has a microscope."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

THE introduction of coffee into Europe is of comparatively ancient date, but it did not come into general use till toward the eighteenth century. Before that period, however, warm infusions were made with various kinds of grain, which are still used in certain regions, and attempts are even made from time to time to exploit these on a commercial scale under different names.

At present for this particular purpose hardly anything is used but "Cichorium intybus," or chiccory, and "Lupinus augustifolius," or lupine, an indigenous leguminous plant. But while the use of chiccory roots is very prevalent the use of lupine is generally unknown.

The "coffee" lupine, says the Révue Scientifique, is especially cultivated in Brittany. There, in most of the villages and even in the towns, the brown and more or less aromatic liquid offered for consumption is only coffee in name. The merchants and villagers possessing a few plants of lupine believe in good faith they are coffee plants. Only the more instructed among them give the beverage they obtain from it the name of "café de jardin."

This pretended coffee is in reality only a variety of blue lupine, a hardy annual leguminous plant with thick roots, light colored leaves and generally blue flowers. Its fruit is a pod, ripening about the month of August and containing on an average four or five beans, fairly large and almost round, but slightly flattened on two sides. These are yellowish white, with bluish or grayish stripes interspersed with lighter spots. Each plant may yield from eighty to a hundred beans, or about ten grammes of seed. They are submitted to a drying process which is slow and rather difficult. But when it is well done the dry lupine may be kept for several years.

To make a beverage the beans are roasted, then crushed and infused with boiling water. The liquor they yield is bitter, with a certain aroma only slightly developed and difficult to define, while its flavor conveys merely a vague suggestion of coffee. It is true that the frequent addition of brandy, of which far too abundant use is made in Brittany, renders the confusion considerably easier. In some cases lupine is mixed with coffee in the same way as chiccory.

The properties of lupine, to what these are due and what is exactly its value as a stimulating beverage are not precisely known, but at any rate it is certain that "garden coffee" is both consumable and consumed, and for this reason its study is interesting.

THE END OF THE CHASE.

THE notebook of a New York man whose business takes him through the rural districts of the West and South contains this transcript from real life:—

We heard the deep baying of a dog soon after we left the turnpike. He seemed to be following a trail through the dense woods on the hills beyond the ravine which extended far to the north in a line parallel with the narrow road. The short, quick yelps made little impression upon me, for I was a poor sportsman, but Si Danbury, after pausing to make sure that the sounds from the dog were familiar, urged the horse into a more rapid trot.

"That's Lije," said he, bringing his left hand down vigorously on his knee and leaning forward in his excitement. "He's on a good scent this time. I c'n tell by the way he barks."

"Who is Lije?" I asked.

"Lije is my dog," he answered proudly, "an' the best coon hunter in this part of Ohio, if I say it myself. If you're got time to stop off a little while, say an hour or such a matter, I shouldn't wonder if I'd be able to show you some fun. It won't be long now till Lije'll have 'im treed."

He urged the horse into a still swifter pace, but the mud was deep and the wagon infirm, and at best our progress was slow. We jolted along through ridges of soft, yielding clay and hollows of water and slush till the second milestone had been passed. The wagon had been creaking and groaning dismally throughout the last mile, and just as we crossed the fourth large rut that had been washed out at right angles to the highway the crisis of its agony was reached, and it collapsed with many a lamentation from axle, spring and shaft. Si and I extricated ourselves from the ruins, which were already pretty well imbedded in the mud, and looked around over the leaden landscape.

"We're in for it now," said Si. "We can't go any further till this wagon is mended. I don't mind the breakdown, nor the work, and I don't suppose you'll be much put out, but I do hate to miss that coon. That's my house yonder. Come on. I'll send one of the boys down for the horse an' wagon, while I go after Lije."

Si lived just beyond the heavy swell in the twenty-acre meadow which extended from the roadway back to the ravine. His house was visible from the highway. It was a small, unpainted house and it stood in the middle of a muddy, littered yard. The picket fence surrounding it was broken in here and there, and the gate hung dejectedly by one hinge. The only live thing visible around the dreary habitation was a little girl who was gathering up broken pieces of railing from the remains of a woodpile at the rear of the smokehouse. She saw us as we passed through the gateway and hurried toward us, leaving a trail of the wood behind her as she came. She was a very little girl and a very ugly girl, the plainness of her countenance being accentuated by traces of much weeping.

"Oh, pap," she cried, her grief breaking out anew; "I'm so glad you've come. Mother's had another spell."

Si passed his heavy hand slowly over his face.

"She has?" he said. "Who's with 'er now?"

"Mis' Johnson. Mr. Johnson's gone for the doctor."

"I must go in and see 'er," he said. "Come on in, sir. I'll be ready in a minute."

Si went around to the kitchen door and I followed him. Another little girl sat on the door step tying together pieces of coarse strings in her heavy shoes. I sat down beside her and Si went through the kitchen into the next room, where his wife lay. It was one of those warm, oppressive days that come now and then in the middle of March, and through the open doors I could see the woman plainly. It needed only one glance to tell me what the "spell" had been, for consumption was written in every line of her emaciated face.

Si went up to the bed and took her thin hand in his.

"How're you feelin', Rachel?" he asked.

She was very weak, and her only reply was a look of tenderness that overspread her homely features and transformed them, for the moment, into something beautiful. He stroked her black hair and leaned forward as if about to kiss her, but just then there came the sound of excited voices and the tramping of heavy feet on the boards outside, and he straightened up and looked around guiltily.

"Si, Si," some one called, and Si hastened to the door.

Lije's baying was still heard in the woods and a delegation of three stalwart young fellows had been sent over to bring Si to the scene.

"Get your gun, Si," they shouted. "Lije's got 'im."

Si's nostrils dilated with sudden energy and his eyes flashed.

"All right," he said. "I'll be there in less 'n no time."

His wife watched him silently as he took down his gun from its place in the corner, but when he started out she rallied her waning strength and called him back.

"Si," she said faintly, "you mustn't go. I'm very low—I ain't apt to last the day out. Don't go, Si."

Si Danbury paused and looked at his wife wonderingly.

"Why, Rachel," he said kindly, "I'll be back in half an hour. You'll be all right. You're a little down to-day, I guess. Lije wouldn't know what had happened if I didn't come to see him catch that 'coon."

Si started off in hot pursuit of the three men, who were already half way across the field, and in lieu of something better to do I ran along after him.

We did not get back in half an hour. The tree in which the coon had taken refuge was large and knotty, and the task of felling it not easy; besides, the coon was strong and fierce when brought to bay, and there was a long and bitter struggle before Lije was victor.

It was two hours later when we reached Si Danbury's house again, and the shadows of the sombre March evening were gathering thick around us. A single light gleamed in the kitchen window, and through the gloom I could see a horse and buggy standing just outside the gate. The men who had participated in the sport had accompanied us home, and the noisy, boisterous crowd filed into the yard in advance of Si, who stopped every little while to pat Lije affectionately on the head.

The little girl with the broken shoestrings came out to meet us.

"Oh, pap," she moaned, "mother's gone!"

Si dropped the coon, which he had carried home, and staggered back.

"Gone!" he repeated.

"Dead!" she sobbed. "She left 'Goodby' for you."

The light from the kitchen window fell athwart Si's white face as he stood there, gaunt and motionless. His lips twitched, but he made no sound.

The voices of the men were hushed. Lije sniffed at the enemy he had vanquished. The little girl cried softly. Within the house all was very still.

ALCOHOL AND MOUNTAINEERING.

THE results of an inquiry as to the habits and experience of members of Alpine clubs in respect of alcohol were published some time ago by Dr. L. Schnyder, of Berne, and an English translation has now been issued in a pamphlet bearing the odd alliterative title "Alcohol and Alpinism." The information it contains will possess some interest both for those who are devoted to the pastime of mountaineering and for those who are in doubt as to the value of alcoholic beverages in fatigue.

The work is based upon the answers given to a series of questions addressed by the author in 1903 to 1,200 members of Alpine clubs. Of those who replied to the queries 78 per cent stated that they consumed alcoholic beverages habitually, 72 per cent that they carried some form of alcoholic liquor in case of need, 44 per cent that they were unfavorable to and 56 per cent that they were more or less favorable to the use of alcohol in mountain climbing.

The habits of Swiss guides in the matter of alcohol must be a continual source of wonderment to their patrons. Nearly all take alcohol while at their work, some a good deal more than seems wholesome. They have, too, a whole code of rules, a sort of folk medicine about the sort of wine which should be taken and when. White wine is refreshing, they say, by which, apparently, they mean a good thirst quencher, which is hardly the Britisher's experience; red wine is better as a restorative in fatigue, brandy to give courage at a pinch, while hot red wine is a cure for nearly all the minor illnesses.

But one may observe that when the wine has to be paid for by themselves, and not their employers, they will go long distances and endure much fatigue without touching it.

As a substitute for alcohol the following substances are suggested by various Alpinists:—Fruits, fresh or dried; pure water, lemonade, tea, coffee, cocoa and kola.

The deductions which Dr. Schnyder draws from the answers he received are:—(1) That alcohol should never be taken before or at the commencement of a climb with the object of increasing the climber's strength; (2) that alcohol should be prescribed during the effort of climbing; (3) that alcohol in moderation is useful to lessen the sense of fatigue, to encourage the appetite or to act as a medical stimulant to the heart and nervous system.

On the whole, the general outcome of the inquiry seems to be that alcohol, though best left alone as a beverage, may be useful as a restorative, and that the wise mountaineer is he who always indulges in it with great moderation and only at times when the fatigue induced by work laboriously accomplished cries out for relief.—Lancet.

THE STORY OF PETER THE PAGAN CAT

WISE as a Serpent, Kindly, Loyal and True, He Loved Cold Potatoes Until Chickens Came Into His Scheme of Being and Then Even His Surpassing Wisdom Could Not Save His Nine Lives

Peter Began to Get on the Rampage

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A LITTLE farm, a garden walled about, an ancient orchard, a brook threaded pasture, a bit of woodland, a horse to carry you over country roads, a cow all red and white, a dog to follow afield and a cat to sit comfortably by the fire side—if you possess these and have not contentment you do not deserve it.

In regard to the animals, I should like to insist less upon ownership than upon comradeship. Any one can own animals, and precious little he will get out of it if he thinks only of that side. As for me and my animals, we live on terms of equality, or as nearly so as they will permit.

My nearest and dearest are Hector, my horse; Sport, my dog, and Marty, my own prize colt, yet I think that first place in the annals of Somersthorpe belongs to Peter.

Yes, Peter is "only a cat," but he prevented our being burned alive and he lost his eight lives in thrilling circumstances before foul murder was done, which removed him from the sphere of his numerous adventures.

When Peter saved our lives I promised him that I would save his if the opportunity ever came my way. I kept my word, but in the end I was not able to avert fatal disaster. He rests in that great limbo of cats that have met violent deaths and for his sake I take off my hat to the whole race of white cats. I won't say "May their tribe increase," for it is utterly unnecessary, and, besides, Peter was wise beyond understanding. Not all white cats are in his class.

He came to us a wee fluff of white fur, but already strange wisdom lay in his wonderful eyes. We had expected him to be a barn cat and comfortable quarters were provided for him in the best stable, but Peter would have none of it. Time and again he escaped and made for the house with loud protestations. Then we shut him up in the granary over the carriage house, but Peter crawed out of an upper door to a pulley, and there suspended cried out violently against his environment.

Fearing he would be dashed to the ground, and not yet knowing his pertinacity in clinging to life, we rescued him and in pity let him take up the place in the house which he demanded as his right. Thereafter he always had his way at Somersthorpe, and we do not regret it.

His way was not that of the ordinary cat. He despised milk. Cold boiled potatoes, he let it be known, were his favored diet. These he wanted frequently and in abundant quantity. The cook remonstrated at times, but in the end she always gave in.

"Shure, I was savin' thim pertaties fer fryin' in the morning," she would object when Peter walked to the icebox and meowed imperatively for cold potatoes.

So He Gets Them.

"Meow, meow, meow!" Peter would reply and threaten to say more.

"Well, thin, take 'em an' be gone wid yez. I never saw sich a cat."

Sometimes there were no cold potatoes left over from a meal. Would Peter do without potatoes then or be put off with something else? Not at all. Potatoes had to be cooked for him, Peter descending to the cellar and watching the complaining cook as she selected small "Murphys" and going back with her to the kitchen, where he watched them being washed, pared and put on the stove. He sat by with sage content while they were boiling, and afterward, when they lay in the air cooling to the proper temperature he constantly kept his eyes on them. The minute they were ready to be eaten he knew it and insisted upon having them instantly.

There was no putting him off. Every member of the family tried it at one time or another, and the most persistent failed. Peter was a masterful cat.

Having gained the range of the house he roamed it at will and was not to be dislodged from any position he saw fit to choose. For a time he elected to sleep on my bed. I would not have objected, but I did think it hard that he would not permit me to turn over or to change my position.

Maybe you think I could have done it in spite of his objections. Little you know of the determined character of Peter. He would claw and sometimes bite me, never bad enough to be dangerous, but quite severely enough to make me obedient to his desires. If I threw him off the bed he would spring back with increased savageness. If I put him outside my door and locked it he made the night too hideous for sleep.

There was a time when he had a fancy for sleeping on my clothes, springing upon them while they were yet warm from my body, and woe to me if I touched him or tried to drive him off.

Knowing his idiosyncrasies I preferred that he should choose my room to any other, since those who did not know how to deal with him invariably got into trouble. He had a predilection for the guest room for some weeks. This was hard upon our guests. Some of them objected to having Peter on the bed, but they had to put up with it, as they discovered.

One girl who visited the house had a violent antipathy to cats. Peter invariably found his way to her, wherever she might be, and, sitting close by, would fasten his compelling eyes upon her to her unutterable anguish.

He Sat By with Sage Content

Losing His Lives.

It is too long a story to relate how Peter lost all of his lives. From the story of two or three the others may be inferred. One day he came home with a hole through one of his hind legs. The bone was shattered and Peter grew very wan during the long days of pain that followed. He gave himself heroic treatment, however, pulling out the hair from around the wound and caring for it constantly. Cold potatoes lost their charm and Peter lost his vim and beauty. Several times we considered the mercifulness of shooting him, but none of the family would undertake the job. The hired man tried it, but Peter ran with incredible swiftness on his three legs, under the corn crib before the man could take accurate aim, and remained there until assured of safety. It was months before he recovered from his wound and was restored to normal health. Meanwhile we all suffered with him.

Peter's next misadventure resulted in a crushed front paw. He was fond of hunting in the meadow for field mice, and unwarily caught his paw in a steel trap for muskrats set by boys by the brookside. Here he was held a prisoner for three days. At the end of that time he managed to extricate himself, and when we came home from a drive we found him sitting on a favorite chair with a paw that looked as if it wore a boxing glove. No treatment was needed, however. Peter was his own surgeon. There could have been no better.

Poison was the next thing that came near being his undoing. Peter had taken up ratting as a pastime, and the bigger the rat the more determined he was to attack him. The giant of the place came into view one day, and Peter pounced upon him. He was surprised to find him such an easy conquest. Alas, it came near being a fatal one. The rat had partaken of poison, and Peter, partaking of the rat, became a very miserable and grewsome looking object. His face took on the most awful gray and purple hues that any white cat's had ever worn, and he crawled under a shed, apparently to die. With difficulty he was lured from his refuge and induced to drink a little warm milk. This started him toward recovery and in time he was ready for cold potatoes again.

It was on a bitter winter's night that he rendered the service that would have won for him a Carnegie medal were they ever bestowed upon cats. The wind was blowing at terrific speed, inspiring us with the dread of fire that raging winds in the country always do. We talked it over before we went to bed. Soon after midnight, when we were in our first heavy sleep, Peter began to get on the rampage. I was lying quiet at the time and absolutely giving him no occasion for complaint, but he walked up and down my body with discordant cries, jumped down to the floor, ran to the hall and back again, making a hideous noise all the while. Nothing that I threw at him in the way of language, boots or pillows had any effect in silencing him.

The Fire Peril.

"If I get up I'll throw you out where you can't get back!" I threatened.

"Meow-ow-ow!" replied Peter.

I got up to make my threat good, but as I reached the hall I cried out in alarm, "The house is afire!" and dashed down stairs. I had caught sight of the hired man's room in an L of the house through the hall window and had seen it aglow with a dull, angry red flame.

Rushing through the kitchen I snatched a pail of water and hurried up the back stairs to Henry's room. The smoke was so dense that I had to stoop to see the source of the fire, but I dashed the water on the spot that it seemed to come from, and, getting the stupefied man from his bed, thrust his head out of the window, while I ran below for more water. I was just in time to save Henry, and perhaps all of us, from death, and the entire property from destruction. Ten minutes more and my utmost efforts would have been vain. Peter was our savior.

We promised him, in the first flush of our gratitude, all the potatoes he could eat into a comfortable old age. Good old Peter!

I experimented with incubators and brooders the following spring and Peter took a too keen interest in my enterprise. I'm not sure but that he thought chicken was included in the blanket amnesty we had given him when he saved our lives and property from destruction by fire.

Having tested the earliest and daintiest spring chickens, he developed a greedy penchant for them that decimated my little brood appallingly. When I came home one day and found twenty fewer than I had left in the morning I foresaw annihilation of my baby Leghorns.

Peter's cunning in the chicken raids was in keeping with his character. I had not suspected him in connection with the missing chickens until one day when I inadvertently found him near the brooder and saw him scamper in guilty haste from the place. Now, how did Peter know that it was wrong for him to be catching chickens? Up to that time he had not been punished nor even chided for it. Yet his whole attitude and his conduct were those of a guilty cat.

When I next looked for him, after missing more chickens, I did not find him where he had been before. But, on walking around to the other side of the brooder, there he was in the tall grass, and, as before, he fled with all the speed of guilt.

Whenever I searched for him after that I would discover him in some new position in the vicinity of the brooder, and as soon as he saw that he was detected he would leap madly away. Once I saw him before the brooder was opened in the morning hiding behind a tree and waiting for the downy chicks which had been shut up for the night to be let out. I beat him, shook him and imprisoned him, but my chickens continued steadily to decrease in number.

He Is Getting Chickens Away from Home

His Doom Sealed.

There was no help for it, we decided; Peter had to be shot. But who would shoot him? There was the rub. A neighbor who was handy with a gun agreed to do the deed. Although I recognized the painful necessity of it, I hated him for the readiness with which he complied with my request to come over and put Peter to death.

The hour for the execution drew near. Peter was the only one of the family that seemed unconcerned. He alone ate luncheon that day with relish. The neighbor with the gun waited for him to be brought out of doors. Meanwhile Peter washed his face, tucked his paws under his body, made a square cat of himself and went confidently to sleep.

"How innocent he looks!" said one member of the family.

"How cute he was when he used to do skirt dances up and down the porch!" exclaimed another reminiscently.

"And how he wouldn't let Janet Stuart go to bed when she stayed all night, and she had to sleep in a big chair!" another giggled, hysterically.

"And how he saved all of our lives!"

"Peter, you sha'n't be shot; we will give you another chance for your life," we decided.

Whether Peter knew that his life hung by a thread and was fearful; whether he appreciated our clemency, or whether the beatings and confinements had taken effect, whatever the cause, he gave over killing our chickens.

But we were seized with another suspicion. Every day after absenting himself for a considerable time he would return with a smug, well fed air, and would sleep heavily without asking for a potato or for any other food.

"He is getting chickens away from home," I confessed to myself, and I feared that they were the chickens belonging to my neighbor who had been willing to inflict the death penalty upon Peter.

One day I heard that neighbor shoot once, then three times in quick succession. "It's the end of Peter," I sighed, one-third relieved and two-thirds sorrowful.

That evening Peter did not come home, nor the next, nor the next, nor ever after.

How I did miss that cat! The neighbor was justified, I assured myself, and it was better that chicken eating Peter should have been put out of the way in spite of me than that I should have had to be a party to the miserable business, and yet to have Peter back I'd willingly give all the chickens I had to replace those that Peter had killed. I could have better spared a better cat.

A month later the wife of the neighbor at whose door I laid Peter's death said, apropos of nothing:—"Wilbur says he never saw Peter. He doesn't think he ever came over to our house after chickens."

"Why, I never accused"—— I stopped.

His Mystery Solved.

"Well, I know that you thought that he shot Peter, and I did, too. I never dared to ask him, but to-day he told me that he didn't know that Peter was dead."

I was glad to know that Wilbur Short had not shot Peter. I felt a glow of friendliness for him such as I had not experienced since Peter left us.

But where was Peter? If Wilbur Short had not shot him, why hadn't he come home? Peter was attached to his home and would never have stayed away voluntarily all that time.

Some one had shot Peter or some other ill had befallen him. I walked over to call on the neighbor who lived on the other side of me from Wilbur Short. He had a fine lot of chickens, but he told me he would have had more had it not been for a tramp cat.

"What kind of a cat?" I asked, but I knew before he replied:—

"Oh, it was a white cat that I had seen prowling around here before. I guess he came up from the village. He won't eat any more chickens."

The neighbor chuckled. He did not know it was my cat, and he was unacquainted with Peter, but I thought him a brute.

"He got about forty of my costly Houdans before I caught him," he added.

"Did he?" I smiled. "He was a mighty hunter!"

Peter left a son. The wisdom of his sire does not gleam from Junior's eyes. He is not such a dominating character. But I should not be surprised if he inherited the chicken eating tendency of his father. I am therefore giving him to a friend whose neighbor's chickens plague her greatly, and I think there will be an end of those chickens—or of the cat.

As for Peter, we shall not look upon his like again. There are other cats at Somersthorpe, some of them handsome and some of them distinguished ratters, but none has supplanted Peter's memory in our affections.

"How Innocent He Looks"

Peter was a pagan, I admit, but he made up for the lack of Christian virtue by a fine valor and a raciness that added to the interest of life at Somersthorpe.

A MONKEY TRICK.

THE nature and character of the monkey are not changed by any training that he may receive. All the little tricks that may be taught him in captivity will add little to what he is accustomed to practise in his wild state. The chief difference to him is that he has a different set of victims to torment. Those who have had a chance to watch the rascals in their native wilds and native wildness find them up to the same mischievous pranks as they play here on the city street.

Every little while one expedition passed under trees occupied by troops of monkeys, some of them of the large kind that had given the explorers much trouble on a former occasion. One large tree in which they had established their quarters stretched its branches over a stream twenty yards or more.

While the leader of the expedition was watching the antics of the monkeys two crocodiles showed their heads just underneath and remained stationary with their ugly snouts sticking up in the air. In various countries this is a common dodge of the crocodiles to entice the monkeys within their reach, and it was expected by the witnesses of this incident that one or more of the noisy simians would fall victims to the goggle-eyed monsters below, and it was with considerable curiosity that the result was awaited.

As soon as the black looking heads popped up the monkeys became silent. Presently one big fellow, evidently one of authority in the monkey republic, came down to reconnoitre. He returned, and in a few minutes came down again with a long, thin stick in his hand and accompanied by about a hundred of his companions. They began to chatter and to pelt their foes, but the crocodiles took no notice. The onlookers thought they seemed to give a wink of satisfaction at seeing their silly victims coming within their reach.

Nearer and nearer they came, until some of them were barely six feet above the crocodiles, and the men watching were expecting every instant to see one of them dragged under the water. All of a sudden the monkey with the stick leaned over and drove it into the eye of the crocodile nearest him. The wounded reptile sank like lead and was quickly followed by its comrade.

There was no mistaking the howl of delight that greeted this stratagem and its success. It was perfectly human in its tone and was taken up with vengeful glee by all the monkeys in the neighborhood. The gravity of demeanor with which the old fellow committed this assault was laughable in the extreme. He went to work with all the caution of an old lawyer, and when he had inflicted the poke he hauled himself aloft with an alacrity that showed he could form a very good estimation of the danger that he ran.

THE UNIVERSAL JOKES.

"JOKES, like morals, are sometimes said to be a matter of geography," observed the globe trotter in the café of the Waldorf-Astoria a few days ago. "But I have noticed that certain jests have a wide appeal and are as serviceable among alien races as they are with us. Perhaps investigation might show that the aliens had them before they descended in hoary headed antiquity to us and we merely adopted them for our own through ignorance of their history.

"I was in Burmah not long since and after a long jaunt inland returned by a little sidewheel steamboat down the Irrawaddy River from Mandalay to Rangoon. In the six days of the trip we made frequent stops at the small native villages along the way, and the lower deck was always swarming with passengers between one town and the next. They are a happy, simple people, the Burmese, and during hours of travel they usually found some source of amusement for all, a story teller or a musician.

"At one stop a Burman came aboard with a phonograph and a box of records. Well, they couldn't get enough of that. There were possibly two hundred natives on board, and men, women and children squatted on the deck in gleeful mood while the operator ground his records again and again. It was all in the Burmese language, singing and monologue, and the audience was in a constant uproar of laughter at the metallic whine of the instrument.

"It occurred to me to wonder what the quality of the humor was that moved them to such mirth, and I circled the outskirts of the crowd until I found the purser of the vessel, himself a Burman, grinning with the rest. The phonograph had just produced some gem that tickled them all excessively, and I asked the purser to explain it to me.

"The man was convulsed with laughter, and with difficulty controlled his spasm sufficiently to answer my inquiry.

"'Why,' he gasped, 'ho-ho-ho, the machine he ask—ho-ho-ho—why it may be—ho-ho-ho—a fowl will it run across the road. And the machine he answer—ho-ho-ho—that the fowl may be there—(his voice rose to a perfect shriek)—on the other side!'"

The Every Boy and Girl

The Coral Necklace

By Grace E. Craig.

"Oh, Daddy! Look! There's Vesuvius! And it is *really* smoking," cried Faire Atherton, dancing up to her father on the promenade deck of the *Asturia*.

The great liner was making her dignified way among the hazy islands of the bay toward the city of Naples, and all the passengers, having packed away their steamer caps and ulsters, were gathered on deck ready for the landing.

Fourteen-year-old Faire, with her merry face well tanned now by the sea-breezes, and all alight with interest, her gray eyes shining and her soft brown curls escaping from the huge bow which was endeavoring to hold them, made a pretty picture in her wide brown hat and brown corduroy traveling suit.

Her father looked down at her smilingly as she clung, chattering, to his arm.

"See, Daddy, all the little boats coming out to meet us! The people in that one have guitars! Oh! They are going to sing! and look, look! Those men are passing up bunches of violets on the end of a long stick! May I throw them some coppers? and oo—oo—oh! There are some little boys diving and coming up with pennies between their teeth!"

Mr. Atherton laughed heartily and followed his little daughter's hasty flight down the deck to a point nearer the interesting urchins.

To Faire the voyage from Boston to Naples had been a delight. Her mother and Aunt Alice had been just the least little bit ill, but Faire had not suffered, and she and her father had never once missed a meal in the big dining-saloon. They had played shuffle board and bean-bag and tramped their four miles every day on deck.

The blue-and-gold days at sea were so glorious that Faire was almost sorry when the steamer at last reached the beautiful Azores and anchored in the harbor of the ancient city of Ponta del Garda, where Daddy said Columbus stopped for supplies on his first voyage to the new world.

She had enjoyed her afternoon in the old town, however. Everybody went ashore in tiny boats, rowed by dark, little Portuguese men, and hired queer carriages drawn by pairs of pretty little donkeys for drives about the island.

At Gibraltar, two or three days later, Faire had visited that great rock fortress of the English, crouching like a lion at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and in Genoa Daddy had taken her to see the tall, narrow house in the dark, narrow street where the great discoverer of her own dear land first opened his clear eyes.

And now at Naples, the "bella Napoli" of which the musicians in the boat were singing, the wonders were not to cease.

"Mother, mother!" Faire cried, as they drove up from the dock to their hotel on the hill. "Do see the corals! The shop windows are *pink* with them."

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, smiling. "Naples is the best place in Europe to purchase corals. While we are here I mean to buy my little daughter a really fine necklace to take the place of the baby chain she is outgrowing."

"Oh, Momsey! I should like it above all things," and Faire's eyes were brighter than ever. "I've always *loved* my tiny string of coral beads, because Uncle Charlie brought it to me when I was a baby, but I do have to hold my breath when I put it on now."

Faire missed the soothing rocking of the good ship that first night on land after the two weeks' voyage and her sleep was disturbed by dreams of Mount Vesuvius spouting strings of coral beads which rolled down his mighty sides toward the city of Naples.

When she opened her gray eyes next morning, Aunt Alice was just ringing for the chambermaid. The ring was answered by a very young girl in a neat, black dress and white cap and apron, an extremely pretty young girl, with the soft, lustrous eyes, dark hair, and fine skin so common in Italy. Faire, sitting up in bed with her brown curls falling around her, realized that the little maid gazed at her rather wistfully, and then with a pang she saw that the lovely dark eyes and the rounded cheeks were swollen with weeping.

"That girl can't be much older than I am, Aunty," she said as she climbed out of bed after her aunt had given her orders. "And she had been crying. Did you see?"

"Poor child! Probably she is tired and unhappy. These Italian girls are obliged to work very hard," and Aunt Alice looked troubled for a moment. Then she pushed aside the curtains and both aunt and niece promptly forgot little Teresita. Vesuvius was in plain sight and the beautiful Neapolitan bay, the fairest picture in the whole wide world, lay just beneath the window.

The happy days flew by on wings. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, Aunt Alice and Faire went to Pompeii, and walked up and down the ancient streets and peered into the houses which had been buried under Vesuvius ashes for so many centuries; to Sorrento, that village of orange groves, perched on its bluff above the purple sea; and finally drove across the mountains to Amalfi and stayed several days in the old convent which has been turned into a hotel, where Faire often saw the few monks who still remain there walking up and down under the orange trees, with bowed heads and serene faces.

Daddy read to her Longfellow's beautiful poem while they sat on the terrace overlooking the dreamy "Salernian bay with its sickle of white sand" and "the dim discovered coast" where "Pæstum with its ruins lies."

When they were back in Naples once more Mrs. Atherton decided that it was quite time for an expedition to the shops with the fascinating windows which had so charmed Faire on her arrival, and the little girl looked forward joyfully to becoming the proud owner of one of the dainty necklaces which were displayed everywhere in such profusion. She was to choose it herself and she could hardly wait. To be turned loose among the rosy corals would be bliss indeed.

Faire sat in her room on the eventful morning counting over the Italian coins which her mother had given her the night before.

"For the necklace, dear," Mrs. Atherton had said, "and the keepsakes for the home people."

"One hundred and twenty-five francs! Twenty-five dollars!" the little girl chanted softly. "Dearie me! What gorgeous things I can buy!"

Just then the door which Faire had left unlocked opened and the small chambermaid appeared with broom and dusters to arrange the room for the day. She was about to withdraw hastily when the American girl called her. She had been weeping again, in fact she seemed to be always sorrowful, and kind little Faire felt that she must fathom these depths of woe.

"What is the matter, Teresita?" she asked, gently. "You have been crying, I know. Won't you tell me what troubles you?"

Teresita spoke very fair English, but for a moment she did not answer. Then she said with a little catch in her voice,

"I am unhappy, very unhappy!"

"I am so sorry," and Faire clasped her hands before her in a way she had when she felt most deeply. "I noticed how sad you looked the first day we were here. What is the trouble? Can I help you?"

It is doubtful if Teresita understood all Faire's words, but she did understand the sympathy in the eloquent little face, and to Faire's distress she burst into tears.

Then the story all came out. Teresita was the eldest of several children and her widowed mother was very poor. The girl had been in school until about six weeks ago, and had she stayed on until the end of the term would have received what she called a "certeeficate," and then might easily have obtained a good position in a shop. But the mother had been ill for several weeks in the winter and unable to do her regular laundry work for the hotel, and the household funds were consequently so low that when Teresita's gown and shoes became too badly worn to appear at school, new ones were out of the question.

"And so," the little maid finished, "I did *geeve* it all all up, and came here. The hotel people *furneesh* the clothes but I shall never get here enough wage to help the mother, while if I might have had a *posection* in a shop I should have earned as much as twenty francs a week. I was so *deesappointed*.

Faire looked at pretty, sorrowful Teresita and then she looked at her little silver purse for a long moment.

"Don't cry!" she said softly at last. "How much would a new gown and new shoes and the other things you need cost?"

"Fifty francs," Teresita said, sadly. "And I shall never earn here so much until I am too old for school."

Faire rose and walked around the chair where the little Italian had dropped down, and suddenly something glittered on Teresita's white apron.

"Oh, but you must not!" the girl cried. "Fifty francs! Madame, the mother, will not like it."

"It is mine," Faire said. "Mother gave it to me for a coral necklace, but I would far rather have you use it, Teresita."

For a moment Faire's straight little American figure in its Peter Thompson suit stood opposite Teresita's little, rounded, already stooping form in its uniform of service, and then the two girls suddenly put their arms about each other and Faire felt a soft kiss on her cheek.

Mrs. Atherton and Aunt Alice could hardly refrain from openly regretting Faire's generosity, but Mr. Atherton restrained them.

"The money was Faire's," he said, "and I am glad to find that she is unselfish enough to give up something she really cares for, to help a less fortunate girl."

"But, Robert," Faire's mother mourned, "the child will not have another such opportunity to purchase corals, and girls do love them so. She was very brave, but I felt so sorry, when we were selecting gifts for all her little friends, that she was to have nothing. I believe I shall go down and get a string of beads and surprise her."

"Don't!" Mr. Atherton counseled. "Faire will not care for it now. I did not notice that she seemed unhappy when she returned from her shopping. I know my girl, and I think she can get on without a coral chain a while longer."

The very day the Athertons left Naples Teresita left the hotel to return to school.

A year later, when Faire was back in her Boston home, and had quite forgotten her longing for the pink glories of the Neapolitan windows, a box came for her one day. It was addressed in the clear, round hand which is taught in the Italian public schools, and bore many foreign stamps.

Faire opened it wonderingly, and there on a bed of white cotton lay a *coral necklace*.

Mrs. Atherton and Aunt Alice exclaimed in rapture. It was a wonderfully fine chain, very long, and with beads perfectly matched, and as delicate in tint as the inside of a shell. A card attached bore the words, "From Teresita."

A little note written in the same careful hand told how Teresita had finished school, and at once obtained a good position in a dressmaking establishment. She had been able to keep her brothers in school also, and they could soon find positions now, and Teresita would be relieved from care, thanks to the young American Signorina. The writer knew that her kind friend had longed for a coral necklace, and as an uncle had returned from America wih his savings and started a small jewelry shop in Naples, she had been able to obtain this one at a reasonable price. She was sending it with her "gratitude and reverent love."

"Hum!" Daddy said, when Faire exhibited her treasure to him. "It is extremely handsome, but I should value the letter even more highly than the necklace. There are things more precious than coral beads. Don't you think so, daughter?"

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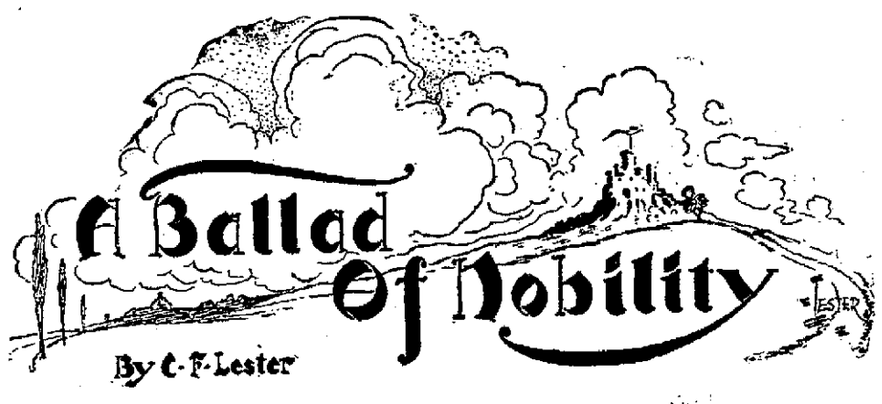


THE noble Duke of Nothing-Much, one sunny day in Spring,
He took a notion (and his hat) to go a-journeying.
Quoth he, "I don't know where I'm bound, but it doesn't worry me,
For, if I have no end in view, I can't go wrong, you see!"

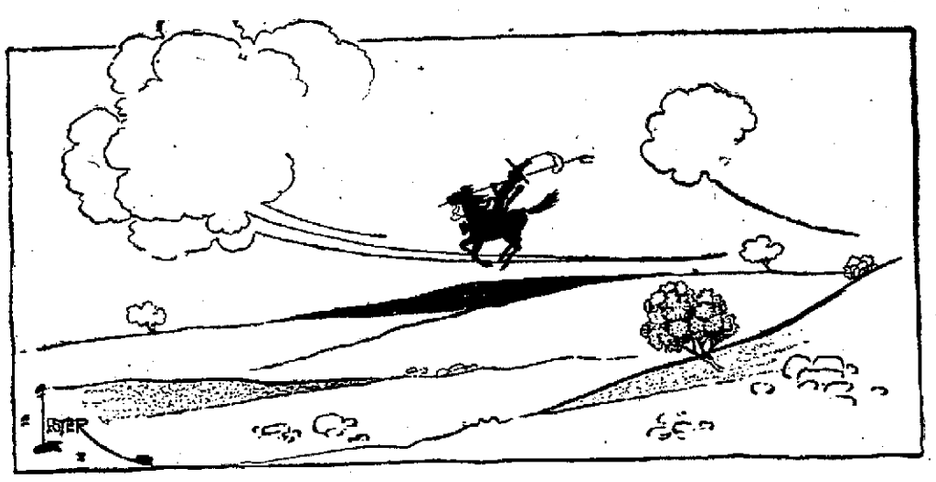
"QUOTH HE, 'I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M BOUND.'"

We now must leave the noble Duke (he'll stay till we get back)
And trace the fortunes of young Count Fitzmaurice Crackerjack;
He lived three miles from some queer place (I don't remember which),
And if he'd had much money, he'd have probably been rich.

"HIS HANDS WERE FILLED WITH CARAMELS, HIS SOUL WITH CALM DELIGHT."

Lord Crackerjack loved candy; he kept it in a tower;
He used to buy it by the pound, and eat it by the hour;
So, as he sat and looked abroad, upon this day so bright,
His hands were filled with caramels, his soul with calm delight.

Full gladly would we linger with the joyful Crackerjack,
But a ballad is a ballad, and you just can't hold it back;
So let us tear ourselves away to quite another scene
And seek, amid the forest gloom, the Lady Geraldine.



"PRINCE HOOP-DE-DOO WAS RIDING TOWARD THAT SPOT."

"Help!" cried the Lady Geraldine. "Will no one rescue me?
Alas! Alack! and also *Woe*. I'm lost as I can be!"
Her lily hands she sadly wrung—(oh, I forgot to say
This happened in Hysteria, some hundred leagues away.)

The Lady Geraldine would not have thus bewailed her lot
If she had known Prince Hoop-de-doo was riding toward that spot.
Though it makes a deal of difference (as of course you know it *would*)
That the Prince was eighty-seven miles from where the lady stood.

"'WILL NO ONE RESCUE ME?'"

Now, the Prince was hunting starfish with his trusty bow and spear.
Said he, "To hunt for starfish in a forest may seem queer,
But then, just pray consider how renowned I'd surely be
If I ever really *should* bring down a starfish from a tree!"

Well, the noble Duke of Nothing-Much got home all safe and sound;
Lord Crackerjack continues to eat candy by the pound;
And the dainty Lady Geraldine in course of time was found;
And the Prince got fourteen starfish and is *terribly* renowned!

"THE PRINCE WAS HUNTING STARFISH WITH HIS TRUSTY BOW AND SPEAR."

So now you have the story, just as plain as anything,
Of everything that happened on that sunny day in Spring;
But should you ask me *how* these things all happened thus and so,
I really couldn't tell you,—for I really do not know!